

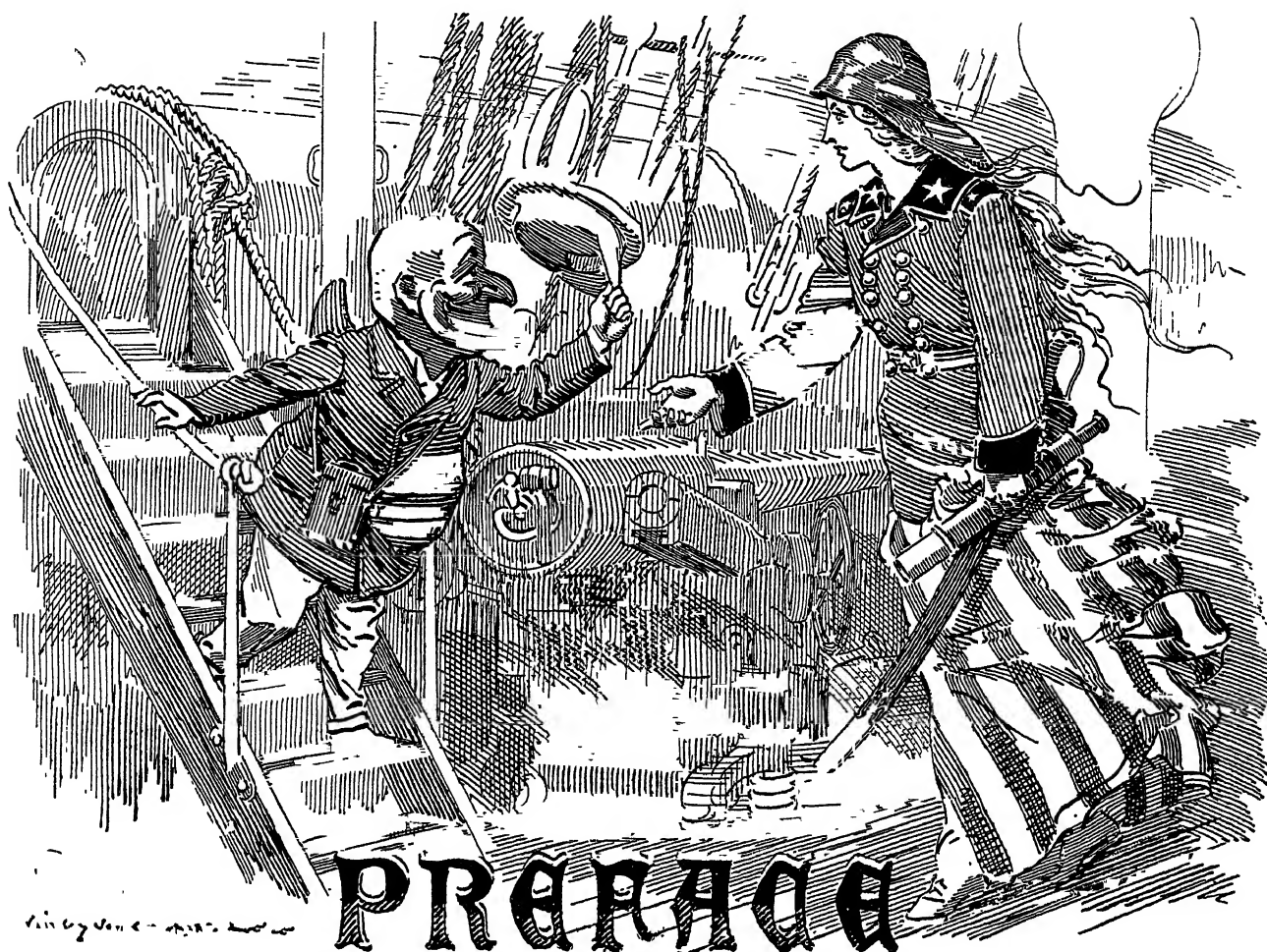
PUNCH



VOL CXIV

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1898.

BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO. LD., PRINTERS
LONDON AND TONBRIDGE



(From Mr. Punch, War Path, Cradle of Deep, to Himself, 85, Fleet Street.)

DEAR ME,

I AM lying off . I should prefer to speak the truth, but the Censorship is very stiff. At dawn this morning, after a short conversation on the semaphore, Your Special Commissioner emerged like a dove from the good Ark *Charivari*, and was rowed across by Toby to the American flagship, *Sampson Agonistes*.

"Come aboard, Madam!" I observed, as I cleared the bulwarks and dipped my head-piece to a maiden lady, who wore the semblance of a marine deity, and paced the deck, glass under arm, cutlass at belt.

"Step right here, Sir," said COLUMBIA (for it was she).

I secured TOBY to the binnacle-lid, hitched up my trousers, executed the first section of a hornpipe, and spoke.

"And when is this war going to happen, anyhow?" I asked.

"Sir," she replied, "we allow that eventualities have not proceeded with the all-fired rapidity on which we reckoned. We find that this is not the soft job we took it for. You have to catch things before you cook them—even Spanish onions."

"Madam," I replied, sententiously, "war is waged to-day with regular armies and transport systems and commissariat departments, and other weapons of precision and mobility. It cannot be conducted on the fine impromptu methods of the good old guerrillas. You have done one or two big exploits; at Manila, for instance. How goes the Laureate's rhyme:—

"The Dewey splendour falls
On Morro Castle walls?"

And the *Merrismack*—that was a noble bit of scuttling. But single deeds of unrehearsed bravery do not win a war nowadays. The *Kriegspiel* is a game that takes some knowing; and, unless your opponent is a stuffed dummy, you don't have matters all your own way at the first sitting."

"Well," she answered, "I guess we have tasted blood now anyway. And we've got the men—the right stuff, like yours, when they're licked into shape—and the money, and the ships—or we *shall* have in a few years. Yes, Sir, we have the makings of a European Power. That's so."

"Whether," I said, "you change your old policy or not, one thing is certain. And so is another. First, that this little turn of fighting, shoulder to shoulder, will go far to mend all bad feeling, if any is left, between North and

South. You are one nation now, by the ties of comradeship. And, second, you have learned where to look for friends when you want 'em. Now, Madam, my name is Mr. PUNCH; and it was never my way to talk high-falutin' sentiment. Your people and mine come of the same stock, the kind that don't wear its heart on its sleeve, or jump down other people's throats. But when the pinch comes we are there or thereabouts. Now, some of us have old European instincts, and we didn't much fancy the swash-buckler way in which you started this war, however right its object; and then again, we were still a bit sore about your diplomatic bluff over Venezuela. But you take it from me, Ma'am, that we have made up our minds to forget these details, because in the long run you and we are bound to be friends. And if this war does no other good, it will be worth every dollar you drop over it if it proves to the world that in the future we are to stand or fall together."

"Sir," replied COLUMBIA, graciously, "I accept and reciprocate your warm expressions of amity. And I am free to admit that our attitude in the Venezuela affair *was* calculated to annoy you. Also, a few plain words from our candid friend, Captain MAFAN, together with our recent experience in dealing with a fifth-rate adversary, have opened our eyes to the inevitable result of the first fortnight's engagement with your excellent fleet, if we had come to blows. Ten years' time may find us a sea-power; but, in any case, we shall never meet you on the ocean except in common cause against a common enemy. Embrace me, Mr. PUNCH."

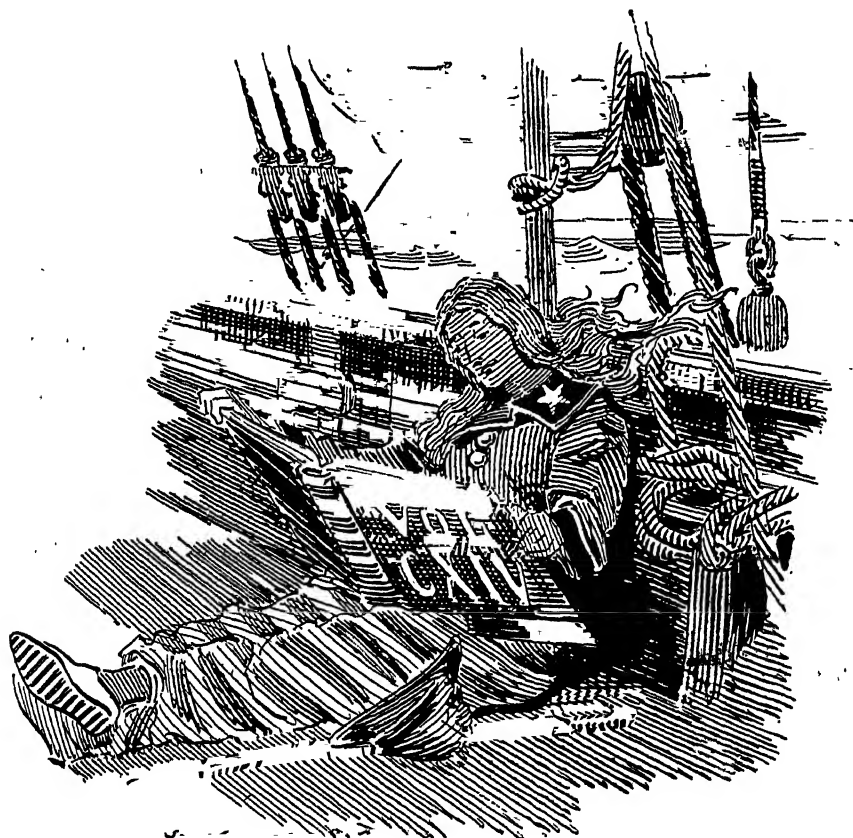
I embraced.

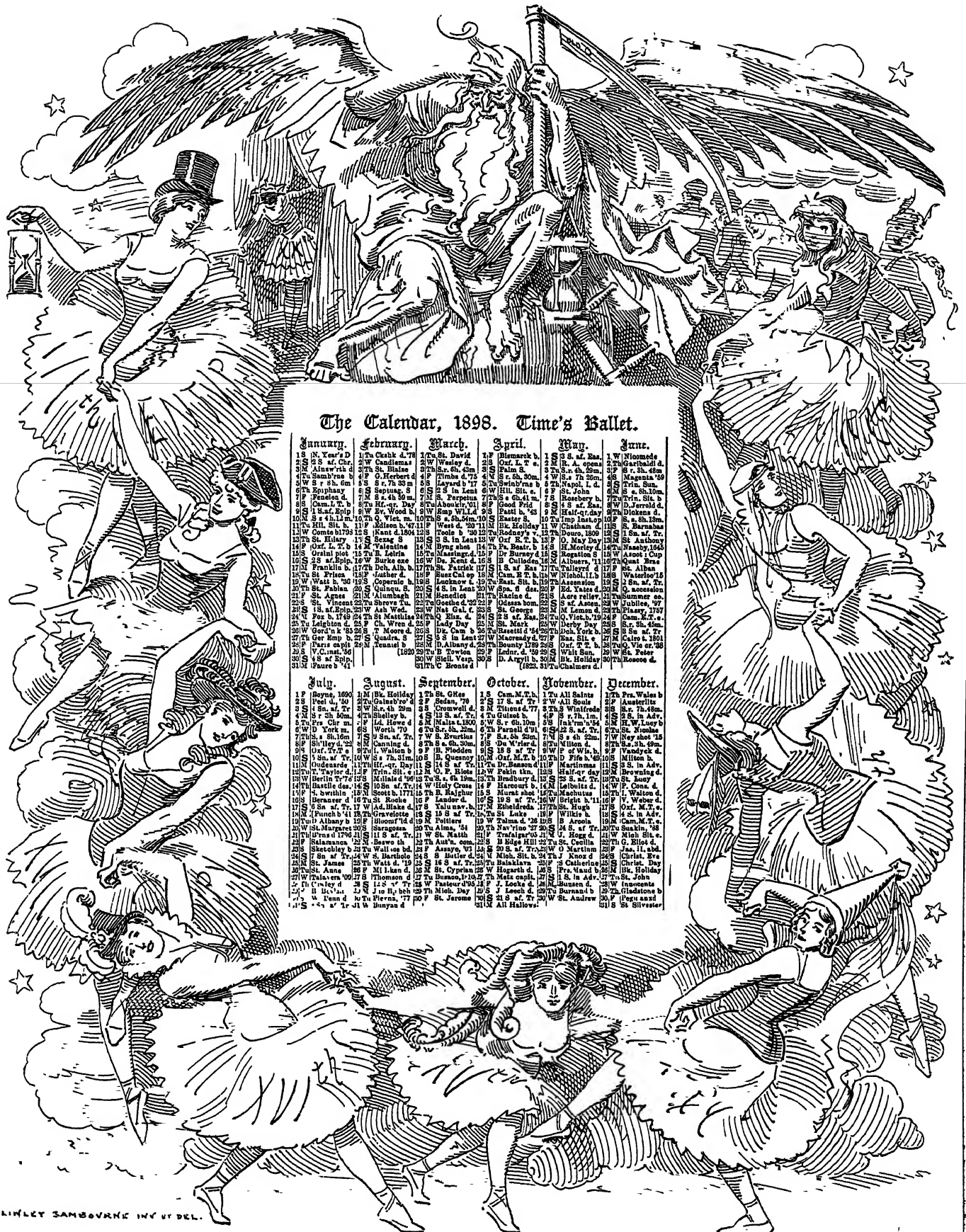
"And now, Madam," I added, after recovering, "don't you think this dull business of the war might well be wound up? You have endured enough from your own Yellow Press; you don't want the enemy's Yellow Fever too. Their Admiral has already given you a sample of old-world courtesy. Could you not retaliate by making the way easy for the satisfaction of his honour?"

"Any form of mediation emanating from *you*," she said, "must receive my best consideration."

"Then," I replied, "I bear with me here in duplicate the surest emblems of peace. I place them in your hands, Madam. Honour me by keeping one; and let a pinnace, flying our flag with yours, convey the other to the gallant Admiral; the gift itself will do the rest. For need I say that it is my

"One Hundred and Fourteenth Volume?"





The Calendar, 1898. Time's Ballet.

January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.
1 N. Year's D. 2 S. S. of C. 3 Ainsworth d. 4 S. S. of C. 5 S. S. of C. 6 S. S. of C. 7 S. S. of C. 8 S. S. of C. 9 S. S. of C. 10 S. S. of C. 11 S. S. of C. 12 S. S. of C. 13 S. S. of C. 14 S. S. of C. 15 S. S. of C. 16 S. S. of C. 17 S. S. of C. 18 S. S. of C. 19 S. S. of C. 20 S. S. of C. 21 S. S. of C. 22 S. S. of C. 23 S. S. of C. 24 S. S. of C. 25 S. S. of C. 26 S. S. of C. 27 S. S. of C. 28 S. S. of C. 29 S. S. of C. 30 S. S. of C.	1 N. Year's D. 2 S. S. of C. 3 Ainsworth d. 4 S. S. of C. 5 S. S. of C. 6 S. S. of C. 7 S. S. of C. 8 S. S. of C. 9 S. S. of C. 10 S. S. of C. 11 S. S. of C. 12 S. S. of C. 13 S. S. of C. 14 S. S. of C. 15 S. S. of C. 16 S. S. of C. 17 S. S. of C. 18 S. S. of C. 19 S. S. of C. 20 S. S. of C. 21 S. S. of C. 22 S. S. of C. 23 S. S. of C. 24 S. S. of C. 25 S. S. of C. 26 S. S. of C. 27 S. S. of C. 28 S. S. of C. 29 S. S. of C. 30 S. S. of C.	1 N. Year's D. 2 S. S. of C. 3 Ainsworth d. 4 S. S. of C. 5 S. S. of C. 6 S. S. of C. 7 S. S. of C. 8 S. S. of C. 9 S. S. of C. 10 S. S. of C. 11 S. S. of C. 12 S. S. of C. 13 S. S. of C. 14 S. S. of C. 15 S. S. of C. 16 S. S. of C. 17 S. S. of C. 18 S. S. of C. 19 S. S. of C. 20 S. S. of C. 21 S. S. of C. 22 S. S. of C. 23 S. S. of C. 24 S. S. of C. 25 S. S. of C. 26 S. S. of C. 27 S. S. of C. 28 S. S. of C. 29 S. S. of C. 30 S. S. of C.	1 N. Year's D. 2 S. S. of C. 3 Ainsworth d. 4 S. S. of C. 5 S. S. of C. 6 S. S. of C. 7 S. S. of C. 8 S. S. of C. 9 S. S. of C. 10 S. S. of C. 11 S. S. of C. 12 S. S. of C. 13 S. S. of C. 14 S. S. of C. 15 S. S. of C. 16 S. S. of C. 17 S. S. of C. 18 S. S. of C. 19 S. S. of C. 20 S. S. of C. 21 S. S. of C. 22 S. S. of C. 23 S. S. of C. 24 S. S. of C. 25 S. S. of C. 26 S. S. of C. 27 S. S. of C. 28 S. S. of C. 29 S. S. of C. 30 S. S. of C.	1 N. Year's D. 2 S. S. of C. 3 Ainsworth d. 4 S. S. of C. 5 S. S. of C. 6 S. S. of C. 7 S. S. of C. 8 S. S. of C. 9 S. S. of C. 10 S. S. of C. 11 S. S. of C. 12 S. S. of C. 13 S. S. of C. 14 S. S. of C. 15 S. S. of C. 16 S. S. of C. 17 S. S. of C. 18 S. S. of C. 19 S. S. of C. 20 S. S. of C. 21 S. S. of C. 22 S. S. of C. 23 S. S. of C. 24 S. S. of C. 25 S. S. of C. 26 S. S. of C. 27 S. S. of C. 28 S. S. of C. 29 S. S. of C. 30 S. S. of C.	1 N. Year's D. 2 S. S. of C. 3 Ainsworth d. 4 S. S. of C. 5 S. S. of C. 6 S. S. of C. 7 S. S. of C. 8 S. S. of C. 9 S. S. of C. 10 S. S. of C. 11 S. S. of C. 12 S. S. of C. 13 S. S. of C. 14 S. S. of C. 15 S. S. of C. 16 S. S. of C. 17 S. S. of C. 18 S. S. of C. 19 S. S. of C. 20 S. S. of C. 21 S. S. of C. 22 S. S. of C. 23 S. S. of C. 24 S. S. of C. 25 S. S. of C. 26 S. S. of C. 27 S. S. of C. 28 S. S. of C. 29 S. S. of C. 30 S. S. of C.



Rich Parvenue. "WOULDN'T IT BE SPLENDID IF I WERE TO CATCH A LORD?" *Friend.* "YES. THEN YOU WOULD BE A LADY!"



TEMPORA MU-TATUR!!

First Farmer. "AYE, 'TATERS GETS COMPLAINTS NOW THEY NEVER GOT IN MY YOUNG DAYS."



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.
LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Friend (in the distance). "ENJOYING IT, OLD CHAP?" Novice. "RATHER!"

THE GHOST OF THE FUTURE OR How the Ghost won back a faded reputé.



The Ghost sat alone in the Haunted Room, & wept. His spectral stock-in-trade lay round him, untouched. Times were shocking bad. He was old, & weak, & ill. Science & the Psychical Research Society were slowly killing him. "This here fair gives me the 'ump," he wailed (you see he had become hopelessly vulgarised), "it comes bloomin' ard on us pore Sperrits: an' if can't git a job soon selph me bob I'll gow to America an see if a 'ard-workin' English Ghowst 'as got any charnst there."

Suddenly a light came into his orbs. He flung down the copy of "BORDER-LAND" which he had been reading,

and whisked himself through the key-hole.



He sought out his old friend the Nightmare, & whispered in her ear.

The Nightmare gave a horrid neigh of comprehension, and took him off to her father, Indigestion, whom they found lunching off a rich

pork chop. & they took counsel together.



And Indigestion went & called in a gaudy little Demon of Conviviality:



and the Four laid their heads together, & hatched a Dark Plot.



First, the little Demon of Conviviality, pleasantly disguised as Father Christmas, went forth & caught a Victim, & lured him into a shop & goaded him to buy a Turkey, & a Plum-pudding, & Mince-pies, & things.



And the Conspirators expectantly followed him home; & waited while he feasted



Towards midnight all was prepared, & the performance began. Indigestion led off with his disturbing stomacheic exercises.

After which the Nightmare executed her well-known fantasia with remarkable precision & agility. *** The time was ripe: the Victim woke: whereupon the Ghost made his "entrée macabre" with superb éclat, & surpassed himself by the versatility & finish with which he went through the choicest morceaux of his time-honoured répertoire.



And in the pallid dawn the quartet trod a grisly measure of triumph over their prostrated Victim.

Samuel Patridge fecit

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

DURING TEA.

Yes, isn't it a pretty sight. . . . Oh, they're *much* too busy to talk at present. . . . Well, if you *would* take this cup of tea to my little girl, dear Mr. Muffett, it would be so— Yes, in the white frock. . . . *Pray* don't apologise—some tea upsets so easily, doesn't it? . . . Oh! I don't suppose it will show, really, and if it *does*. . . . Please, will everybody keep quite quiet for

a minute or two; I haven't said my grace. . . . Don't you think it's unfair of Nurse? She's handed me bread and butter twice running! . . . I mustn't eat sponge-cake, thank you. Bath buns are better for me than anything. . . . I was so ill after Christmas. They took my temperament with the barometer, and it was two hundred and six! . . . Oh! that's nothing. When I was ill, the doctor said mine was perfectly Norman! . . . Well, you *might* lower that candleshade a *very* little, perhaps, Mr. Muffett. . . . Ah! don't blow it

out. . . . Throw it into the fire, quick! . . . It doesn't matter in the *least*. No; I wouldn't trouble about the *other* shades, thanks. . . . Mother, will you read me the text out of my cracker? . . . But if you're going to be a soldier, you oughtn't to shut your eyes when you pull a cracker. . . . Oh! when I'm a soldier, I needn't go to parties.

RIDDLES OF THE YEAR.—Why follow a fashion when it clashes with your taste and inclination?



THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING.

Shopwalker. "ANYTHING ELSE WE CAN HAVE THE PLEASURE OF SHOWING YOU, MADAM?"

Paterfamilias. "THE DOOR!"

MERRY ENGLAND!—A Jester's Jubilee Sermon.

"SAINT GEORGE and Merrie England!" was the warrior-cry of old,
Which fired the fair and gentle, and aroused the brave and bold;
And the shout of "Merry England!" should uplift the heart to-day
Of all true, gallant Britons who in face of fate are gay.
"Merry England!" In the greenwood, where the jovial archer drew
A sturdy bow strong-fashioned from the stubborn English yew,
Where the laugh rang out gay chorus to the cheerful hunting horn,
And men could fight or frolic, was that joyous spirit born.
"Merry England!" When our Shakspeare, in the days of stout Queen Bess,
When the English lip was mirth-wreathed in the sternest battle press,
Limned the gay Prince Hal whose laughter at Falstaffian humours turned
To the set teeth of the hero when the fire of onset burned,
Then, good faith! 'twas Merry England, when intrepid Drake could play
His merry game of bowls out as fit prelude to the fray;
And Raleigh's bearded lip could curl in laughter at the jest,
Though the Don was on the sea-ways and wild war was in the West.

And now, although Victoria the Gentle sways the land,
Instead of Bess the Bellicose, and England, heart and hand,
Sixty years of peace and progress on her Diamond Jubilee
Celebrates in sober gratitude, shall good old English glee,
The glad mirth of Merry England be forgotten? Nay, not so!
Mr. Punch's half a century of laughter answers, No!
Merry England let it be, boys! Must the fortunes of John Bull
Be, as pundits oft describe our British weather, "fine, but dull"?
No; let the British laugh ring forth amidst the British cheers
Which congratulate Victoria on her prosperous Sixty Years!
Old England's wealth's not everything, her heart's not in her purse;
Coffers chock full with empty soul may well become a curse;
And power and prosperity may make a galling yoke
To the breast that knows not feeling, and the brain that cannot joke.
Not the chuckle of the cynic, not the smirk of the sham saint,
Not the grin of him who's victim to our age's huckster taint,
But sound old English merriment, the brave old British mirth,
As refreshing to tired spirits as Spring rains to the parched earth,
Is what Punch, the Jubilee Jester, would encourage in the throng.
It is a year for gratitude, pious praise and loyal song;
Let the memory of the Jubilee for ever be kept green,
It still is Merry England that now shouts "God save the Queen!"



FAIRY SPORTS.

Designs for Mr. Punch's Goblin Tapestry.

MUSIC DANCING, HUNTING, RACING, SHOOTING, STALKING.

PROFESSOR LIZARDINI'S TROUPE OF PERFORMING "MEN." THIS MOST INTELLIGENT FORM OF APE:



LIZARD LAND; OR, WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

"A recent visit to the Natural History Museum of Brussels, and inspection of the gigantic Saurians discovered in recent years, have suggested some curious thoughts in relation to the importance attached by Dr. Munro to the *evet attitude* as the primary cause of intellectual growth, and the consequent ascendancy of Man. . . . Are we free to believe that, had terrestrial conditions remained favourable, *Lizards* would have attained to the Lordship of Creation now exercised by Man?"—*Full Mail Gazette*.

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE LOWER ANIMALS WAS OF SO MEAN AN ORDER THAT IT WAS ONLY WITH THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY THAT A PERFORMING TROUPE COULD BE TRAINED FOR MUSIC HALL PURPOSES!



CATS WHO CATCH CAN.

UNCLE GEORGE, JUST RETURNED FROM A MORNING'S FISHING, RECOUNTS HOW HE LANDED SOME OF THE "MOST MAGNIFICENT TROUT EVER TAKEN IN THESE WATERS," AND HIS AUDIENCE ANTICIPATE MUCH SATISFACTION FROM THE CONTENTS OF HIS BASKET.

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

DURING A PERFORMANCE OF "PUNCH AND JUDY."

A Thoughtful Child. What a dreadful thing it would be to have a papa like Punch!

A Puzzled Child. Mother, why is the man at the side so polite to Punch? He calls him "Sir"—is Punch really a gentleman?

A Good Little Girl. I do wish they would leave all the fighting out; it must set such a bad example to children.

An Appreciative Boy. Oh! I say, did you hear what the clown said then? He said something had frightened all the hair off his head except that little tuft at the top, and it turned that sky-blue!

[He goes into fits of laughter.]

A Matter-of-fact Boy. Yes, I heard—but I don't believe it could.

The Child of the House. I am so glad Tip is shut up downstairs, because I'm afraid, if he'd been up here and seen Toby act, he'd have wanted to run away and go on the stage himself, and I don't think he's the sort of dog who would ever be a success, you know!

DURING THE DANCING.

Jack. I say, Mabel, you've got to dance the *Washington Post* with me.

Mabel. I can't. I've promised Teddy Thistle-down.

Jack. Oh! that's all right. I swapped with him for a Nicaragua stamp.

Mabel (touched). But aren't they rare? Didn't you want it yourself?



MEANWHILE THE CONTENTS OF UNCLE GEORGE'S BASKET ARE BEING FULLY APPRECIATED IN THE HALL!

Jack. Oh! I don't collect, you know.

George (to Ethel). They've given us the whole of *Ivanhoe* to mug up for a holiday task. Isn't it a beastly shame?

Ethel. But don't you like Scott?

George. Oh! I don't mind Scott so much. It's having to grind in the holidays that I bar.

Hester (to Roland). Shall you go to the pantomime this year?

Roland. I don't think so. I'm going to lectures at the Royal Institution instead.

Hester. That isn't as jolly as the pantomime, is it?

Roland (impartially). Not while it's going on, but a lot jollier after it's over.

Mr. Poffley (a middle-aged bachelor, who "likes to make himself useful at parties," and is good-naturedly waltzing with little Miss Chillington). Have you—er—been to many parties?

Miss Chillington (a child of the world). About the usual amount. There's generally a good deal going on just now, isn't there?

Mr. Poffley. A—I suppose so. I go out so little now that I've almost forgotten how to dance.

Miss Chillington. Then you did know once!

Mr. Poffley (completely demoralised). I—er—would you rather stop?

Miss Chillington. Oh! I don't mind going on, if it amuses you.

[Mr. Poffley feels that "children are not as grateful as they used to be for being noticed," and that it is almost time he gave up going to juvenile parties.]

RIDDLES OF THE YEAR.—Why join an extra club when you already belong to more than you require?



LIZARD LAND; OR, WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS OF THE PERIOD NO CAGE WAS MORE POPULAR THAN THAT CONTAINING SURVIVING SPECIMENS OF THE CREATURES WHO MIGHT, UNDER FAVOURABLE CONDITIONS, HAVE BEEN THEIR RIVALS IN LIFE'S RACE! THEIR ANTICS WERE AN ENDLESS SOURCE OF FUN TO THE CROWD!

FROM PETTICOAT LANE TO THE LANE OF THE PARK.



SCENE I.—PETTICOAT LANE.

Observe Ike Levi, the merriest, cleverest, loudest, and most versatile clothes-seller in the world. He bombards his customers with shouts, he wheedles them with song. The beauteous Rebecca adores him. The gent in the top hat is a music-hall agent from South Africa. He sees money in Ike, and engages him on the spot. Happy Ike, but alas for poor Rebecca!



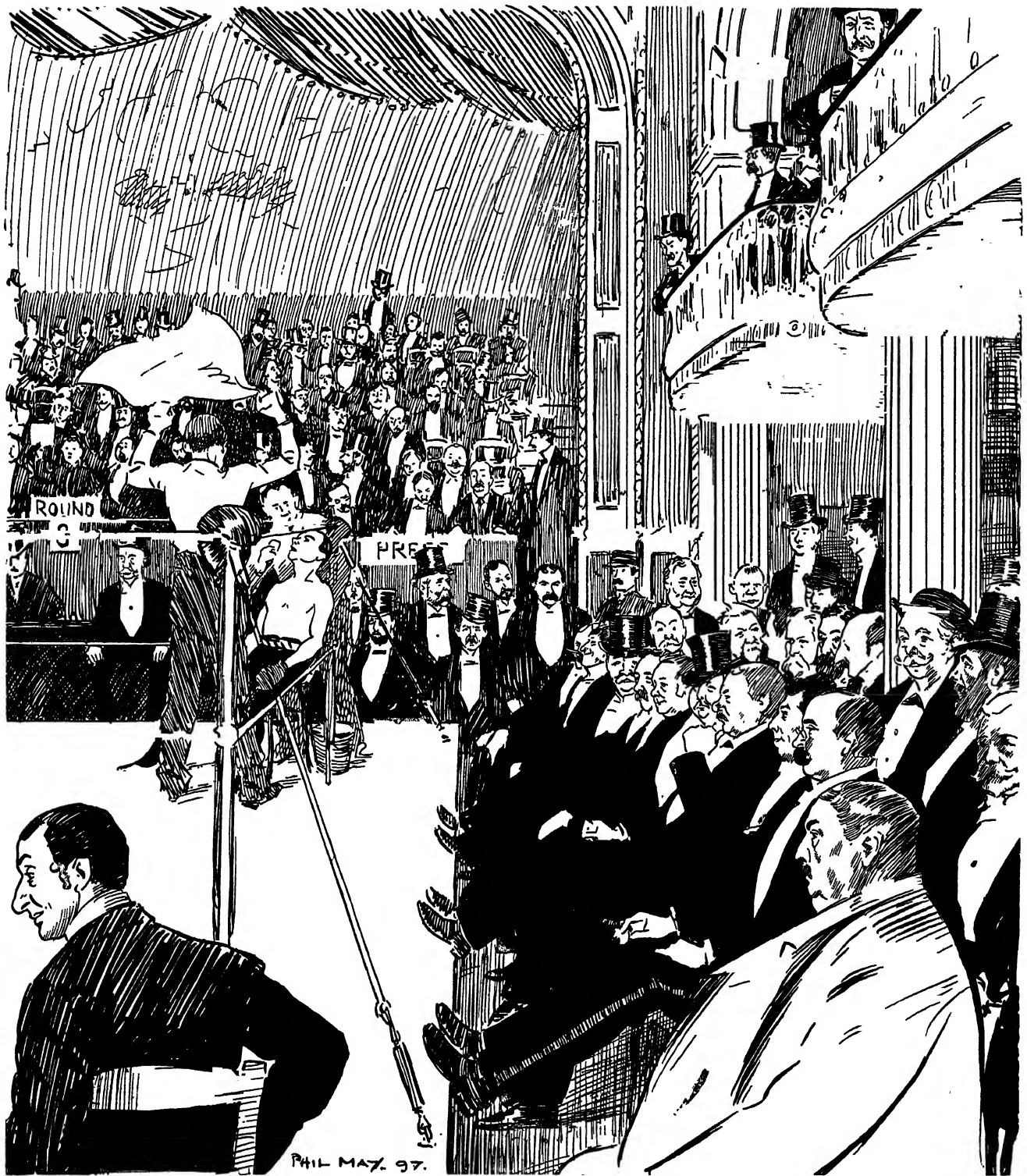
SCENE II.—THE HALL OF TERPSICHORE.

Ike's friends are giving him a send-off. The rank and fashion of Petticoat Lane gather in his honour.



SCENE III.—SOUTHAMPTON.

Off to South Africa! "Good-bye, Ike; don't go for to forget me." "Good-bye, Becky; don't you marry no millionaires till I get back."



SCENE IV.—THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB, LONDON.

Eight years have sped. Ike, after a brief career in South African Music Halls, began to dabble in Mines. Soon he plunged. He has returned rolling in gold. He is now, amongst other things, a member of the National Sporting Club, and a lavish patron of the modern P. R. *Quantum mutatus ab illo Ikore!*

AN INTERRUPTED SERENADE.

ALL faded is the day,
All gone the sunset glare,
Amid the ever-scudding gray
The stars blink here and there,
Uncertain whether they can dare
The rising moon's calm, icy stare.
And so I raise my lay!

All happy is my song,
It tells of love and thee,
To whom all thoughts of love be-
long
That e'er belonged to me.
Right leal am I and passing strong
To shield thee 'gainst a world of
wrong,
Thy cavalier to be!

All peaceful is the shrine
Wherein sleep veils thine eyes.
E'en sleeping thou art mine,
Though sleep my heart denies.
Of that for which it most doth pine,
Yet I do with my mandoline
Sing on.—(A jug is emptied.) A
d-amp surprise!
[Exit minstrel, hurriedly.]



SCENE V.—TATTERSALL'S.

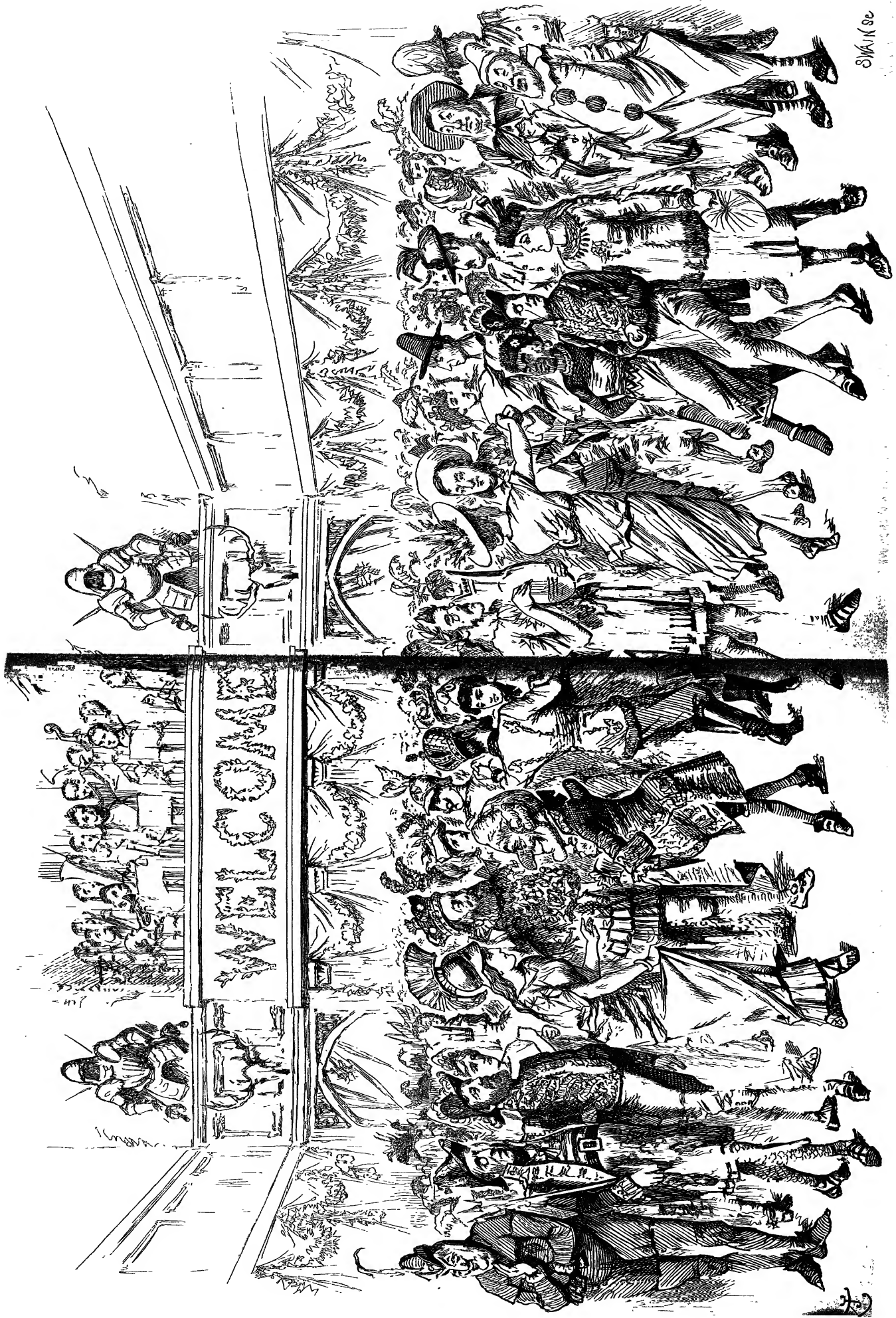
Ike buys Horses. "Lord love yer," he says, "I don't know nothink about 'em, but I'm bound to 'ave the best." He rubs shoulders with the aristocracy. They all admire him. Many grovel.

RIDDLES OF THE YEAR.

Why deal with the Stores when you can get your goods, not having the portorage to pay, at a lower rate elsewhere?

Why brave the misery of seaside lodgings when London is at its best in September?

Why visit country houses when you can't afford to cripple your income by giving enormous tips?



Mr. Punch's Christmas Fancy Ball.

SWANSON



SCENE VI.—A COUNTRY HOUSE PARTY.

Ike is on a visit to a Magnate. "I ain't much of a 'and at pottin' the bloomin' dickey-birds," says Ike, "but I can tip yer a song." He is adulated as a man who can "put you into a good thing." A proud but impecunious matron picks him for a son-in-law. She bores him to death.

RIDDLES OF THE YEAR.

Why people should push to the front to excite the anger and cause the dislike of their equals?

Why flutter on the Stock Exchange when you can do more good, and risk no more, by supporting bubble companies?

Why go to a private show where you can't see the pictures, and are tired of seeing the people?



SCENE VII.—MARGATE JETTY.

"Magnates be 'anged!" says Ike. "Give me ole Margate." So to Margate he goes, and there he meets again his adored Rebecca. "Not one of 'em's a patch on you, Becky. Will yer marry me?" "Of course I will, Ikey!"—And she does.



The Apotheosis of Ike. At their brand-new house in Park Lane, Sir Isaac and Lady Levi receive their guests. Royalty smiles upon them, Society swarms into their dazzling halls. They are happy, though harassed. Farewell, Ike; another charitable cheque for £10,000 may make you a Baronet. Stranger things have happened.



They (with inclinations poetic). "WE ARE GOING TO HEAR A LECTURE ON KEATS."
He (with no inclination in particular). "REALLY—ER—BY THE WAY—WHAT ARE KEATS?"



I.—"THERE'S A RIPPING PLACE FOR A DIP JUST OVER HERE, AND THAT NOTICE WILL PREVENT PEOPLE DISTURBING US."



II.—BUT IT HAD ITS LITTLE DISADVANTAGES!

AT A CHILDREN'S PARTY.

AFTER SUPPER.

The Hostess (returning to the drawing-room to find the centre of the floor occupied by a struggling heap of small boys, surrounded by admiring but mystified sisters). Oh! dear me, what are they doing? I'm so afraid my two boys are being too rough, Mrs. Hornblower.

Mrs. Hornblower (one of a row of complacent matrons). Oh! not at all, dear Mrs. Honeybun, they're having such fun. Your Edwin and Arthur are only trying how many boys they can pile on the top of my Tommy.

Mrs. Honeybun. Is that Tommy underneath? Are you sure he's not getting hurt?

always Last year we had a conjurer, and it was only when he'd begun that we found out he was helplessly intoxicated.

Mrs. Horn. How disagreeable for you! But this time everything has been quite perfect!

Mrs. Honey. Well, I really think there has been no— Good gracious! I'm sure somebody is being suffocated! Did you hear that?

[From the core of the heap proceeds a sound at which every mother's heart quakes—a smothered cough ending in a long-drawn and ominous "oo-ook."

Mrs. Horn. Depend upon it, that's whooping-cough! Tommy, come here this minute. (Tommy emerges, crimson and crowing lustily; the mothers collect their offspring in dismay.) Oh! Tommy,

gone). I knew something would happen! I must say it was most inconsiderate of Mrs. Hornblower to bring that wretched little Tommy out and break up the party like this—it's not as if we were really intimate! Still, it was ridiculous of everybody else to hurry off too, as if whooping-cough was anything to be so mortally afraid of! I wasn't in the least myself, as they might have seen. But perhaps it is just as well that Edwin and Arthur had it last winter.

STAR-CUM-MOONSHINE FOR THE MONTH.—Many hard nuts to crack in Brasil about the 22nd or thereabouts. Jupiter visiting Saturn on the 3rd denotes that there will be great uneasiness anent Turkey and mincemeat, and a fall in silver on many counters. People should be cautious about marry-



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Tommy (who has passed the Plimsoll mark). "MA!" Mother. "Yes, dear?"

Tommy. "MAY I GO AND PUT ON MY JERSEY, INSTEAD OF THIS BEASTLY COAT AN' WAISTCOAT?"

Mrs. Horn. Oh! he thoroughly enjoys a romp. He's made himself perfectly hoarse with laughing. Just listen to him!

Mrs. Honey. What a sturdy little fellow he is! And always in such high spirits!

Mrs. Horn. (confidentially). He hasn't seemed quite the thing for the last day or two, and I was doubting whether it wouldn't be better to keep him at home to-night, but he begged so hard that I really had to give way.

Mrs. Honey. So glad you did! It doesn't seem to have done him any harm.

Mrs. Horn. Quite the contrary. And indeed, he couldn't help being the better for it; you understand so thoroughly how to make children happy, dear Mrs. Honeybun.

Mrs. Honey. It's delightful of you to say so; I try my best, but one can't

Tommy, don't tell me it's you! It—it can't be that, dear Mrs. Honeybun, he's been nowhere where he could possibly— You naughty boy, you know you are only pretending. Don't let me hear that horrid noise again.

Tommy (injured). But, mummy, really I wasn't—

[He justifies himself by producing a series of whoops with an unmistakably genuine ring.

Mrs. Horn. I think it's only a rather severe attack of hiccoughs, dear Mrs. Honeybun; but still, perhaps—just to be on the safe side—I'd better—

[She departs in confusion, the crowd on the stairs dividing like Red Sea waves as Tommy proclaims his approach.

Mrs. Honey. (after the last guest has

ing on the even days of the month, and more cautious during the uneven.

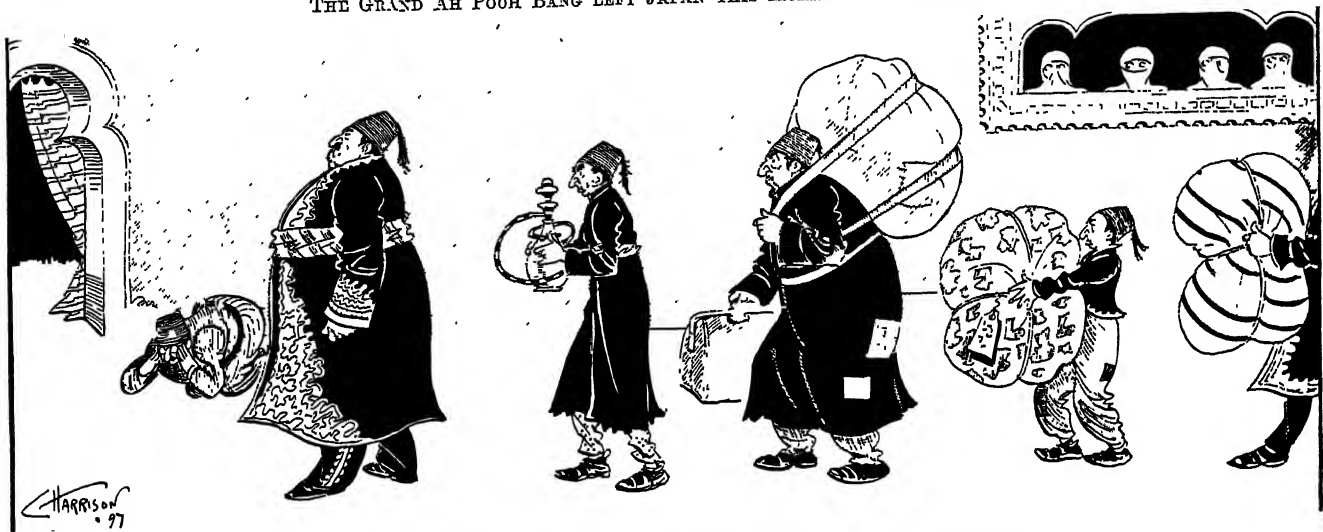
The 28th is a good day for borrowing of your friends, and the 29th for taking your departure (without previous notice) and visiting foreign parts.

When the Moon is at the full, the study of bimetallism will be the cause of loss of reason to many. People should not marry during this month, and the 13th will be a particularly unpropitious day for lending, and generally profitable day for borrowing umbrellas.

Avoid work on the 24th, or any other day when practicable. Cyclists should be careful of their tyres, especially in Battersea Park.



THE GRAND AH POOH BANG LEFT JAPAN THIS MORNING FOR KLONDYKE.



THE DEPUTY GRAND SUB-VIZIER HAS LEFT TURKEY FOR THE GOLD-FIELDS.



KING KOLLY-WOLLY LEFT THIS AFTERNOON FOR KLONDYKE.

Voluntary winding-up of the planetary system until a plan of reconstruction can be effected. This untoward event will cause a great decrease in the number of omnibus passengers between Charing Cross and Dalston.

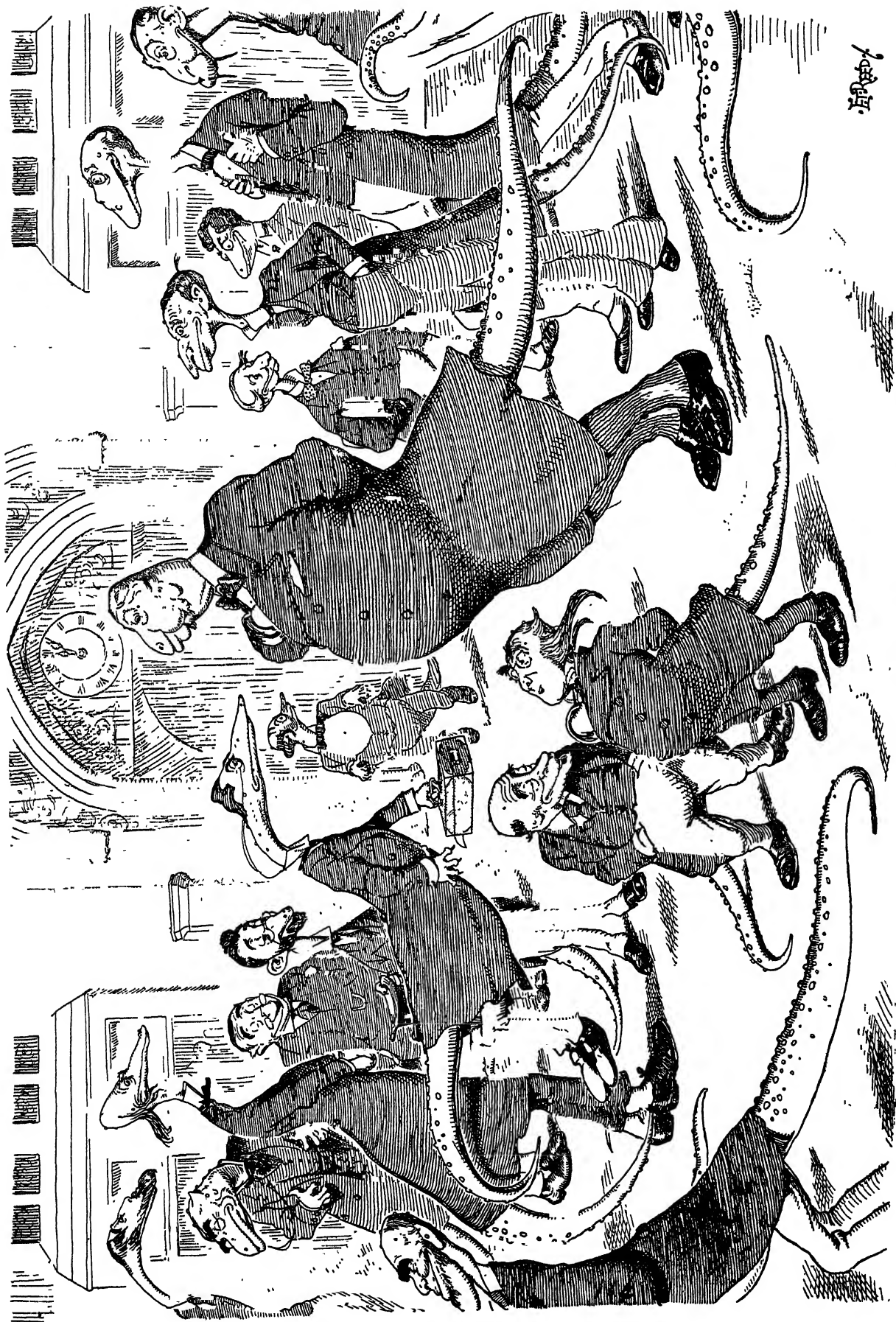
Uranus seems to have a personal spite

against the Sultan of Turkey, who once more is greatly troubled.

The 25th will be a good day for visiting your friends, as they all will be out. On the 27th, people of the names of more than six syllables should beware of wearing wet

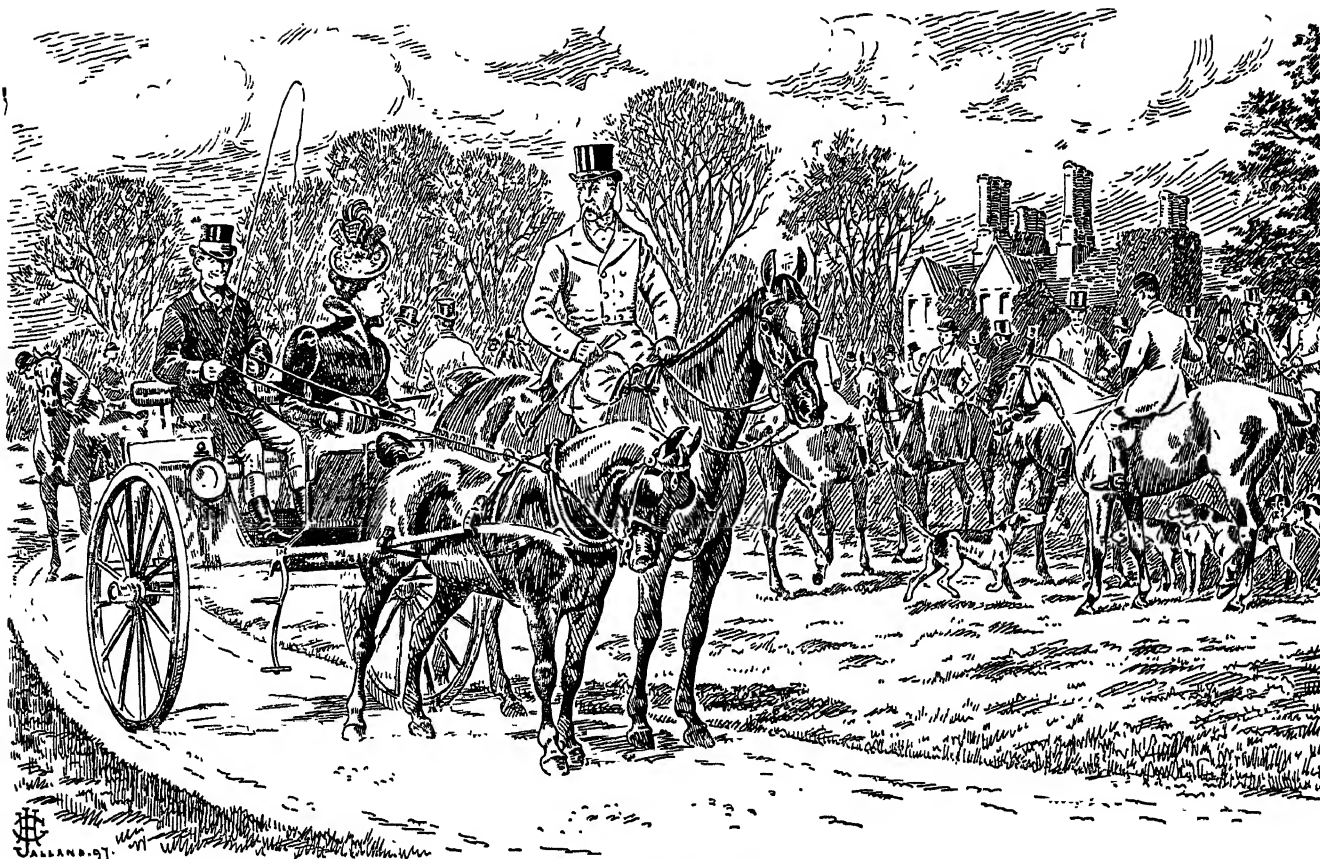
boots and catching a chill. The Colonies will prosper, to the huge delight of the Mother Country.

RIDDLES OF THE YEAR.—Why buy bargains in Paris when you can get them cheaper in the Edgware Road?



LIZARD LAND; OR, WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE THAT THE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN GREATLY DIFFERENT. THE METHODS OF PROCEDURE WOULD POSSIBLY HAVE VARIED—HOPPING, FOR INSTANCE, WAS LARGELY RESORTED TO IN THE LOBBIES!



AT THE OPENING MEET.

Fair Bride (from over the water—to her Husband, a great Sportsman). "OH, I RECKON IT'S JUST LOVELY, CHARLES! BUT SAY, ISN'T THERE GOING TO BE A BAND?"



Old Lady (to Photographer). "I DON'T MIND ABOUT A GOOD LIKENESS, YOU KNOW. BUT I MUST HAVE A PRETTY PICTURE!"



"OH, I SAY, THEY'RE GONE FOR A ROPE OR SOMETHING. AWFULLY SORRY, YOU KNOW, I CAN'T COME ANY NEARER, BUT I'LL STAY HERE AND TALK TO YOU."



FAIRY SPORTS.

Designs for Mr. Punch's Goblin Tapestry.

SWIMMING, DIVING, ROWING, SAILING, FISHING.

A SPORTING VIGIL.

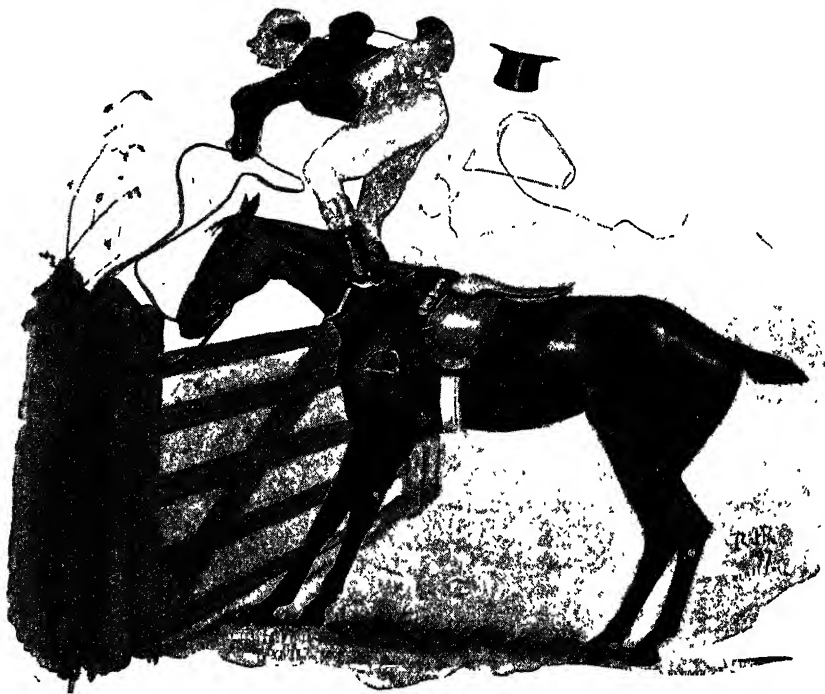


HERE is no keener man living, in the world of sport, than Pouncer, "Sport et præterea nihil!" he gaily cries. "It's the only thing worth living for." Pouncer certainly is a wonderful fellow. Does everything well. He tells me so himself; and I believe I am merely stat-

ing well-known facts when I say that no man can stalk a grilse (am not quite sure what a grilse is, but fancy it is a kind of deer), hunt a hound, dynamite a stream for trout, or knock down a pheasant with a stick, on the moors, in finer style than this

gestion that he should tamper with the truth, and assert, in public, that he had killed the extra one. With a lofty scorn, he said that he did not care to imperil his salvation for the sake of one miserable duck.

Now, I myself am not of a sporting turn of mind, and do not profess to know anything about the matter—unless you would call a little "putting" in the back garden sport. But as a singularly clear-headed and astute lawyer—perhaps I ought not to say this of myself, but I do—Pouncer knew, of course, to whom he should apply when in any difficulty or doubt, and just before Christmas, he wrote, imploring me to come down to him at Foxbrush Hall, his place in Sportingshire. "Never mind the fee," ran the letter; "I want you to help me in a serious difficulty." And although, as I have already said, I am a lawyer of some considerable repute (Mr. Curtis-Bennett, the last magistrate I defended a prisoner before, remarked, on the convic-



Pouncer clears the Gate.

"all-round" sportsman. Only last season, he attracted great attention in the hunting-field by a most remarkable performance. His horse galloped up to a gate, and then stopped suddenly just as Pouncer thought he was going to jump it. But even this could not check a really keen man, and Pouncer easily cleared his horse's head and the gate, landing safely on his feet in the field beyond. Very few horsemen would do such a thing as that, I imagine. The M.F.H. exclaimed that he had never seen such a sight in his life. And Pouncer himself never brags about it, never even mentions the subject; a mutual friend told me of the incident. Then Pouncer is a cricketer and golfer; he races, fishes, yachts; and as to his shooting, I have been told (young Chaffaway was my informant) that Pouncer is the identical man who made that extraordinary bag of 999 wild duck in one day; and that, when some ill-natured badinage was flung at him about the number falling just short of the thousand, he indignantly repudiated a sug-

tion of my client, that if all criminals were defended in a similar manner, justice would oftener be done), I was not at the moment overwhelmed with work—fact is, the public don't much care to employ any one who is rather above the average in point of ability; no man likes to feel dwarfed in the presence of his own lawyer—and so I determined to go to Pouncer's aid. Of course, I couldn't leave town without a certain amount of sacrifice of my clients' interests. For instance, I was obliged to go down to Toodleton County Court (13s. 4d.), and get a postponement of an action to recover three and sixpence, in which I had been retained for the plaintiff; and I also had to depute my clerk to defend a client of mine who was charged at the Worship Street Police Court with pewter pot stealing, and—well, I think that was about all. These matters satisfactorily provided for, I wired Pouncer as follows:

* I never saw the fee.

"From IGNOTUS GREEN BLUFFINGTON, 2, Under-the-Pump Court, Temple, to NIMROD POUNCER, Foxbrush Hall, Sportingshire.

"Yes; will come by six-thirty train to-morrow night."

And with lawyer-like punctuality, I did arrive by the train mentioned. POUNCER had come to meet me, and no sooner were we seated in his high dog-cart, and bowling along over the three miles of road which lay between the railway station and the Hall, than he commenced to unburden his mind to me. "Fact is, my dear Bluffington, I am having a very anxious time of it. My horse, *Golden Fleece*, is favourite for the Grand Christmas Steeplechase at Mudbury. He is going on well in his preparation; no horse could be doing better. But to my horror and amazement, Police-Sergeant Maresnest called on me yesterday and said that—"

"From information received," I broke in, with an astute smile.

"Quite right, my dear fellow; I wonder how you guessed that?" he resumed, in admiring tones. "You must be unnaturally sharp."

"Ah! well, never mind." I smiled again, and it really seemed to inspire poor Pouncer with confidence in my acute powers of intuition. "Go on and finish your story."

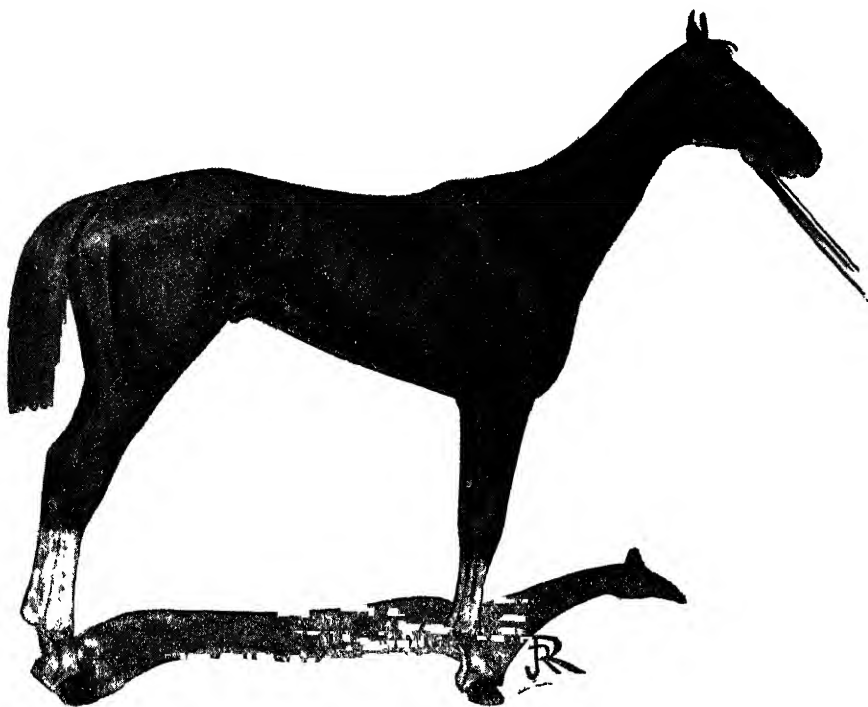
"Well, the Sergeant said that, 'from information received,' he had reason to believe that—hush! sh!" and Pouncer looked mysteriously all around in the deep gloom before uttering another word, though I am sure no one was within half a mile of us; "put your ear closer to me—to believe that an attempt would be made, this very night, to 'nobble' the favourite!—sh!"

"Merciful Powers! you don't say so?" I exclaimed. I am not sure that I quite knew what 'nobble' meant, but did not care to admit this to Pouncer. And I evidently exercised sound judgment in using an astonished and slightly horrified tone of voice in speaking thus.

"The point is, how to prevent it, eh?" he went on.



Driving from the Station.



"Golden Fleece."

"Precisely," I answered. But as I didn't quite know what "it" was, I was hardly in a position to advise on the subject. Another man would have admitted his ignorance. Not so the cool and practised lawyer.

Pouncer nodded his head three or four times in silence. Then he said, "Yes; it's to be done—this dastard's deed—with a mallet."

I wondered if they were going to drive nails into the horse or cut pieces out of him with a cold chisel. But I still kept silence, and "sat tight."

"One blow on the hock, and——" Here Pouncer's eyes turned up to Heaven—at least, I think they must have. I know his nose did; but that was chronic.

"Ah!" I repeated, "one blow on the

hock, and—er—as you say—er—why, there you are, you know."

"Yes, there you are," he sighed, whilst I began to crave for something a little more tangible than this before being called on to speak.

"At the dead of night, the villains will make their attempt," resumed Pouncer, who is rather theatrical in manner—he was once a distinguished amateur actor, and has never quite got over it.

Having stayed at Foxbrush Hall once before, I knew the situation of the stables, and remembered that they were directly overlooked by Pouncer's study window, a most cosy little den.

"I have it!" I exclaimed. "Pouncer, we—just you and I, you know—must watch the stables all night. We will sit in your study, make up a cheerful log fire, have the liqueur-stand out, the Apollinaris and the Laranagas, my boy, and then, though perfectly comfortable, we shall be ON GUARD! and let the scoundrels beware. What do you think of that for a scheme?" And I must confess, although I say it who shouldn't, that it did strike me as rather smart.

"I think it's a splendid idea about our keeping guard ourselves, but unluckily we can't do it from the study window with the fire, and the whiskey, and the cigars, as you suggest; for *Golden Fleece* is at John Grumpy's training stables, five miles away, and we shall have to stand about in the cold all night to carry out your idea. Still, we'll do it."

I must admit that I did not feel so eager. I—well, possibly I should not have suggested this plan had I guessed that the watching would have to be done outside. There was a rawness in the air which gave promise of a fall of snow, too. I tried to effect a strategic movement *en retraite*.

"I don't really know why the police shouldn't do the watching, after all, you know, Pouncer," I began.

"By no means," he interrupted, hastily; "by no manner of means, my dear fellow,"

and I saw that the stagey aspect of the scheme had taken hold of his fancy. "We'll dine, and then, cloaked from head to heel, go silently and on foot" (I rather winced at this—hate walking) "to the stables: there, we shall frustrate this villainous plot. The Sergeant is coming up to see me at nine o'clock. I'll get him to send a constable to meet us at the scene of action."

I felt a little dull at dinner that night. Somehow the plan, in its altered form, *e.g.*, minus the study and its comforts, seemed to have lost its attractions for me. Pouncer, however, was brim-full of enthusiasm, and when, at nine precisely, the Sergeant was shown in and asked to take a seat at the table, cart-ropes and wild horses wouldn't have kept my host from going through with the business.

"Help yourself, Sergeant," he said, passing the port. And the Sergeant helped himself! He didn't want any pressing, that man; and when he left to return to his quarters and despatch a constable to our aid, Pouncer gently murmured, "Pretty swallow, homeward fly."

Snow was lightly falling as, hooded and cloaked like the villains in a transpontine melodrama, we started on our long tramp to the training stables. Pouncer, theatrical to the last, had insisted on the advisability of our wearing a disguise, though why we should do anything of the kind I was utterly at a loss to think. He had produced a black wig, a pair of blue goggles, a beard, and a false nose, and to my great



Bluffington and Pouncer disguised.

annoyance, compelled me to assume the latter article.

"But my dear fellow," I began, "I really can not see the use of——" when he interrupted me with

"Now, Bluffington, every one knows your great skill in your own line, the law. Do give me credit for knowing something about theatrical disguises, and when to assume them." And, somewhat mollified by his reference to my well-known legal acumen, I gave way, and put on the false nose, whilst he assumed the wig and beard.

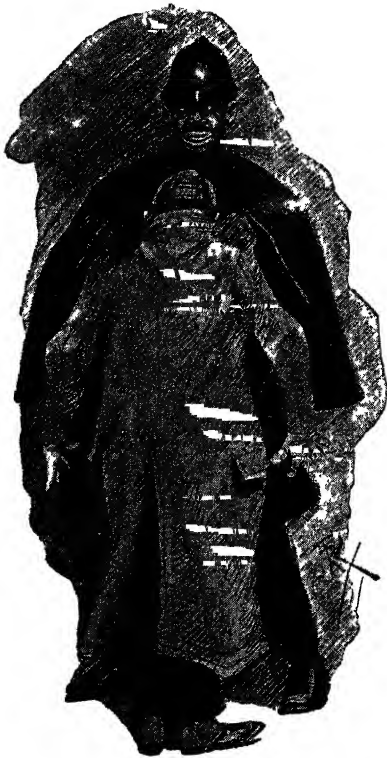
Thus disguised, we silently trudged that awful five miles in the falling snow.

Arriving within fifty yards of the long, low range of stabling, and hard by the trainer's cottage, Pouncer suddenly gripped my arm and whispered—



The Nobbler (as Pouncer imagined him).

"One blow on the hock," &c.



Policeman attacks Bluffington.

"Ha! ha! look at those footprints. You see them?"

I saw them; they were big enough, certainly, and evidently made by a very "useful" foot.

"He has gone right up to the stable door," continued Pouncer. "Depend upon it, it is this man's hand which will be apparent in to-night's work!"

"His foot is, anyhow," I replied.

"We will track him down. But softly—sh! Bluffington, you go first."

"Think so? Now, I should say, *you* go first, and make the main attack, as it were; meantime, I could be doing splendid work, skirmishing round the rear!"

But even as we spoke, a fleeting moon-beam shot athwart the sky, and revealed to our gaze a dark, lurking figure boldly silhouetted against the white-painted stable. The apparition was so unexpected—and so big—that we both nearly dropped from fri—astonishment. Then the lurking form advanced rapidly on us, and we simultaneously turned to—I mean, we both conceived the idea, curiously enough, at the same moment of time, that we really ought to go to the cottage and apprise the trainer, when, with a sudden spring, the man was upon me. Why he should have given me the preference over Pouncer, I don't know. I could have wished it otherwise, as he caught me by the collar and administered such a severe shaking that all the teeth in my head seemed to rattle again.

"So I've got yer, 'ave I? You're the party as has come to nobble the *Golden Fleas*, 'ave yer?" (Another shake.) "Got a false conk on, too!" (Shake number three.) "Well, you're buckled to rights this journey, and no error."

But just at this moment another fitful gleam of moonlight revealed the mystery. My assailant wore a helmet and shining

black leather pelisse. It was the constable! "Pelisse constable," grinned Pouncer, laughing at his own feeble joke. I did not appear to hear him. It was easy enough for him to cut his jokes, I dare say. *He* hadn't had half of his teeth loosened by this truculent brute. I had. I accepted the constable's apologies with the best grace I could assume. Then he greatly annoyed me again by bursting out into boorish laughter at my false nose. How I cursed Pouncer for making me wear the ridiculous thing. He himself was rather improved in appearance by the wig and beard he had assumed. Any disguise would be sure to improve a man with a face like Pouncer's.

We took up our position round the corner of the stables to commence our weary vigil, and I will not deny that the presence of the constable's stalwart form had its comforting influence on me. One could not feel quite so lonely when standing next to a man like the Eiffel Tower.

We got colder and colder. The snow fell in intermittent showers, and before long, my feet felt completely frozen; and, speaking for myself, I should have been willing to abandon the enterprise altogether. Pouncer, however, was inexorable, and until I was afflicted with a terrific fit of sneezing, even refused to allow me to remove my false nose.

The hours wore slowly on. It must have been about four in the morning when the constable, in hoarse tones (we were all quite certain of violent colds by that time) remarked that he "could do with a drink." We passed by the observation in silence; it was vulgar and in bad taste. But I took a surreptitious sip now and then at a small pocket-flask I had with me—really too small to offer to the others. My teeth were chattering, and I sneezed at distressingly frequent intervals. No sign of any midnight marauders coming. Oh! why had I ever left the Temple, I asked myself, despairingly, to be frozen to death watch-



The Vigil.

ing for villains who never come? Why did I ever suggest this vigil to Pouncer? Why did I— Oh! d—n Pouncer! And I tried again to stamp the blood into my frozen feet, and actually rubbed the tip of my false nose feelingly, my own being so numbed by this time that I couldn't tell the real from the sham.

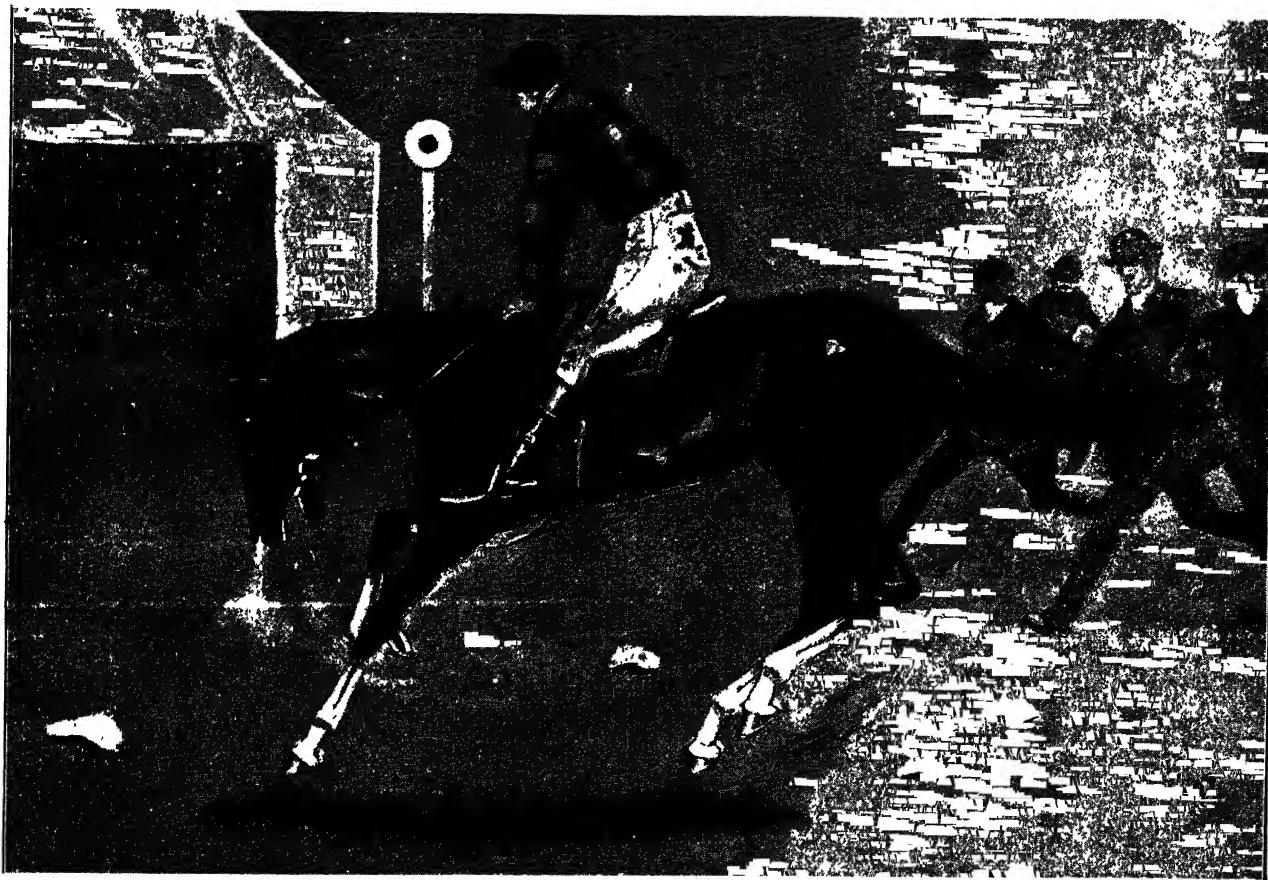
The clock over the stables had just struck the hour of five, when Pouncer convulsively clutched my cloak. "See, they come," he exclaimed, in deep, tragic tones, and sure enough, our patience was to be rewarded at last, for approaching us through the now thawing snow (it had been a beast of a night!) we could just discern the forms of two men and a boy. They

tension—as I saw the big constable draw his truncheon, and lead the way to the stables.

We were upon them before they had time for any effective resistance—that is, the constable was. Pouncer and I held ourselves in readiness, as a sort of reserve, in the background. The policeman's attack was splendid. With his staff he knocked down the first man on the spot, then he half throttled the second; whilst we, Pouncer and I—as reserves, you understand—advanced upon the boy. Although small, he proved a desperate customer, and it was only after the constable had secured and handcuffed his second man, and come to our assistance, that we

that insufferable idiot, Pouncer, actually turned round in a furious passion, and laid the blame upon me!

The following week, the much-talked-of *Golden Fleece* finished an inglorious last in the Mudbury Grand Christmas Steeplechase. Pouncer has retired from the turf in disgust. John Grumpy and his head lad have brought actions against him to recover heavy damages for assault and battery; whilst the miserable ingrate himself, meeting me in the hall of the Junior International, called me a blithering idiot, before witnesses, and said he had half a mind to kick me down the stairs. Verily, gratitude is an extinct emotion in this world. What I feel to be harder than



"Golden Fleece finished an inglorious last."

spoke no word, and came steadily along to the stables.

"I see it all!" murmured Pouncer. "The boy is to be put through the key-hole—the window I mean. He will then admit the men by the door. Once aboard the lug— Once inside, the deed will be done quickly. But we will frustrate them. Hist! Down with you! Down, man, for your life!"

And he shoved me violently into a squatting posture in the wet snow—most unpleasant position, and wholly, unnecessary, as we were round the corner, and quite out of sight—but Pouncer always was so fond of stage effect.

We gave them about two minutes in which to effect an entrance. I turned my head and took just one last sip of the flask, and then—well, I am free to confess that I gave a great gulp, not exactly from nervousness, you know, but a great swallow, indicating tension—yes, that's the word,

succeeded in making the capture. Unfortunately, the little ruffian had inflicted considerable injury upon us before accepting defeat, and Pouncer had received a severe blow in the region of the lower chest, whilst I was suffering from the effects of a kick somewhere at the back of me. A light was quickly struck, and the whole scene revealed to us.

I am bound to say that anything more painful and humiliating I have never witnessed before or since.

We had knocked down, captured, handcuffed, or otherwise maltreated, not the nefarious-minded "nobbles" for whom we had been watching, but Pouncer's eminently respectable trainer, Mr. John Grumpy, his head lad, and the boy in attendance on *Golden Fleece*, all of whom had just entered the stable in pursuance of their ordinary early morning avocations. As the lately-contending parties gazed blankly and breathlessly at each other,

anything—except perhaps that horrid little stable-boy's boot—is that Pouncer, with these two actions on hand, has gone to another lawyer, and left me in the lurch.

STAR-CUM-MOONSHINE FOR DECEMBER.—At the time of the New Moon, Jupiter will be triumphant, in spite of the efforts of Scorpio to cause trouble. Good fortune to the Sultan of Turkey and the Junior Common Law Judge, both of whom will receive congratulations of a pleasing character. The 25th will be a great day for holly and mistletoe. Boxing Day, 26th, generally lucky to tradesmen, officials, servants, and others. The weather will not disappoint expectations. Astrological (and universal) motto for the month, "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all of us."

RIDDLES OF THE YEAR.—Why travel abroad when you are happier at home?



FAIRY SPORTS.

Designs for Mr. Punch's Goblin Tapestry.

SKATING, CYCLING, BOXING, FENCING, CRICKET, GOLF FOOTBALL, LAWN-TENNIS, BILLIARDS.



OF CORSETS—A FACT!

[A paper read before the British Association at Bath in praise of corsets declared that "reasonably tight" lacing increased mental and physical activity, by causing a more liberal supply of blood to the brain, muscles and nerves.]

LONG vainly have reformers tried
To stem the force of ladies' wills,
And long indignantly decried
Tight-lacing as the worst of ills.

Yet nothing stayed the use of stays;
Till now at length in their excuse
Benignant science smiles, and says
That folly lies in their abuse.

IMMORTAL WILLIAM, meaning SHAKESPEARE, hath ever some line appropriate to any modern instance. On Thursday last, at the Mansion House, a policeman described a harmless, but temporarily eccentric prisoner, as "a donkey-man on board the ship lying in Tilbury docks." So he was "writ down an ass." He had been guilty only of a "freak," just to show how easily a "donkey-man" could make an ass of himself.

THE BULL AND THE BEAR.

(A Stock Exchange Tale of Two Brothers.)

ONCE upon a time (according to the *City Press*), there were two sons of the same



parents who entered into partnership as stock-brokers. As partners they transacted business on the same lines. But when the compact was over, they specu-

lated privately on their own account. And one went for the rise and the other for the fall, and both employed the same broker. They were obstinate, and held on until one of them extracted a very considerable sum from his near relative. Thus the story ends so far as our contemporary is concerned. It would have been interesting to know whether the unsuccessful speculator subsequently sought the assistance of his uncle, or merely relied upon the appeal, "Am I not a man and a brother?"

MELODIES AND AIRS.—Now that the Winter has begun, judicious concert-goers have got out their fur caps, fur coats, fur rugs, woollen comforters, foot-warmers, and other necessities. Provided with these, it is often possible to spend an hour comfortably in an ordinary concert hall. It is rumoured that an enterprising inventor is about to produce a Patent Draught-proof Shelter, something like a gigantic glass extinguisher, each shelter to cover one person in the audience. The air for the lungs, and the air for the ears, would be admitted through a small tube warmed by hot water.



THE IMPERIAL "CRUMMLES."

German Emperor (Manager-Actor, reading aloud). "CHRISTMAS PRESENTS TO THE YOUNG PRINCES,' 'CHASED SABRES,' 'MOTTO ENGRAVED ON FACE OF SWORD.' DEAR ME! I WONDER HOW THESE THINGS GET INTO THE PAPERS!"

["Mr. Crummles remarked 'that he could not for the life of him imagine how the newspapers found out the things they did.' 'I can't think who puts these things in. I didn't.'"—*Nicholas Nickleby.*]



Irate Non-sporting Farmer. "HI! YOU THERE! WHAT THE DUCE DO YOU MEAN BY RIDING OVER MY WHEAT?"
'Arry. "ERE, I SAY! WHAT ARE YER GIVIN' US? WHEAT! WHY, IT'S ONLY BLOOMIN' MUD!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronitess draws my attention to *The Army A B C* and *The Naval A B C* (DEAN AND SON), in dashing display of colour by R. SIMKIN. Quite appropriate that the representatives of the clergy, as "DEAN AND SON" may be taken to be, should show their appreciation of the Army and the Navy. And the never-out-of-date *Nursery Rhymes* make a fresh appearance in new tunes set by R. M. HARVEY.

A Book of Surprises (C. ARTHUR PEARSON, Limited), and *Jumbles*, the latter written and illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER. No connection to the sweet cake of toothsome charm, but they are quite as good and crisp, and will be enjoyed by every child, delighting in a New Year's giftbook, who has a properly-constituted sense for the fun of quaintness.

It is no use crying over spilt blood on the North-West frontier of India, though, alack! by reason of it the Christmas bells, whose echoes still vibrate, rang with muffled peel through many English homes. But if when we get out of this sad business, have buried our dead, and paid our bill of costs, there is any recrudescence of desire to achieve what in curiously identical circumstances Lord WELLESLEY sixty years ago described as "the folly of occupying a land of rocks, sand, desert, and snow," it is well to know that there is at hand a wholesome corrective. Had whomsoever is responsible for events that led up to this latest war, had at hand Sir JOHN ADYE's *Historical Sketch of Indian Frontier Policy* (SMITH, ELDER), he (or they) would, my Baronite charitably believes, have halted before the fatal conclusion. General ADYE writes with the authority of a man who has known India for half a century, has fought for it, and has helped to govern it. But he does not dogmatise. He is content to set forth in simplest form the history and results of earlier developments of "forward policy" in India, beginning with the invasion of Afghanistan that ended in the memorable retreat through the Khyber Pass in 1842. All these adventures have proved disastrous, the darkness of defeat being illumined only by the brilliancy of the courage of the beleaguered British troops. Each one has been condemned in advance by authorities such as the Duke of WELLINGTON, Mr. ELPHINSTONE, Sir JOHN KEANE, Sir ALEXANDER BURNES, and, though this will seem strange, Lord LYTTON. Not the least stern critic of the Government of to-day is the

statesman who in 1881, defending the decision to retire from Candahar, said; "The moral defect of a scrupulous adherence to declarations which have been made, and a striking and convincing proof given to the people and princes of India that the British Government have no desire for further annexation of territory could not fail to produce a most salutary effect in removing the apprehensions and strengthening the attachment of our native allies throughout India and on our frontiers." This prophetic commentary on the Chitral policy, which the Duke of DEVONSHIRE in common with his colleagues approved, was offered by Lord HARTINGTON.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

HOW TO KEEP A DIARY.

(By a Correspondent with Good Intentions.)

January 1, 1898.—Now, I propose writing a full account of my life day by day. It should be interesting if I speak of those I meet, the places I see, the theatres I visit. Now and again I must consider my own conduct, giving, from time to time, a self-analysis. This should be useful to me in years to come, when this then well-filled tome will be a record of my every thought, my every action. I have often made up my mind to keep such a diary, and I seize the occasion of the glad New Year to commence it. But of one thing I must be sure—regularity. I hope never to be guilty of omission. As each period of twenty-four hours becomes completed, I will jot down the events just passed. By this means I shall keep in touch with the world, and this volume will be valued as a contemporary description of our present times. And so I close my first entry, with the determination of returning to this book every night until the three hundred and sixty-five shall have been completed.

December 31, 1898.—Taken up this book for the second time in the year, just drawing to a close. Don't seem to have quite carried out my intention. Well, better luck in 1899!

A SURE RECIPE FOR NIGHTMARE.—Give a supper-party to all the "Freaks" at BARNUM'S Show. This is sufficient. It is not necessary to join them in swallowing needles, fire, swords, or watches.



SHOCKING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

Father. } Duet { "BABY SAY DAD! (Encouragingly.) D—D—D—"
 Mother. } 'BABY SAY MAM! (Encouragingly.) MAM—MAM—"
 Baby. "D—D—DAM!"

LOWER BOYS' CONFERENCE.

THE first of these assemblies, which are to form a recurring feature of the Christmas Holidays, met yesterday; Mr. J-N-S Septimus, of Giggleswick, occupied the chair. Numerous letters were read expressing regret for non-attendance; the chief reasons assigned being the exigencies of the pantomime season, and the claims of dyspepsia consequent upon Christmas conviviality.

The Chairman in brief but effective terms explained the objects of the meeting. It had been summoned for the purpose of considering the resolutions discussed at the late Head Masters' Conference, or, more correctly, at the late Conference of Head Masters; and for other purposes. Those who had followed the history of the Engineers' Dispute—he could not accurately say that he himself had taken an absorbing interest in it—must have observed that the Employers had rotted the Trades' Union by forming an amalgamation "on their own." By the Rule of Three (*groans*) it could be shown that as the Employer was to the Workman so the Boy was to the so-called Master. He (the Boy) employed him (the Master): and actually went so far as to pay him—though perhaps indirectly—a very handsome wage for work done, or even left undone. It was unnecessary to ask such an intelligent assembly as he saw before him, not to be deceived by that abuse of language by which, in academical terminology, the employee proper took upon himself the misleading title of "Master." To avoid confusion, however, it would be convenient if gentlemen, when referring to that class of individual, would employ the recognised expression, "Brusher." ("Hear, hear!")

He would remind his fellow-employers that the only sure way of improving their position was to combine, on the four three-quarter-back system, against the banded tyranny of those who were, strictly speaking, their slaves. At the same time it was not his, the Chairman's, wish, by insisting too irreconcilably on their natural rights, to drive education over to Germany, and other impossible foreign parts. "Live and let live" should be

the motto that animated their reforms; and he therefore begged to invite any suggestions that might make for compromise. The athletic gentleman here resumed the chair amid hearty cat-calls.

The first resolution was moved by Mr. BR-WN Quintus of Cheltenham in the following form: "That in the opinion of this Conference there is a growing tendency, much to be deplored, in the direction of devoting too much time to study, to the neglect of the more urgent claims of athletics." He felt sure that he voiced the opinion of all present when he said ("Hear, hear!") that study was an excellent thing ("No, no!"). If fellows would allow him to complete his sentence by the addition, well-known in analysis, of a definitive adverbial clause ("Shop!"), he was about to say that study was an excellent thing in the opinion of their venerated parents. ("Shame!") But there were limits; and what was good, in the opinion of the aforesaid, who were probably never young themselves, might be carried, and *was* carried, to unnatural excess. Study, he considered, was intended as a healthy sedative to be administered in the intervals of serious athletic pursuits. One could not play all day; one must eat, for instance (*loud cheers*); and in addition to the intervals for refreshment both at, and between, meals, there were moments when tired Nature demanded a contrast which should give an added zest to their habitual occupation. At such moments he thought that a French verb or two (not of course the irregular ones), or a touch of Euclid (though he disapproved on principle of the fifth proposition of the first book) might be found rather entertaining than otherwise. ("Question!") But to suppose, as was the tendency with modern Brushers, that work was the sole object of their existence, in fact, if he might so say, their single *raison d'être*, was to fly in the face of all the best traditions; in other words, it was skittles. At this point the speaker sat down hard upon his silk-hat, to the marked approval of his immediate neighbours.

Amid loud calls for SM-TH Secundus, of Rugby, that gentleman, whose burly stature presented all the indications of ap-

proaching superannuation, rose to second the resolution. It had long been his rooted opinion that just as certain chaps of weakly constitution (smugs, in fact) were excused from Big Side on the ground of supposed infirmity, so there ought to be doctors' certificates allowing a fellow like himself, who suffered from a chronic indisposition in regard to literary effort, to be excused from unhealthy confinement in a class-room. He wished he could remember two other strong points which he had worked out before coming down to the House: but anyhow, he would second the resolution; rather. It was then put from the chair, and carried with appalling unanimity.

Encouraged by the pressure of a pointed instrument, Mr. R-B-N-S-N Minor, of Haileybury, rose to move the next resolution, which was couched in terms of great conciseness: "That Latin Verse is rot." It was not always, he said, that he found himself in agreement with his own, or any other, Head Brusher. (*Loud applause.*) But he was honestly glad to admit that old L-R-T-L-T-N had had the pluck to ventilate this offensive nuisance. Poets were born and not made. If they would pardon the expression he would like to say, *Poeta nascit, non fitur.* (*A voice—"Good old Bobbles!"*) Now he did not happen to be born that way, and he was glad to think that he was not likely to be made either. Speaking for himself as one who hoped eventually, with luck, to be a brewer, he did not see the direct utility of verse-composition in a deceased language. BALBUS and CÆSAR and those Johnnies were bad enough, but when it came to making elegies like OVIN with a Gradus it was simply footling. (*Applause.*) If you must have poetry, what you got at the Music Halls was good enough for him.

[*Loud cheers, with chorus of "Soldiers of the Queen," during which the speaker sat down with circumspection.*]

Mr. S-M-P-K-N-S Minimus (provenance unknown), in supporting the resolution "That Latin Verse is rot," said that the mention of Music Halls reminded him of something that was on his chest. He had often felt that it would be a salutary change, if instead of dull people coming down from time to time to lecture to them on Africa and Mars and those things, an invitation was given to Mr. DAN LENO and similar artists to give them now and then an entertainment combining elevation with amusement. (*Uproarious applause.*) He hoped he was not wandering from the subject. ("No, no!") The learned gentleman concluded by quoting in contemptuous tones the first half of the opening line of the *Æneid*.

The Chairman here said that a pressing engagement to tea, followed by a Barnum-and-Bailey, compelled him to adjourn the meeting. On the morrow they would discuss the following proposals:—

That means should be adopted for keeping a closer supervision over the Junior Brushers in their hours of leisure.

That in all circumstances in which hitherto the relation of Boy and Brusher had been an individual relation, as in the employment of the rod, cane, or birch, the right of combination among Boys for the protection of their interests be recognised.

That facilities for over-time in bed be extended.

A cordial interchange of orange-peel then terminated the proceedings.

TO THE GIANTESS AT OLYMPIA.

MISS LEAH MAY, these humble lines I venture to address to you
Should evidently be, like you, exceptionally long.
I'm short, and like all little men, I willingly confess to you,
I choose a tallish woman as the subject of a song.

Yet hitherto I've been content with girls you would look down upon,

And worshipped maidens measuring a mere six feet or so,
But now your stately head I place a metaphoric crown upon;
You are the finest woman I can ever hope to know.

Your limbs—I use the quite genteel expression of America—
So very long, exalt your waist above my lowly head;
Your skirt, two yards in length, suggests to followers of
HERRICK a
New poem, not on JULIA, but you, LEAH, instead.

However, I am puzzled what amusement I can offer you.
A little stroll,—I could not walk on stilts I am afraid.
To drive you in a dog-cart would divert each passing scoffer; you
Could ride no safety-cycle, not the highest ever made.

Perhaps you dance? For that I have a very great proclivity.
Let's go to Covent Garden, in appropriate disguise;
You personate America, the land of your nativity,
And I will go as Cuba, just proportionate in size.



TRAIN UP A CHILD, &c.

Mrs. Hunt (a popular and prosperous pauper). "Now, ALBERT, WHAT 'LL YER SY, WHEN I TIKE YER INTO THE KIND LIDY'S DROBIN' ROOM?"

Albert (a proficient pupil). "OH! ALL RIGHT, I KNOW—PUT ON BEAUTIFUL LORST LOOK, AND SY, 'OH! MUUVVER, IS THIS 'EAVEN?'"

THE TERROR BY NIGHT.

(A counterblast by a Light Sleeper, with apologies to Robert Browning.)

[According to the *Daily Telegraph* of December 31, an American reformer is reported to have drafted a "bill for the summary suppression of snoring in sleeping-cars and other public places," which will shortly be laid before the Legislature of Kansas, and stands a good chance of becoming law.]

Oh, to be in Kansas,
When that law is there,
And whoever sleeps in Kansas
Wakes next morning, unaware,
Having slept, like a dormouse, round the clock,
Unroused, undisturbed by the stert'rous shock
Of the searching snore that they'll not allow
In Kansas, now!

I'd rhyme in thankful rapt'rous stanzas
If the world would follow the lead of Kansas!
Hark where all night resounds a trumpet-nose
Of some fell snorer, open-mouthed, in clover,
In sleeping-car, hotel, where'er one goes—
That's the bug-bear, who snorts each snort twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
Yes, such nocturnes are breaches of the peace—
Would that the law might let such terrors cease,
By making snorers all together snore,
Each waking each, until they sleep no more!

Germany and Russia (to China). Tea and turn out? No, thank you. We both prefer to take a little Chinese port, and consider that it will be all the better for keeping.



MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

Sangazur, Senior. "LOOK HERE, WHAT'S ALL THIS NONSENSE I HEAR ABOUT YOUR WANTING TO MARRY AN ACTRESS?"

Sangazur, Junior. "IT'S QUITE TRUE, SIR. BUT—ER—YOU CAN HAVE NO CONCEPTION HOW VERY POORLY SHE ACTS!"

NOT QUITE THE JOURNALIST.

(*An Intercepted Letter.*)

January 1, 1898.

MY DEAR NEPHEW,—You say that you have determined to give up the attempt of entering the Service—firstly, "because you are not up to the examination," and secondly, "because you don't know what on earth you would do if there were war." Then you add, you don't care for the Law, are not fit for the Church, hate medicine, and are "too great a duffer for play-acting." So, having come to these conclusions, you ask me if there is an opening in Fleet Street. Can you write for the Press?

You appear to have arrived at the conclusion that, as you seem to be good for nothing else, perhaps you may be intended for the newspapers. You declare you cannot write, know nothing about grammar, and believe your spelling to be something awful—a word you prefer to spell "orfie." And having told me all this, you ask my opinion as to your capability for becoming a journalist.

Well, my dear nephew, to be frank with you, I cannot conscientiously say that your accomplishments are quite up to the standard of the calling. I would speak of the labour as "profession" if I were not writing by the card. A journalist should

be a scholar, and, as the exercise of discrimination has to come into play, a gentleman. He will be none the worse for having had a Public School and University Education; and perhaps a trifle the better for being in a position to feel that his ancestors have been scholars and gentlemen before him. So you see that after all it is not everyone who can boast of being a journalist in the best sense of a sometimes misused word. But when I have said this, I think I can find an opening for you. But mind you, I question whether my proposal is exactly journalism.

Now what I would suggest is simply this. If you cannot write yourself, get some one to write for you. You can become an interviewer. Your opening matter can be in common form. Short account of the exterior of the house, the hall and the study. Then let your subject supply the rest of the article. Take down what he says, and send him the proof to correct. But if you find this too much trouble, you can lithograph a letter asking some eminent individual what he thinks of this, that and t'other. If you have a copy of that excellent publication, *Who's Who*, beside you—as you should—all you will have to do is to select from its biographical pages a suitable number of appropriate personages, and bombard them with your circulars. By this means, you will be able to let an expectant public know what the Premier thinks about golf, where the Lord Chancellor goes for his midsummer holidays, and whether the Archbishop of Canterbury considers mince-pies less indigestible than plum-pudding.

If you adopt my suggestion, no doubt you will be able to obtain a livelihood, but you must clearly understand that I cannot guarantee you the right to call yourself a journalist. With the best wishes of the season,

Your affectionate uncle,

A. PENN DRIVER.

Butterfly Gardens, Bohemia.

CHARMING CINDERELLA.

THAT accomplished composer and experienced manager, Mr. OSCAR BARRETT is to be congratulated upon a really excellent pantomime. Music, dancing, and scenery are all capital, and the company engaged is of unlimited merit. Such a company, when it winds up—probably after Easter—will wind up with a blaze of triumph. NICHOLLS, LE HAY, KAYE, GRACE DUDLEY, CICELY RICHARDS, and KATE PHILLIPS are all names to conjure with. The magic of the *dramatis personæ* has led to enchantment. *Cinderella* appears in several London theatres this season, and the public seem to have taken to the game of hunting her slipper. The many-headed will find the crystal shoe and its splendid accessories, animate and inanimate, in absolute perfection at the Garrick.

SAID SAMUEL LEWIS,
My case that of few is,
For now SPENDER CLAY
Has got scot-free away,
And, long ago, NEVILL
Has gone to the—to the Continent.

One for the New Woman.

Q. Why is it that so many of the minor criminal offences may be described as feminine?

A. Because they are invariably mis(s)-demeanours.



ANOTHER "SICK MAN."

THE SULTAN (*cheerily*). "GOING TO PIECES, OLD MAN? NONSENSE! ALL YOU WANT IS A DOSE OF 'CONCERT OF EUROPE!' WHY—LOOK AT ME!!"



POUNDED.

Young Shaver. "NOW THEN, MATER, SHOVE HIM AT IT, AND MAKE US A HOLE. 'WHERE THE CAT CAN GET THROUGH, THE KITTEN CAN FOLLOW,' YOU KNOW!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

PART II.

Thursday night.—Have got over interview and explanation with Mrs. B. about the third boy. It is a nuisance, but I suppose we can't help ourselves now. Suggest they should retire to their rooms and wash hands, and get tidy for dinner. "Oh! that don't matter," says TOMMY, cheerily, "blow washing—it's such rot!" Am mildly insistent, however, on this point, and away they go upstairs, whooping and yelling like so many Sioux Indians. Ten minutes later, they descend, like an avalanche, into hall, sliding down bannisters, one after the other, and landing with a crash into hat-stand, knocking it over, and bringing down whip-rack with it. We go in to dinner, Boots sweeping down Chinese idol—a pet possession of mine—as he enters room. Except for MAX trying to give Pincher spoonful of soup, which missed the dog but went over Turkey carpet, things are fairly quiet till dessert, when TOMMY essays an olive and hurriedly retires from room to get rid of it. Boots eats enormous quantities of preserved fruit, and shortly after relapses into moody silence, looking rather pallid. Dinner over, MAX says he "would like to do a smoke," but this I sternly forbid. He then strolls round room, picking up all the quaint china pieces, and keeping me in perfect fever of anxiety; whilst TOMMY teases my pet Persian cat until, with a wild "Mowrow!" she bolts for door, upsetting fern-stand and smashing small Sèvres cup and

saucer in her rapid flight. TOMMY looks quite surprised, and remarks that he is "blowed" if he didn't think she liked it. At 9.30, venture to hint that it is time all good little boys were in bed. Boots at once rises, and (paler than ever) slinks quietly away. TOMMY and MAX both protest that when at home they always sit up till ten. Sigh resignedly, and wait another half-hour. At ten, say, "If you'll go to bed quietly now, we'll ferret the banks tomorrow, and you shall have some rabbiting. "Hooray!" Ear-splitting sound, which brings Mrs. B. in from housekeeper's room. I apologise for them; say "Boys will be boys." "Boys will be men," she retorts, "and they ought to behave themselves according." TOMMY, I regret to say, puts his thumb to his nose as she closes the door behind her. Get them off to bed at last. Thank goodness! Now for quiet cigar and just—"Please, Sir, the young gentleman who went up to bed first is groaning terrible, and says he's going to die, and would like to send a last message to his grandmamma (who, he thinks, has never treated him well), if you'd be kind enough to go upstairs and see him." Put down cigar and visit sufferer. Find him sea-green colour, and wonder what on earth I'm to do. Tells me, between heart-rending groans, that he is suffering severely in the lower chest. Luckily, our doctor lives only half a mile away, so send my man for him at once. Doctor arrives, sees patient, then comes to my room. "Greedy little beast—overeaten himself—be all right in morning." Doctor accepts cigar,

and tells me gleefully of singularly horrible operation, which was "completely successful, my dear Sir; patient died, it's true, but from *our* point of view, nothing could have been more satisfactory." To bed at last, wearied and oppressed by vague sense of responsibility.

PROVINCIAL PATRIOTISM AND ART.—Brighton and Southend, to commemorate the Jubilee, have erected statues of the QUEEN. In honour of this exclusively British celebration, these enlightened towns, having heard the name of Mr. MICHAEL ANGELO, obtained their statues from Italy. They would not employ mere Englishmen. Captious critics complain that the statues do not appear to have been executed by MICHAEL ANGELO. But Brighton and Southend are quite satisfied. They know that the jobs were executed by the present firm, which carries on the large business of Messrs. ANGELO, DONATELLO, GIBBERTI & Co., most of the members of the old firm being dead.



RATIONAL STAINED-GLASS.

Design (late Plantagenet Period) for the Malwood Temperance Hall, Derby.

[As suggested by Professor Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., who recently protested (see *Punch*, No. 2947, page 310) against "the mawkish, effeminate, weak faces so often pictured in stained-glass windows."]



REMARKABLE EFFECT OF A NAUTICAL CANDIDATE ON AN ORDINARILY STAID COMMUNITY!

["The infectious high spirits and the jovial 'salt-water' style of Lord CHARLES BERESFORD cannot fail to take effect upon his supporters."—*Daily Paper*.]

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

JOURNEY TOWARDS THE HEADTOWN.

To the Over-Newspapers-Direktor and General-Statecouncillor, *Mister Punch*, Highwellborn, at London.

HIGHWELLBORN MISTER,—I have the englisch Spiech in the Skul lernt. I kan she even so gud as the most Germans, who she only in the Skul *studirt* have. Unluckilywise have i till nau no Opportunity had, she to reit and to spiek. But now endly kom i towards London, over Brüssel and Calais, and in very short Time shall i as one Englandman spiek. The Outspeek—*Ausprache*—is hard, the Orthographie is yet harder, but the Grammatick is very light. The Germans are mutsch cleverer than the Englandmans, and lern the outlandisch Spiechs very rasch. I reit now seemly—*ziemlich*—gud, but later shall You one grate Bettering observe.

On the from Calais towards Dover koming Dampship see i to first Your Land. It rain. I see astounded the little Haven, and the yet littler not so grate as in Calais Quay of Dover, at. What for one despisable Town! Even so rasch as possibly step i the Gang up, and haste after the Train. There kom one Mann to me towards and ask, "Witch Station?" "London," answer i. *Er wiederholt*, "Witch Station?" *Ach so! Es giebt viele Bahnhöfe, wie in Berlin. Aber welcher? Central Bahnhof natürlich.* I say also, "Central Railstation." "Central Railway not finished yet." *Wie? Also London.* "London Britsch?" say he. "Yes well," answer i. "Go to Kannonstriet." "No," say i, "London." "Then change at Dvertaun Station." Change, what is that? I search in mine Wordbook. *Ach so, aussteigen.* I step in the Train up. The Waggon of the first Class is very little, but he go not very far.

I am thirsty, i will one Glas Bier drink. I call one Knave, *Knaben*—*ach nein*, Boy—who *etwas* to drink sell, at, "What for Bier hast thou?" "No Bier, Maunsiah," answer he, "Kuppati." "*Ich bin kein Franzoser, I am no French*," call i, "i know not what is one Kuppati, i will one Glas Bier drink. Hast thou no Münchener, no Pilsener?" "Dunnoam," say he, "no Bier, Tea." *Thee! Ach, Donnerwetter! Natürlich! In England trinkt man immer Thee. Wie schrecklich! Bier trinke ich so gern, aber Thee—! That kan i not. What for one Land! Kein Bier! If i only nau in Berlin, in the Café Bauer, were!*

Nau go the Train. Too Minutes later halt he. What is that? "Dover Town." Hier must i outstep. *Ach, ich will ein Schinkenbrod in der Restauration essen. Ja, ja, ja!* I see one *Gepäckträger*, and i call tootime, *zweimal*, "Packagecarrier!" Endly kom he, and then, say i, "Where is the Restoration?" "The wot?" ask he. "The Restoration." "There is the Restoration," say one hier to koming Mister, "of the old Church in the Castle, there is none hier, no Bilder doing anything." "Bilder," answer i, "i require no Pictures, i wish only one Ham-bread, but i shall not just to the Restoration in the Schloss upstep. Gives it no Hamreads hier? *Etwas zu essen, to eat.*" "Ah, to eat," say the Mister, "the Refreshmentroom is there." [Haste therein. It is a *Buffett*. I search in mein Wordbook, und i say to the *Kellnerin*, the *Buffettfräulein*, "Beg, one Sandwich." She bring ein *Stückchen*, one small morsel, Bread with Jam. I search yet again and i say, "No, thank. Beg, one Sausage." She say, "We have no Sausages." *Himmel!* What for one land! No *Schinkenbrod!* No Sausage! *Aber ich muss etwas essen.* Endly eat i one little Sandwich. Then say the Miss, "Will you have some Bier?" "Bier," call i, "How? Kan man hier Bier and not Tea drink?" "Yes," answer she. Even so rasch as possibly drink i one Glas Bier. *Oh, wie gut!* One second Glas. *Ach, wie gut!* Then eat i one Dozen, or more, of the little Sandwichs. *Nicht so gut.* And then yet one Glas Bier. The englisch Glas, as the englisch Sandwich, is very little. So drink i yet nineteen Glas. *Ach, wie himmlisch!* The *Buffettfräulein* is astounded. *Warum?* Then sit i in the Waitsaloon, in order this Letter to reit. The englisch Bier is gud. I am sleepy.

I have the Honour me of Your Affectionateness best to saygoodbye, and remain with completest Highattention,
Your Highwellborn's obedientest
LUDWIG.

"LIMBS."—The prim people of the United States never use the word "leg." Naturally they have been interested, at BARNUM'S Show, in the limbless man whose feet are joined to his body. He seems very cheerful and pleasant. Perhaps he thinks what an excellent type of man evolution might produce. His legs could not be mentioned even by the coarsest Britisher.

A "LUSUS NATURÆ."—A fly-man.

ADVICE GRATIS.

MY DEAR ETHEL,—You complain, I understand, that in my last letter I failed to obey your wishes by sending you notes on “what is worn” in town just now. A modest distrust of my own powers must be my excuse. Frankly, it is extremely difficult for a man (and a bachelor at that) to enter lightly into the mysteries of costume; it seems to him that a lifetime of study could scarce fit him to deal with a subject so difficult in itself, so abstruse in its technical terms. However, you repeat your request with such insistence that I dare not shirk the task again. Perhaps from the bald prose of my description you will be able to evolve the poetry of a fashionable costume, wherewith, I take it, you intend to dazzle your villagers at Puddleton at the commencement of the New Year. In any case, you will do me the justice to recollect that nothing short of your imperious bidding could have induced me to undertake the task, and that none can be more deeply conscious of my deficiencies as a fashion-writer than myself. How gladly would I have made this letter a joy to you and your numerous girlfriends, how gladly would I have garnished it with such words, full of occult delight, as “*guipure*,” and “*passementerie*,” and “*poult de soie*,” did not my unhappy ignorance prevent me from knowing what they mean!

However, I must delay no longer; without further excuse, and merely begging you to pardon my blunders more than usually gross, I will write out my notes, collected during a few walks in the fashionable part of London.

Let us begin at the top, with the all-important hat. If you wish for one quite in the latest mode, this appears to be the recipe. Buy a hat several sizes too large for you. Adorn it with ribbons of the most flaring hue, scarlet and magenta, for choice. Put it on in the ordinary way. Then ask a friend to strike a severe blow on one side of the brim. The result, naturally, will be that the hat will assume a position on the side of your head; the greater the angle the better. Your “head-gear,” as I notice some of the milliners are beginning to call it, will then be fashionable beyond reproach.

The top part of the dress (which is called the “body,” isn’t it?) now mostly worn is indeed remarkable. Also, it must be convenient, because it doesn’t matter how you put it on, as the back is exactly the same as the front, and there is a kind of ruff below the waist, which sticks out stiffly all the way round. Both in front and behind the thing should be made with four times as much material as is sufficient; underneath you should be able to conceal, let us say, a fair-sized sewing-machine without detection. The result, I have just remembered, is called a “Russian blouse,” and for pure, undiluted hideousness it defies all rivals.

I can’t say much about the skirt, except that, of course, you’ll be careful to choose a colour for it that clashes as violently as possible with the rest of the costume. It should be lined with bright red, and in this muddy weather you can legitimately prevent the public from being ignorant that the red lining is there. But it were idle to offer you or any woman instruction on that point.

It will add greatly to the effect if you tie your muff on to you with a chain, plenti-



(LAVEN H.)

THE FESTIVE SEASON.

Brown. } “WHAT THE DOOCIE ARE YOU PLAYIN’ AT?”
Jones.

fully bejewelled with imitation gems. Nothing, in fact, could be in better taste. But as an alternative, you may wear a collar-chain of gold, which will hang down gracefully, and terminate, somewhere near your feet, in a golden heart about the size of a sardine-tin.

I trust that these few hints will suffice for the present. Of course, as you say, it is most important to you to know of all the latest fashions at Puddleton, where, so you put it, you are buried alive. It is good of you to hope that I shall be able to come to you, as your mother kindly suggests, early in the New Year. About that, I confess, I have some doubt. For, when I hear that you have arrayed yourself in a costume of the most fashionable kind, when you have adopted the tilted hat, and the Russian blouse, and the sham jewellery and the rest of it—then, my dear ETHEL, I shall hastily conclude that I have an engagement which will prevent me from coming to Puddleton. Yours most sincerely,

THOMAS.

TO AN EXALTED PERSONAGE.

Your notion is all very fine,
O WILLIAM, who’s second to none!
To succour the Christian divine
Is right, and it ought to be done.

The cynic who’s captious may sneer,
O WILLIAM, who’s one of the best!
It’s not for the priests that you fear,
You’re hoping to feather your nest.

“THE FORUM of AUGUSTUS is the cats’ home of Rome,” said the *St. James’s Gazette*. Surely the catacombs would be the more appropriate locality. And, *à propos*, as WHITTINGTON would have been nobody without his cat, so one of the noblest Romans of them all would have been a mere anybody, an *ulius*, but for the Cat which made him what he was, i.e., CATULLUS.

A “PROVISIONAL ARRANGEMENT.”—A luncheon-basket.



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF THE THONG OF YOUR WHIP GETS UNDER YOUR HORSE'S TAIL, JUST TRY TO PULL IT OUT!

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A disappointed Rhymester bewails his past career and shattered hopes.

YES! Somewhere in the long time past,
Amid the mists of bygone years,
I thought I'd found a love to last,
The while were smiles and never tears,
The while the roses decked all June,
The while the Sun-god shed his beams,
And Pan piped out his merriest tune—
Dreams, only dreams!

And somehow in that long ago,
When friends were many, foes were few,
I even thought a Winter snow
Would never cloak the hope that grew,
That neither ice, nor storm, nor rain,
Nor all the pain that joy redeems,
Could alter love or make refrain—
Dreams, only dreams!

To-day I know that I was wrong,
That Winter has its pride of place,
The battle must go to the strong,
The fleetest triumph in the race!
The brook that once I deemed a rill
Is now the mightiest of streams;
On it I meant to urge my will—
Dreams, only dreams!

The candle-light I held still flares
With fickle and uncertain glow,
The wheat is stifled by the tares,
The clock's wound up, but will not go!
The worn-out goose-quills seem to jeer
At covered foolscap stacked in reams;
Yet once their union was dear—
Dreams, only dreams!

Albeit in my lonely chair—
The scanty coal is burning low—
I give not all to grim despair
When musing on that long ago.
For in the *tableaux* of my life
Each picture with the truth still teems,
You are my sweetheart, if not wife—
Reality, not dreams!

Vegetable-Animal Life.

Young Larkins (reading from paper a description of Osborne House). "The grounds abound with conifers." What the dickens are conifers, father?

Old Larkins. Eh? (Thinking.) Conies—con— (Suddenly.) Of course, they're rabbit-skins, you young dunderhead!

Hairdresser. Hair cut to-day, Sir?
Customer. Well—um— (Makes up his mind.) No, thank you, I shan't bother my head about it. [Exit.]

THE POET PAST AND PRESENT.

THE Poet is popularly supposed to have a soul which soars above mundane things; we can see him as he appeared in 1838, with his "eye in a fine frenzy rolling," while he indited verses such as the following, which duly appeared in that part of the local newspaper known as "Poet's Corner":—

1838.

Once Cupid, 'tis said,
In search of a bed,
Distractedly sought far and wide,
"Each rose bears a thorn,
My wings will be torn
Before I find shelter," he cried.
About to despair,
He finds a couch where
He slumbers in blissful repose.
For surely he lies
In CELIA'S eyes,
Which violet blossoms disclose.

But this is a practical age. The Poet has not ceased to twang his lyre; on the contrary, he sings louder than ever, and to some purpose, as the following elegant extract from the advertisement columns of the *Surrey Comet* will testify.

The lay is too long to give in *extenso*; we quote one stanza only:—

1898.

I got 'em ashore, as I said before,
At a port called Surbiton,
A-facing the station is moored the ship,
And "FR-M-N" is wrote thereon,
It's an A1 craft, with a show on deck
Of Station'ry, Purses, Frames,
Pictures and Pottery, White-wood goods,
And Pencils, and Paints, and Games.

BRIGHTON STATUES.—The Corporation of Brighton has gratefully accepted the discarded statues from the late Mr. BARNATO'S house in Park Lane, and is about to erect these precious works of art, at considerable expense, in the public gardens. "*Ars longa*" these illustrious municipal connoisseurs are determined to have. Ears longer they must know they already possess—ears longer even than those of the more humble animals which at times adorn, not the public gardens, but the beach.

During the Fog.

Daily Passenger (at suburban station). How are the trains running this morning?
Functious Stationmaster. On the usual lines, Sir.

AN ESSENTIALLY POLITE MEMBER OF A POPULAR PROFESSION.—The civil engineer.



Up to Concert Pitch.

THE BABES.

THE Great Drury Lane Annual is in many respects greater than ever. Of not a few pantomimes it may be said, "Magnificent, but not comic"; but *The Babes in the Wood* at Old Drury, where, only a short while since, Druriolanus Maximus was autocratic, besides being brilliant as a spectacle, is artistically excellent in its scenic effects and in its rare combinations of colour; while for rollicking nonsensical fun there are at least four capital scenes, of which the last, "The Corner of the Paddock and the Racecourse," is in itself a cleverly-contrived burlesque of a great "sporting melodrama," which was, some few years ago, the great attraction of an Autumn season at Drury Lane. The Treasury of Ancient Drury, as well as the parents of *The Babes*, Messrs. ARTHUR COLLINS and ARTHUR STURGESS, should profit considerably by this Pantomime, for excellently well have the two ARTHURS achieved their "joint Arthurship." To the



Enter Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell. "The Babes."

indefatigable J. M. GLOVER, their most energetically-active Right Hand (and Glover) Man (more power to his elbow and bâton!), is due all praise for the music which, having cleverly "composed" it, sagaciously "selected" it, and admirably "arranged" it, he convincingly conducts with arms, legs, head, and eyeglass; now upstanding, while, as a musical Æolus, he directs "the wind" on the stage, ever and anon keeping watchful eyes and ears for the strings, cymbals, and big drum in the orchestra. The Babes themselves, Messrs. DAN LENO and HERBERT CAMPBELL, with the Prince Paragon of Pantomime, Miss ADA BLANCHE, all harmoniously working together, have done their very best, and will continue to do it nightly, in order to keep up the well-earned reputation of Old Drury, as the ancient home of genuine English Pantomime.

The scenic artists have done wonders. Anything more perfectly designed and painted than Mr. HENRY EMDEN's "Prince's Gardens" has rarely been equalled, still more rarely (if ever) excelled. It is a splendid specimen of how great an illusion can be effected on a simple "cloth." Examine it carefully through a good opera-glass. Then there is the Panorama by KAUTSKY, a beautiful work of scenic art; the Mushroom Meadow, a quaintly-clever arrangement by BRUCE SMITH; and once again Mr. HENRY EMDEN compels universal applause for his last scene of all, wherein takes place the coronation of the Prince, ADA BLANCHE, who is united to his blushing *Marian*, Miss VIOLET ROBINSON, who, as the bride, appears in "gorgeous" array. This last scene for combination of colour, for original stage contrivances, for grouping on what may be termed "the gangway," and for the space above occupied by the graceful Queen Humming Bird,

Madame GRIGOLATI (as merry as a Grig-olati), and her flying fairies, beats the record even of Drury Lane's great shows.

DAN LENO, as the boy, never appears, speaks, dances, or sings without evoking bursts of uncontrollable laughter; and his companion, HERBERT CAMPBELL, as the Babe-sister, is "immense." The two robbers, Messrs. GRIFFIN and DUBOIS, are equally amusing as actors and acrobats. ERNEST D'AUBAN ably sustains the ancient name and family reputation for ballet and pantomime, while in Mr. JOHN A. WARDEN, as the *Baron Banbury*, Mr. EDWARD TERRY might any day find an *alter ego* to play for him. After the uproarious fun, the most popular incident is a noiseless and exceptionally-graceful dance by the Prince and his future bride, for which Miss ROBINSON and Miss ADA BLANCHE could obtain a triple encore any night they may have time to take it. From beginning to end, for grand spectacle, artistic effects, and capital fun, the Babes at Drury Lane take the Twelfth Night cake, and behave themselves so admirably that it is impossible to beat them.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE are few men more capable than Dr. GEORGE SMITH of doing justice to the task he has set himself in sketching the lives and accomplishments of *Twelve Indian Statesmen* (JOHN MURRAY). The muster roll is a blazon of honour: CHARLES GRANT, Sir HENRY LAWRENCE, Lord LAWRENCE, Sir JAMES OUTRAM, Sir DONALD M'LEOD, Sir HENRY DURAND, COLIN MACKENZIE, Sir HERBERT EDWARDS, JOHN CLARK MARSHMAN, Sir HENRY MAINE, Sir HENRY RAMSAY, and Sir CHARLES AITCHISON. Of the dozen, Dr. SMITH, himself a distinguished Anglo-Indian, knew all save one, counting some as intimate friends. With the double advantage of personal acquaintance, and of familiarity with social life and political events in India, Dr. SMITH is able to re-illumine the brilliant pathway of these noble lives. The twelve chapters compose a fascinating study of what may be done by the Englishman abroad. My Baronite uses that term for the sake of convenience. As Dr. SMITH sets forth in a striking passage, Great Britain and Ireland have been thoroughly united in building up the Empire of India. CLIVE and WARREN HASTINGS were English; Lord MINTO, the Marquis of HASTINGS, and Lord DALHOUSIE were Scotch; Ireland helped to make the QUEEN EMPRESS of India by giving birth to the Marquis of WELLESLEY, and to the heroic trio of LAWRENCE—GEORGE, HENRY, and JOHN.

I am the fortunate possessor of a copy of *The Story of Marlborough*, illustrated by CARAN D'ACHE (H. GREVEL & Co.), with descriptive text by the Hon. FRANCES WOLSELEY. This work is, I hope, unique, as being so, it will be, in years to come, invaluable. The particular copy that now lies open before me is a *Topsy-Turvy-bound book*! That is, the cover is perfectly and symmetrically correct; but, open it,—and I find that the last page is the first, and the whole story of MARLBOROUGH is upside down! Never was there such a thorough upset of history. Let us, however, get it right side up, and then, without gymnastics, the Baron can duly read the letterpress and admire the pictures, which, with the exception of some of the eccentric ones, will somewhat disappoint the admirers of CARAN D'ACHE, though even these friendly critics will wish that this artist had not attempted an imitation of DORE, after the manner of his *Contes Drôlatiques* peculiarities. The story of MARLBOROUGH is of course something extraordinary, but 'tis nothing to the tail of MARLBOROUGH's horse, as shown in the frontispiece, where "*Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre*" and is evidently receiving an ovation. The series finishes appropriately with little figures in black and grey marching in the funeral procession of the great Duke, "*qui, enfin, ne reviendra pas.*"

Animal Land (DENT & Co.), by SYBIL and KATHARINE CORBET, with an introduction by Mr. ANDREW LANG, is a delightful nonsense-picture book, exhibiting the creative faculty of the juvenile author who, Mr. LANG tells us, is only a four-year-old! Certainly she is the winner of the Nursery Stakes. This Sybil-line book has already inspired our Prehistoric Artist.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

MESCAL INTOXICATION.—A writer in the *Contemporary Review* describes his sensations when under the influence of the Mexican drug, produced from the Anhalonium Lewinii cactus, originally discovered by a German professor. The English experimenter saw a wonderful variety of gorgeous visions, ending with human figures "fantastic and Chinese in character." Is it possible that another German, much more exalted than the professor, habitually eats this Mexican haschisch, with results precisely similar? Or is the Anhalonium Lewinii a different plant, though of the same family as the Anhalonium Wilhelmii superbissimi?



A NEW RÔLE.

Imperial "Manager-Actor" (who has cast himself for a leading part in "Un Voyage en Chine," sotto voce). "UM—HA! WITH JUST A FEW ADDITIONAL TOUCHES HERE AND THERE, I SHALL MAKE A FIRST-RATE EMPEROR OF CHINA!"



HONOURED IN THE BREACH?

Aunt Agatha. "I THINK IT SUCH A PITY WHEN OLD CUSTOMS DIE OUT. NOW, THE OLD CUSTOM OF KISSING UNDER THE MISTLE-TOE, THAT'S ENTIRELY GONE OUT, HASN'T IT, VIOLET?"

Violet. "OH, WHY—OF COURSE—HOW SHOULD I KNOW? OF COURSE IT HAS, AUNTIE. WHAT A STUPID QUESTION TO ASK!"

THE YORK DILEMMA;

Or, How unhappy could I be with either!

PITY us democrats that stand
With soul divided, sore in doubt,
Between a bloated Tory and
A Liberal locker-out!

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

A STOPPING.

HIGHWELLBORN MISTER OVER-NEWS-PAPERS-DIREKTOR,—After i the two and twenty Glas Bier in the Railstationresta-tion to Dover dranked had, slieped i in the Waitsaloon until the last Passagiertrain towards Londonbritsch awaytravelled was. The englisch Bier is stronger as the german. Then musted i the Neit in one Hotel tobring. Mein Package is towards London goed, and i have only, in one Sack, Washs, Clothingbits and Littlenesss,—*Wäsche, Kleidungsstücke und Kleinigkeit.* I go also in the Hotel againstover the Railstation, and i say to the Maiden in the Cash, *Cassa*, "Gud Evening. I wish one gud Slieproom in the first Stick." That have i before in mein Wordbook finded. She see me all astounded at. Then kom the Portier, who reit gud German spiek, because he German is. Later say man to me that all the Waiters Germans are. That rejoice me. It are no englisch Waiters in the Fatherland. *Ach nein!* The german Waiter is cleverer as the Englandman, and he spiek Englisch often better as i. Man

has to me often sayed that it in London many german *Friseurs*, who the Hairs mutch better as the englisch Freezers cut, are. *Ach so!* "*Deutschland, Deutschland über alles!*"

The Eveningeat in the Foodsaloon, *Speisesaal*, is very gud, I eat very willing, i drink after yet seven Glas Bier, i smoke four Cigars, and then go i to Bed. *Was für ein Bett!* The Room is *bequem*, and elegant furnitured, with electrical Lighting, but it is no Oven therein, and the *Steinkohl* burn in one Hole in the Wall. *Ach, wie dumm!* But the Bed! No Fethercover over the Foots, no sloping *Polster* under the Hed. Only one little Fethercushion, with one hard, round Cushion under. What for one Land, where man in such Beds sliep must, if man sliep kan!

Morningearly see i the Window out. The Sun shine. She shine then in England in the Winter. *Wunderbar!* I am hungry, i will something eat. I haste towards the Foodsaloon forth. What drink man hier Mornings? *Thee mit Rum, ohne Zweifel.* That kan i not. *Nein, man trinkt Kaffee.* Also drink i Koffee. And man eat Flesh, Ham and Sausages. I must one Sausage eat. She taste not gud; she is not as in the Fatherland.

Then wisch i in order the Town to see outtogo. She is desipable, the Striets are very narrow, i go to foot roundabout, i see Nothings interesting, and i am in the In-tention baktoturn, when i too Soldiers of the little englisch Army, who Walkingsticks

carry, see. *Ach, wie lächerlich!* Are these Walkingsticks the Weapons of the little Army? Why not Umbrellas? They were usefuller in the englisch Klimat. The officers carry perhaps the Umbrellas. So have i something New in Dover seed. *Ja, ja, ja!*

After the Walkgo am i very hungry. It is eleven Clock. I wish the second Early-bit, *das zweite Frühstück*, the Morning-lunch, to eat. Man bring me Calfs-cote-lets and Beafstek. They are very gud. I eat myself full thereon, and I drink six Glas Bier. Nau smoke i one Pair Cigars before i in the Railstation go.

Permit your Highwellborn the Insurance of the completest Highattention with witch i me undersein,

Your Highwellborn's humblest,
LUDWIG.

HERR TROJAN, PROSIT!

Oh! English jokers, you safely laugh
At Kaiser WILHELM, no longer *jung*,
And go unpunished, although your chaff
Must be *Majestätsbeleidigung*.

Jeer more than ever at WILHELM, who
Is always a *lächenswerter Mann*,
Yet if folks laugh, as he makes them do,
They have to suffer like Herr TROJAN.

And pity this hero who gets it hot
For making fun of the *Empereur*,
A Trojan who beats all *Aeneas's* lot,
Der Kladderadatschische Redakteur.



SCENE—As above.

TIME—Mid-day.

SPORT—None up to now.

Stout Party (about to leave). "MOST EXTRAORDINARY THING. WHENEVER I GO HOME, THEY ALWAYS HAVE A RATTLING GOOD RUN
Candid Friend. "THEN, FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, GO HOME AT ONCE!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

PART III.

Friday.—Fearful shrieks from bath-room about 7 A.M. arouse me from troubled slumbers. Hurry on dressing-gown and rush to landing. Boys (invalid included) squabbling for what they vulgarly call "first go" at bath. Pacify them, and ask, "What does it matter who goes first?" TOMMY says, "Oh! it don't matter, of course. We were only having a bit of a row, just for the lark of the thing, you know, uncle." Fail to grasp the idea, and retire to dress. At breakfast, MAX eats four eggs, cutlet, and three sausages, winding up with, first marmalade, and then jam. BOOTS takes half cup of tea, and nibbles some dry toast. My keeper arrives at ten. Draws me aside and says, "Surelie, Sir, you ain't a-goin' to let them young gents 'ave guns?" Awful sense of responsibility upon me increases. Say feebly, "Well, what else can I do?" ROBBINS merely scratches his head. So stupid of him. Why doesn't he suggest something? I say to boys, "Suppose you come and watch me shoot? I hardly think you ought to be trusted with guns." Indignant chorus and assurances that they had shot all their lives. This at fourteen and fifteen years of age respectively! What am I to do? Compromise by saying I can only spare one gun, and they must use it in turn. This will at least minimise chance of coroner's inquest. MAX, as senior, carries gun, to start with. Keep furtive eye on

him as we walk across fields to first bank. Ferret put in. Anxious expectancy. Out goes rabbit. MAX pulls trigger. No result. "Dashed if I haven't forgot to load the beastly thing!" he says. Great clamour of other pair as to whether this is, or is not, MAX's "shot." They contend he ought to give up gun to them. I adjudicate, and decide in MAX's favour, on ground that you can't have a "shot" with empty gun. Adjust cartridges for him. Ferret in again. Scuffling heard. Out bolts another rabbit, closely followed by ferret to mouth of hole. MAX blazes both barrels. Rabbit untouched, but ferret killed on spot. ROBBINS very glum. Looks reproachfully at me. Why me? "I told you 'ow it'd be, Sir." This assertion distinctly untrue. He never said a word about shooting ferret. TOMMY takes next shot, and misses next rabbit. Stray pellet hits Pincher, who does record journey to the house, howling. After BOOTS has also fruitlessly expended a cartridge, narrowly missing the under-keeper, suggest adjourning to the barn for rat-hunt. Feel happier when boys only armed with sticks. Pass rest of morning killing rats. In course of afternoon, hire ponies for boys to hunt on next day. With exception of BOOTS taking my pet Alderney familiarly by the tail, and getting kicked over for his pains, rest of day passes peacefully. After dinner attempt some "improving" conversation on English literature, but resign when trio inform me that "MAYNE REID's all right, but that SHAKESPEARE's a bit of an ass."

A DAILY (NEWS) WANT.

SAYS an advertisement in the *Daily News*: "First-class all round journalist wants change." Doubtless. The condition is one not unfamiliar to us all. But why this prominence given to an individual case? And why, since it appears so urgent, does not the first-class all round (what is his precise girth?) journalist state exactly the amount of change he wants, and, as the bland counter-clerk says when you are changing a cheque, how will he take it?

"J'Y SUIS, J'Y RESTE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I must confess to an infinite admiration for the Sublime Shadow of Constantinople. He has done nothing, he means to do nothing, and nothing will force him to do anything. Now he has considerably ordered four new ironclads, though rather "put to it" for the salaries of his ambassadors abroad. This spectacle fills me with intense respect for his methods without means. His Majesty may learn that he has one fervent admirer (besides Sir E. A.-B. and Cap'n T. B.) in

Your obedient servant,

HORATIO NAREDDOWHEEL.

(Late Col. Hampstead Heath Rangers.)
 Ramshackle Lodge, Sheepwash-on-Sea.

NOT A MILITARY MAN.—General Dealer.

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.]

No. VII.—TO THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY.

MY LORD,—In moments of depression it has sometimes occurred to me to speculate as to whether you really exist. Is there, in truth, such a person as the popular mind variously conceives the present Marquis of SALISBURY to be, and is this person in his actual corporeal existence at this moment Prime Minister and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs? Is it possible, I say to myself, that a real living man can be at once vigorous and feeble, determined and vacillating, cautious and blazingly indiscreet, a man of affairs and a devotee of science, a public speaker of merit and a shrinking recluse, the chief of a turbulent democracy and a cynic steeped in aristocratic prejudices, a patriot minister and a craven conceder of his country's just rights? No, the combination seems impossible; all these contradictions stagger me, and I find myself driven to the verge of believing that the speakers and statesmen of both our great parties have invented, each for his own purpose, a convenient figure, a variable avatar, and have labelled it with a noble name so that they may have some definite object for their hopes, their fears, their admirations, or their dislikes. In support of this theory, a man might plausibly allege that, of late, at any rate, your personal influence has made itself but little felt either in the councils of the great powers of Europe or in those of the Unionist party. The Lord SALISBURY of whom Radical speakers declare that he is an unbending representative of the highest and driest and least popular principles of musty Toryism, who, as Lord ROBERT CECIL, resigned his office rather than countenance the passing of a bill for electoral reform, who is, if one may use the phrase, red in tooth and claw with the life-blood of Liberal measures—how, in any case, can this be the Lord SALISBURY who follows submissively in the wake of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, and alienates Lord LONDONDERRY by carrying an Employers' Liability Act safely through the storms of the House of Lords? Can we recognise in the man who threatens the SULTAN with the vengeance of Heaven, but shrinks from enforcing the spiritual menace by a fleet of warships, that stern opponent of autocratic ambition who helped to restore the tottering power of the Turk, and wrested Peace with Honour from the embattled legions of the Russian Czar?

I might pursue this antithetical path much longer, but I refrain. For after all, if you embody many contradictions, it is only because, in spite of your rugged speech and leonine appearance, you are more frankly human than most of those who support or who criticise you. Nature moulded you to be a man of thought, slow, critical, deliberate, and careful. The tyrannous force of circumstances, coupled with your own high and chivalrous sense of all that a great name and high position required of a man, has driven you out on a tempestuous career, in which constant perils demand swift resolution and undaunted action. The time is out of joint: that much you feel and know, but you feel with a more assured certainty that the spite is indeed a cursed one which has laid upon you of all men the heavy burden of setting it right. Leave it alone, you murmur to yourself; touch it with care, you say in some Primrose League oration, and suddenly, lo and behold, you find yourself tinkering, and hammering, and dovetailing and cutting away like any journeyman carpenter of the rest of them, but without the journeyman carpenter's conviction that his work will improve instead of utterly destroying. Thus your malignant fate, working even more effectively than your own honourable ambition to serve your country, has made you the chief of the Conservative party at a time when most of those who act with it seem to have determined that there is but little in the constitution and government of the State that is worthy of conservation. Occasionally you blaze forth into an outspoken revolt against yourself and them, and during the days that succeed the columns of the newspapers that support your party teem with denials, attenuations and explanations, while on platform after platform sorely-perplexed Conservative orators cover the black patches of your speech each with his own particular coat of whitewash. It is an amusing spectacle, and not least amusing, I take it, to you, if ever in the pleasant retirement of Hatfield or amid the anxious work of the Foreign Office you trouble yourself to give another thought to the matter. And in any case it must have been a relief to you to liberate your soul, whatever may be the consequences, and to strike a panic into the despised minds of those whose thoughts are bent on the retention or on the acquisition, *quocunque modo*, of votes and voters.

Whether or not a political party is best served by such a leader may be left to others to determine. It is idle to deny that, now that politics know Mr. GLADSTONE no longer, you are by far the most interesting figure in public life. You puzzle, you surprise, you startle. Those who hear you or read your



HUMANITY'S BEST FRIEND.

Sartorial Artist. "THOSE WILL BE ALL THE MEASUREMENTS I SHALL REQUIRE, SIR, THANK YOU. AND NOW WHAT SORT OF SHOULDERS WOULD YOU PREFER? I SHOULD RECOMMEND THE MILITARY SHOULDER TO MATCH THE MOUSTACHE!"

speeches are forced to think. You do not juggle with words, nor do you bandy empty compliments. Your thoughts and the words in which you express them are no mere pale reflection of the minds of others. They are your own, instinct with a definite personality, and they are more often than not unexpected. For the actions that follow on these words and often give them a flat denial, you are not wholly responsible, for when the time for action comes, others assert themselves, and fortunately or unfortunately impede you. And it may be that to you action is merely a choice of evils, a process far less important than the utterance of an honest personal conviction. "Thinking a thing," as JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL says in one of his essays, "becomes better than doing it, and thought with its easy perfection, capable of everything because it can accomplish everything with ideal means, is vastly more attractive and satisfactory than deed, which must be wrought at best with imperfect instruments, and always falls short of the conception that went before it."

I conclude, my Lord, by wishing you many years of undiminished activity. For it is well that our political life should still have power to attract men of ancient lineage and of high and unblemished character. You have known what it means to struggle in early days against adversity, and you have fought your way to the great position you occupy by sheer force of intellect and energy. Whatever may be your choice, whether you continue to devote your powers to the public service or seek a well-earned rest from the labours of the State, you can always count upon the high respect of your fellow-countrymen, even of those amongst them who have most strenuously opposed you.

I am, my Lord, always faithfully yours, THE VAGRANT.

CHARING CROSS AT NIGHT.—"The finest site in Europe." Can't see anything of it, with one's eyes dazzled by the hypnotic illuminated advertisements of somebody's soap, somebody's soup, and somebody's snapshooter.



"MY HAIR IS GETTING QUITE GREY, AND WILL REMAIN SO AS LONG AS I LIVE."
 "WELL, YOU KNOW, DEAR, YOU CAN ALWAYS MAKE IT REMAIN BLONDE AS LONG AS YOU DYE!"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Sentimental Rhymster spies an early Bud in his Parterre, and is reasonably disappointed.

I SEE a little bud to-day
 That fills me with delight,
 Fair as the blooms of later May
 That scent the Summer night,
 A little bud of smallest worth,
 That rises from its bed,
 All pushed aside the leaf-strewn earth
 To which its root was wed!

A little bud, but still the first
 To point its little way,
 All eager, hungry and athirst,
 To taste the joy of day!
 All venturesome its path to cleave
 And this great world to know;
 Restless its mother-mould to leave,
 Not recking ice or snow!

Perchance it might the cold withstand,
 And blossom into flower,
 Or perish 'neath the ruthless hand,
 Of some grim hail-stone shower!

Only a snowdrop to recall
 Your message of To be,
 That token of the After All
 That made the Past for me!

For you were Snowdrop in the Past
 Before the Springtime came,
 When skies were dull and overcast,
 'Twas then I gave your name!
 I watched your tenderness arise
 Amid the arid land,
 You heeded not the loving eyes
 You could not understand.

But yet I send this bud to you
 In token of those days,
 Before I'd bidden long adieu
 To victory and bays,
 This little bud I'd ask you wear
 In proof of Love not dead!
 I pluck it. Horror! I declare
 'Tis but a crocus head!

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE IN THE LECTURE-
 ROOM OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.—DR. RAM-
 SAY ON "Fire!"

THE BITTER CRY OF THE MINOR POET.

[“MR. LE GALLIENNE’s proposal that millionaires should endow genuine poets, and so obtain immortality seems, as yet, to have elicited no adequate response.”—*The Minstrel Advertiser*.]

WHEN’ER I walk the public ways,
 How many poor that lack ablution
 Do probe my heart with pensive gaze,
 And beg a trivial contribution!

When they accost me as “My Lord,”
 And pray that Heaven may guard my
 going,
 It cuts my vitals like a sword
 To check my charity from flowing;

To pass them by as though my ear
 Had missed their genial observations,
 And subsequently in the rear
 To catch a stream of imprecations.

Perchance not all of these were born
 To crave the desultory copper;
 They were not ever thus forlorn,
 But came a paralyzing cropper.

Haply beneath those rude outsides,
 In substance scant, in texture scaly,
 Some mute inglorious BARNUM hides,
 Or else an undeveloped BAILEY.

But sadder still it is to see,
 Advancing down the gutter’s hollow,
 Some sandwichman that used to be
 Closely connected with Apollo!

Where now from shoulders slightly wrung
 You note the blatant boards suspended,
 In front—the living lyre was slung,
 Behind—the lustrous mane descended!

Within that mane the birds of song
 Would build their nests and lightly
 carol,
 What time the owner moved along
 In beauteous velveteen apparel.

Long since he sold his sounding lyre,
 Pruned all his locks and pawned his
 raiment;
 He works for mere ignoble hire
 Because it offers ampler payment.

The speaking eye, the godlike brow,
 That lips should lave and bosoms
 cherish—

We trample on them, we allow
 These priceless things to go and perish!

The nations’ hides are very hard;
 You ask a trifle *nett*—they grudge it;
 You scarcely ever hear a Bard
 So much as mentioned in a Budget.

Sweet millionaires! your chance is come;
 Yours is the duty and you know it;
 Surely your hearts within you hum
 To reconstruct the starving Poet!

O THOMAS LIPTON, gallant Knight!
 (Your health in fragrant tea and
 fruity!)

How can you sin against the light
 Who paid the champion cheque for
 Duty?

O HOOLEY! as you hope to win
 An Earldom with the Garter tied on,
 Come, make a paltry puncture in
 Your swollen wealth of tyre and Sidon!

Sell those ancestral halls and let
 Big syndicates of Song be floated;
 And, by a touch of humour, get
 The Stock Exchange to have ’em
 quoted!



A GAME OF SPECULATION.

CHINAMAN, "WHO WANCHEE BUY DIS PIECE SIXTEEN MILLION CARDEE? NO SPEAKEE AILLEE SAME TIME!!"



THE FASHIONS FOR 1898.

"MUZZLES! THEY ARE RATHER A BOTHER. BUT THEN, WHAT CAN YOU DO? EVERY ONE WEARS THEM. I HEARD MY OLD LADY SAY HERS WAS A GREAT PROTECTION IN COLD WEATHER TOO!"

THE COAL-SCUTTLE EPOCH.

(Quite the Latest Fashion in Romance.)

CHAPTER XLIX.]

... By this time the extinction of human life was well-nigh complete. By some strange freak the vitality of our race had been transferred to one of the commonest of domestic utensils. There had been some warnings of this catastrophe for many generations, but foolish mankind had failed to notice them. Thus, of all his servants, the coal-scuttle had given the clearest signs of resisting man's rule. It had refused to perform its duties, at times it would cover the carpet with coal, at others it consumed all the coal itself and was found to be absolutely empty when it had been filled but a short time previously. About the year 1900 its unsuspected vitality became less dormant, and several powerful coal-scuttles began to throw their contents at their masters' heads. Gradually man became weaker and weaker, and the Coalscuttlions stronger and stronger. By the year 1950 they had become practically the masters of the World. A century earlier, certain scientists had predicted that the supply of coal would shortly come to an end. But this was obviated by the metamorphic irradiation on the lithosphere converting, or, rather, reducing the carbonifera to an oxyhydro-phosphormetasulphate. (Yah, you wretched reader, that'll puzzle you!—*Author's marginal note.*) Of course this simple and elementary result had been overlooked. But as the student of the modern scientific romance, who likes this kind of detail, will readily understand, the natural sequence of events had helped to bring about the overthrow of man, and the supremacy of the terrible Coalscuttlions became complete, owing to the profound

scientific truth that $\frac{2 \times 2}{1} = \frac{2 + 2}{1} = 4$

CHAPTER L.

WEARIED and exhausted I flung myself down upon the deserted plain of Hampstead Heath. As far as my sight reached

there was no sign of human life. The death-like silence was only broken by the strange hissing sound as, far above my head, gigantic coal-scuttles rushed through the air. In the front of each gleamed a brilliant search-light. Each seemed to have three elastic tentacles terminating in a scoop, which it trailed along the ground as if seeking for its prey. Once a dreadful shriek thrilled through the air, and a hundred yards from me I saw a Coalscuttlian had shovelled up an unhappy man. The tentacle swiftly contracted, up flew the wretched victim through the air and vanished into the interior of his captor. With a shudder I crawled stealthily into the shelter of a blackberry bush. . . . Several hours passed away. Sometimes a slimy tentacle came close to my face, and a shovel seemed to be digging at the roots of the bramble. But fortunately they were strong, and with an awful whistle the baffled Coalscuttlian passed elsewhere.

As the evening came on, the glare of the search-lights became brighter. Occasionally a shower of coal fell upon my head. At last, impelled by hunger, I determined to make a rush for London, trusting that I might find other human beings there. But I had scarce left my shelter when I stopped aghast. There, straight before my eyes, where London had lately stood, was a gigantic black mountain, towering to the skies. In a moment the dreadful truth flashed across my mind. The all-conquering Coalscuttlions had buried the entire city under an enormous hill of best Wallsend! . . . [Author's note to the Editor.—That ought to thrill your readers enough for the present. But I've got plenty of horrors left for the other chapters, which will appear each month for a year or so in your magazine. Nothing like the scientific-shocker to raise your circulation nowadays.]

"Ars est celare Artem."

Poor Relation (to rich Aunt). Now, Auntie, dear, we want you to come and dine with us on Thursday.

Rich Aunt. Oh, my dear, I'm afraid it is impossible.

Poor R. Don't say that! CHARLIE will be so disappointed!

Rich A. I'm very sorry, but I'm engaged to dine with the SMITHS on Thursday.

Poor R. (off her guard). Oh, yes; so I heard!



SANDY MACPARTINGTON AND THE "ENGLISH" FLOOD.

[A petition signed by 164,388 Scottish people has been presented to the QUEEN against the use of the words "England" and "English" as representing Great Britain.—See *Standard*, December 30.]

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

With acknowledgments to "Sybil and Katharine Corbet's" recently-published book.

The Shuv



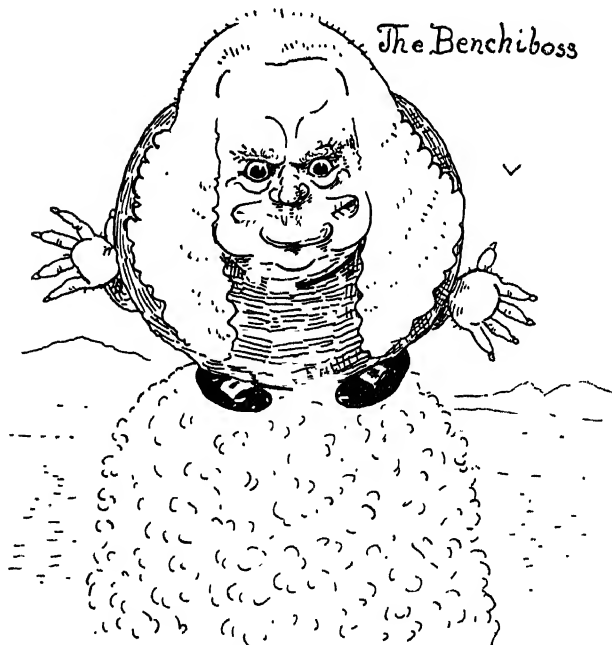
This Animal is a caution It gets the best of it It likes to live in hot water and has a nasty bite. It is better to go the other way

The Hark



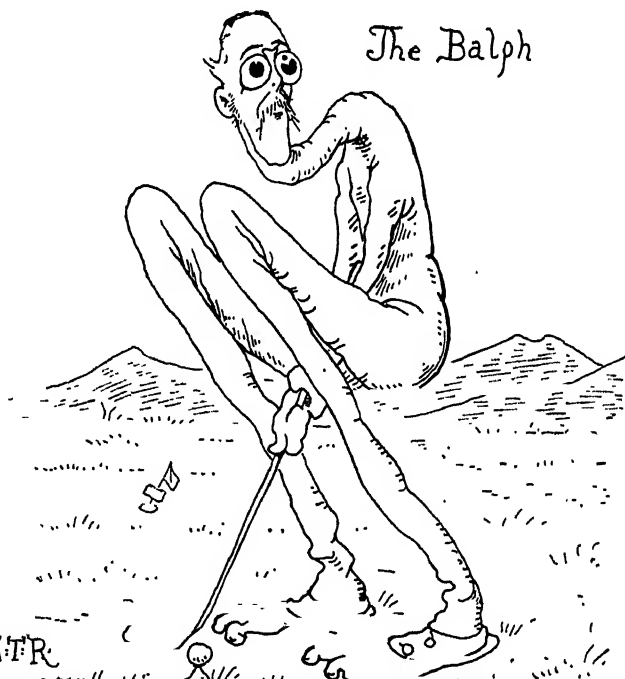
This Animal lives in a Resess in the forest and eats Orkids and Primroses. When there is Krisisses and things about he chuckles — He has a Party but it is mostly not there

The Benchiboss



This funny little Creature is very kind and never forgets a friend He lives on a Woolsack and gives away things — He has got a Earlship for been so good and clever so becomes next after the Joax.

The Balph



E.T.R.

This fascinating Animal lives chiefly in a "bunker" and feeds on stymies, cleeks, and voats of censure it is very clever and has no enemies but it simply wont.



Someone's Hat blows off. Shertsighted Old Gent (excitedly). "HI! HI! YOICKS! GONE AWA-A-Y!!!"

THE L. C. C. VOTER'S VADE MECUM.

Question. You know that there is to be an election of the L. C. C. in the course of a week or so?

Answer. Yes; I have seen something concerning it in the papers.

Q. Do you know anything further about it?

A. No; but I suppose I shall be enlightened by canvassers and leaflets before the polling day is reached.

Q. But do you not think it your duty as a citizen to take an interest in the matter?

A. Scarcely; because I am satisfied that the dust-hole is regularly cleared weekly, and we have plenty of water.

Q. But are you not aware that the L. C. C. have nothing directly to do with either household dust or household water?

A. Very likely not; but I really do not care, either way.

Q. Do you not know that the beautification of London is practically in the hands of the L. C. C.?

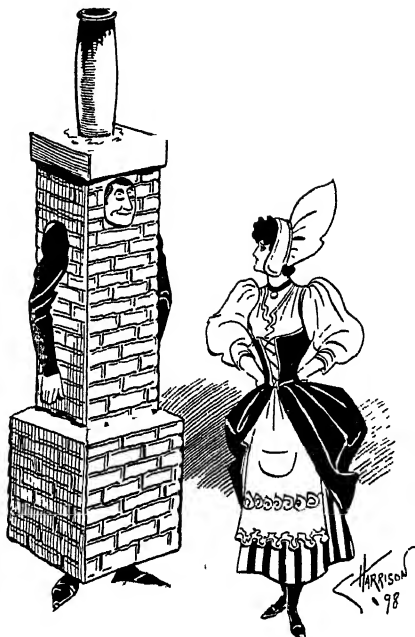
A. Very possibly; but I only interest myself in my own Terrace, and that is not likely to be improved yet awhile.

Q. But I suppose you will listen to those who desire to instruct you before the election?

A. Certainly, with the greatest courtesy and patience.

Q. And when the polling day is reached, what will you do?

A. Why, act upon precedent, and forget all about it!



AT THE FANCY DRESS BALL.

She. "You won't be long?"

He. "No. I'm going down stairs just to have a smoke."

LIGHTS THAT OFTEN FAIL.—Those in acrostics.

AFTER YULE-TIDE.

(Mems. from a Note-book.)

SEE that the holly and mistletoe, which have become dustier and dustier, are removed from my study without the disturbance of my papers.

Write a line to the boys' school pointing out the increased charge for stationery.

Get my wife to go through the Christmas cards with the view to ascertaining whether any of them, with the assistance of a piece of india-rubber, can be used for next Christmas.

Examine my banker's pass-book to discover whether my standing orders to pay subscriptions for clubs, &c., has landed my credit account with an entry on the wrong side.

Knock off answers to "hearty good wishes for the New Year," with suitable excuses for delay in reply.

Lastly, send for the doctor to set matters right in *re* my gout caused by port and champagne, and chronic indigestion, the outcome of mince-pies and plum-pudding.

WELL, TO BE SEWER!—The City Commission of Sewers, a body which has been in existence for 230 years, has now come to an end, not because its resources have been drained, on the contrary, it has always been very flush of capital, but it has now been thought advisable to make a clean sweep of the authority and incorporate it in the Public Health Department.



PROWESS.

Young Farmer (after trying whin bushes for a rabbit, to Cockney Friend out for his first shoot). "HELLO! EH! WHAT? WHY, YOU 'VE SHOT A FOX!"

Cockney Friend. "OH, COME, I SAY! WHY, YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS SUCH A DUFFER AS TO MISS A GRITE BIG BEGGAR LIKE THAT!"

STUDIES IN NOT TOO PLAIN GEOMETRY.

(By Z. Y. X.)

PROPOSITION I. PROBLEM.

To make both ends meet, each to each, when a Parson receives a vanishing sub-multiple of his tithes, and is inversely rated on his professional income.

LET A be the given parson, P the given tithe-payer, and LSD the given finite tithe, which, as a matter of fact, is never given, but is generally bisected, and sometimes not produced at all: it is required to continue A in the same circle, that is, to make both ends meet.

Because A is the centre of a circle, which may be of any magnitude, [Postulate 4.]

And P is a point within this circle, from which the given finite tithe LSD may (with great difficulty) be drawn; [Axiom 13.]

It will be found that LSD is successively bisected, and produced ever so far both ways, but not in the direction of A ;

But, since the part is less than the whole, [Axiom 9.]

Any number of lines may be drawn from A without touching P . [Hypothesis.]

And one only of these, SAD , will produce SD , the lesser part of the tithe LSD .

Consequently, SD only will pass through A ; which is absurd.

Therefore A cannot continue in the same circle;

For it has been shown that A is not equal to it;

Otherwise both ends would meet, each to each, which is impossible. [Axiom 15.]

Wherefore, the problem given above has not been solved. Q.E.D.

[Note.—Each £100 of tithe yields for 1898 only £68 14s. 11d.]

MAJESTAETSBELEIDIGUNG.—The brave Editor of our German contemporary, *Kladderadatsch*, is accused of this monstrous offence, and will probably be punished with barbarous severity by the Sacred Kaiser. What a pity there is not also the offence of *Humanitätsbeleidigung*, for which some punishment could be awarded to this Imperial buffoon.

OUR BOYS. WHAT TO DO WITH THEM?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am sure you will open your sympathetic columns to the despair of a father who is left with three marriageable but unmarried sons on his hands. What is to become of them? Listen to my story, and then, if you can, wonder that I complain.

Knowing that my boys would be left without a competence, and unwilling to trust them to the uncertain chances of matrimony, I decided to give them such a training as would fit them to find for themselves. JOHNNIE, my eldest, would be a barrister. I shuddered at the expense, but the poor boy was bent on it, and there was just a chance that he might become devil to Miss S—, the great Q.C., in which case I was not without hope that his pretty ways and winning smile might bring him an offer of marriage. Delusion fond! It was a father's dream! Miss S— took in a niece of her own, and poor JOHNNIE, after waiting years for the briefs that never came, had to give up the Bar. He now teaches in a Kindergarten, where he lectures the infants on conchology, and gives practical demonstrations on the shell of a periwinkle.

TOM, my second, was all for surgery. I knew it was madness for a boy to enter what is *par excellence* a woman's profession, but he would not listen to my reasons. Failure, in his case, was a foregone conclusion, and it is perhaps surprising that he keeps himself in hats and gloves by nursing a cantankerous old lady.

PHILIP, my youngest, was always a domesticated boy, and showed no desire for a learned profession. This gave me no small relief, and as Oxford and Bart's had run away with so much money, and done so little for my eldest sons, I determined to send PHILIP to the Board School. Here he had a brilliant career, taking numerous prizes in cookery and laundry-work. As soon as he left school, he obtained a situation as "General," and at the present moment he is enjoying what in these days is a sinecure, as gentleman's help in a country vicarage. He cooks, cleans the boots, and does the housework for the family and paying guests; baths the babies and tutors the children when not otherwise engaged. In return for this he gets a Christian home, and half-a-crown a week.

Now, Mr. Punch, I ask you, what are we to do with our sons? The overcrowding of the professions is an old, old story. Women won't marry—our boys remain bachelors. What else is left? Domestic service? I have tried it, and after my experience, I put it to you, Sir, can it be recommended?

Yours despairingly,

PATERFAMILIAS.

"O TEMPORA! O MORES!"

["The 'Moody Manners Opera Company Limited' has just been registered with a capital of £3000," &c., &c.—*Daily Paper*.]

EXCELLENT! "Moody manners" should always be strictly limited in company. But is this a company for limiting "moody manners," or does MOODY MANNERS wish, as his name suggests, to limit his company? If the former, it is a *magnum opus*, and needs a company accustomed to such weighty *opera*. This seems to exclude light Opera, which, considering the purpose of the company, is a pity. Perhaps, however, it is not all "moody manners" that are to be limited, but only manners of some moods—imperative manners, for instance, or manners indicative of bad breeding. Even so, the present company has a future before it in helping to make the imperfect perfect, so that public interest in its moods would be in-tense.

It is to be hoped no shares will be issued to the public, in order to avoid increasing the numbers who already have a share of "moody manners." They should be kept as far as possible in one hand, at any rate until the company can feel its feet. It must be pointed out that limited liability in this connection is no new idea, for in Mr. Punch's company the liability to "moody manners" has always been extremely limited, in fact non-existent.

TO BE LET ON LEASE.—Some valuable properties on the sea-coast. Fine marine views. Good boating. No restrictions on building. No licence required for sale of beer. Tenants can terminate lease at any time. Rents extremely moderate. Tenants' fixtures taken at their own valuation on expiration of lease. Neighbourhood very select, and likely to become popular resort for European families. Apply, Tsung-li-Yamen, Peking.

Telegram from distinguished nobleman, late of the Board of Trade, to British Forces in the Sudan.

"You've gone too far already, don't go—Farrer."

[Reply not worth paying.]



RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.

THE LUCULLUS GOLF CLUB.

MONTE CARLO.

Oh, don't I wish that I possessed a tiny principality,
So beautifully placed upon a quite ideal spot,
Between two hostile countries to be sure of its neutrality,
Then leased by a Casino! What an enviable lot!

My income would increase like that of ALBERT, Prince of Monaco,
Who thrives so well on persons who are out upon the loose,
But ALBERT for more golden eggs, don't be too hard upon a Co.
That keeps you. Where would you be if you killed the gambling goose?

OUR GIRLS. WHAT TO GIVE THEM?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—When my sisters went off to the cricket-field on a fine summer morning, and left me at home to darn the socks and overhaul the washing, I used to feel the bitterness of things and to blame Fate that had made me a man. But experience has taught me that few changes are so fraught with evil as not to bring some compensating good, and even in this latterday reversal of the sexes, I find a drop of consolation which goes far to reconcile me to my altered lot.

The problem, "What to give our girls?" is one that vexes all men, and as I have at last solved it, a list of my presents will, I am convinced, be of interest and value to your readers. To KATE, who is a cricket enthusiast, I have given a cane-spliced bat and a pair of pads. The latter she has buckled on, and with the former in her hands, she studies her positions in the looking-glass all day, and slogs imaginary "fours." MARY, who is no mean pugilist, would now treat *suède* and kid with equal scorn: I have, therefore, presented her with a pair of boxing-gloves, and she may now be seen in her bedroom sparring at a bladder from ten to four. NELLIE, who is something of a scorcher, used to complain that her road-racing records were always being spoilt by stupid deaf old gentlemen, who would keep getting knocked down. I have bought her the loudest and best bicycle bell in the market, and she has now ridden for a fortnight without a casualty. JANE is captain of her College Fifteen, and I am working her the Girton arms upon a football jersey. As my little gift was not ready in time, I bought her an interim present of a hundred cigarettes. When Papa is not about she lets me whiff one with her, and she says it is a pity I am not a girl, for I have plenty of pace, and with my shoulders I ought to be very useful in the scrum.

ONE OF THE WEAKER SEX.

AN ERA OF PALMISTRY.—The *Era Almanack* for 1898 contains fac-similes of the hands of actors and actresses. All hands to the *Era*! These "hands" are not by any means out of work, but they are decidedly striking. Mrs. KEELER takes the palm. Though the hands are scored with lines, yet no one hand exactly indicates the line its owner has taken professionally. Nothing

delights an actor more than "getting a hand," and here each provides the requisite applause for himself. Should the Editor wish to continue the series he will simply have to advertise, "All hands to the *Era*!"

OLD MASTERS AT THE GRAFTON GALLERY.

MR. SELLAR, nobly emulous of the example of Mr. HENRY TATE has been desirous of dedicating his private collection of pictures to the enjoyment of the public. The idea is excellent. Two *Têtes* are, as the French say, better than one. Indeed, we could do with any number such as HENRY. But there are pictures and pictures, and the SELLAR Collection, not to put too fine a point upon it, is not quite equal to the TATE. A committee of experts called upon to adjudge the merits of the collection, advised the London Corporation, to whose care the collection was committed, to decline the charge. Mr. SELLAR, appealing to Cæsar, now displays his pictures at the Grafton Gallery and invites the public to decide between his taste and that of the committee over which the P.R.A. presided.

The other night, TOBY, M.P., supping with GEORGE GROSSMITH at the festival given at the Grafton in celebration of GEE GEE's golden wedding (*Ehew!* how time flies), had an opportunity of seeing the pictures. He is glad to think he seized it before supper. Otherwise, gazing upon these things in gilt frames, he would have suspected an access of nightmare. Old Masters they are called—old beyond recognition. Where a single man, of whatsoever active habits could have picked them up, is matter for fresh marvel. The probability is, Mr. SELLAR was assisted in his generous labour by a procession of the gentlemen to be met with in country districts who go about with an oil-painting tucked under either arm, and will "let you have the pair for fifteen bob" if you don't happen to have three guineas.

The Gallery was crowded, and there was some idea among GEE GEE's guests of buying "*Three Cuyps and a Cow*"—a rare specimen of the Master's earliest manner—and presenting it to the venerable host as a memento of the interesting occasion. But it came to nothing.

Business done.—All SELLAR's; no buyers.

At Our Canal-side Sunday-School.

Our Curate. Now, my boy, you know St. PETER was first of all a fisherman with a fishing-boat. What did he become after that? First Boy (after considerable pause, hesitatingly). Yes, Sir, he first 'ad a fishin' boat—an' was a fisherman—an'—

Our Curate (encouragingly). Yes—and then? What was PETER called after that?

Second and Smaller Boy (holding up his hand). Please, Sir, I know!

Our Curate (nodding to him). Say it, then.

Second and Smaller Boy. Please, Sir, he became a Barge-owner.

[Curate explains "*Bar-jona*," and lesson proceeds.]

CONSEIL DE GUERRE



THE REAL "VEILED LADY."

Justice. "WHY ARE MY DOORS CLOSED?"

A HAPPY RETURN.

Not only like "*le petit bonhomme*" does the sprightly *Circus Girl* "*vit encore*" at the Gaiety, but she is growing younger as she gets on (a circus girl is always getting on and off—her horse), and sprightlier than ever. With the most welcome return of Miss ELLALINE TERRISS to the Gaiety Theatre, *The Circus Girl* seems to have obtained a new lease of life, without there having been any ordinary signs of the former lease having nearly run out. Its last nights are not yet within anything like measurable distance. The piece is so constructed, on a sort of elastic hold-all principle, as to enable it to accommodate everything and anything in the way of music, song, dance, or dialogue, that the astute Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES may see fit to cram into it. And that this plan is appreciated by the public is evident, to quote the Bard,

"As may appear by EDWARD's good success,"

which line, when found in the Third Part of *Henry the Sixth*, Act III., Sc. 3, the reader may, an' it so please him, "make a note of." *En attendant Vive GEORGE I., Roi du Théâtre "Gaiety,"* and health, happiness, with all success to Miss ELLALINE TERRISS.

Le Genre Ennuyeux.

That *bordereau* and that *chose jugée*,
The papers are full of them every day;
That *chose jugée* and that *bordereau*,
One settled too fast, and the other too slow,
Chers voisins, again the *chose jugée*
You ought to try in another way,
But don't you think that the *bordereau*
Might be forgotten, it bores us so?

DEFINITION OF THE LOGROLLARITHM (by our Literary Mathematician).—"The exponent of the power of a number to deal with a certain other number, the whole power of the two combined being equal to the first as applied to the second. Q.E.D."

PROVERB TO BE REMEMBERED BY ANY ONE VISITING THE SELLAR COLLECTION IN A BOND STREET SHOW-ROOM.—"*Ars est Sellare Artem.*"

WINTER CURE FOR INVALIDS.—Being turned out to Grasse.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LADY WARWICK has done a womanly and a graceful thing (but that's tautology, my Baronite says) in volunteering to edit the life of *Joseph Arch* (HUTCHINSON). She has done more. She has written a preface in which the wife of a great Warwickshire landlord extols the work of the Warwickshire agricultural labourer who started and led to bloodless victory one of the greatest revolutions of the century. When JOSEPH ARCH, dressing himself in a pair of cord trowsers, a cord vest, and an old flannel jacket, went out on the 7th of Feb., 1872, to address the gaunt and hungry crowd gathered under a spreading chestnut tree at Wellesbourne, the agricultural labourer was in a parlous state. In Warwickshire his wage was twelve shillings a week, and indignant farmers told him he ought to be ashamed of himself asking for more, since down in Devonshire it did not exceed nine shillings. "He had no organisation," Lady WARWICK writes; "the Trades Unions let him alone. He had no money; the professional agitator ignored him. He had no vote; the politician passed him by." How all this was changed JOSEPH ARCH tells in simple, graphic fashion. The stout volume has the double attraction of describing a great political episode, and revealing a notable man.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



Brown (who has been dining at the Club with Jones). "JUST COME IN A MINUTE, OLD FELLOW AND HAVE A NIGHT-CAP."

Jones. "I'M AFRAID IT'S GETTING A LITTLE LATE. LET'S SEE HOW'S THE ENEMY."

Brown. "OH! THAT'S ALL RIGHT. SHE'S IN BED."

"THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY."—Sir,—This is dreadfully foggy weather, and I am at the best of times rather short-sighted, so I may have missed something on the advertisements of the Haymarket Theatre which I ought to have seen. However, what I have frequently seen within the last week is an announcement in, of course, Roman capital letters, to the effect that *Julius Caesar* is to be given at the Theatre Royal Haymarket. The advertisement, in very large letters so that he who travels express may read, is, "*Julius Caesar—Alma-Tadema, R.A.*," and there are some other words probably of little importance. Why, Sir, this will draw the town, for who can draw if ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., can't, aye, and paint, too? Of course he'll have to paint in making-up. What an artistic work his false Roman nose will be!! I must hurry off to obtain seats. All the world and his wife will be there.

Yours,

BOKEIUS CÆCUS.

A CORNER IN DOGS.—Some shrewd Yankees, foreseeing a great rush to Klondike in the Spring, have bought up all the sledge-dogs near the coast. At times, in the so-called silent watches of the night, we wish those Yankees would come to London and buy up all the cats. Tinned, they might be sold in Klondike as English rabbits. A corner in cats, which would remove the cats from every corner, is a kind of corner we should recommend.



TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT A CHRISTMAS HOUSE PARTY.

The Duchess (just arrived, rather late). "LORD AUGUSTUS!!"
Lord Augustus (emerging suddenly from "Green Room"). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, DUCHESS. DON'T BE 'HUFFY.' I'M IN THE 'TABLEAU, 'ART WINS THE HEART, DON'T OBERKNOW. CELEBRATED PICTURE. CHAP PAINTING A VASE. HOW D'YE DO? HOW 'DO, LADY MAB? HOW 'DO, LADY GERTY? LIKE MY GET UP? JUST GOING ON. LOOK SHARP TO YOUR SEATS, OR YOU'LL MISS ME! TA, TA!"

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

ARRIVAL IN THE EMPIREHEADTOWN.

HONOURED MISTER OVER-NEWSPAPERS-DIREKTOR.—Endly kom i after one fierful, in the because of the even so black as Neit Fog delayed Train, and because of the fast unsufferly, *fast unertrüglichen*, Hunger and Thirst who me during unbelievably longweily Hours as one unluckily in one middleagely Castle inshutted Prisoner tortured, Voyage in London, the Headtown Englands, at. I voyage from Dover in the towards Londonbritsch at the Midday going Train away. I have to the Overwaiter, to the Portier, to the *Hausknecht*, Houseknight—*ach nein*, man say in Englisch "the Shoes"—and to yet other Persons, in the Hand one Drinkgold pressed. Even so mutsch Drinkgold as in Wien! I had only german Gold, so have i the Reckoning therewith payed, but i have something in the Change lost. Luckilywise had i some german Fiftypfennigebits for the Drinkgolds. The *Diener-schaft* seemed not very content, i know not why. But in the Railstation give i one Fiftypfennigebit to the Packagecarrier, and he say, "No, Maunsiah, not gud." *Warum sagen sie alle, "Maunsiah"*? See i as one Frencher out? Unpossibly! It are Frenchers who siemly fat are, but they are so short. I am not thin, but i am high as the most Prussiers. I inhabited one-time in München, so drink i Bier yet willinger as the Berliners, and man say that the Müncheneren so fat are, because they so mutsch Bier drink.

Also say i to the Packagecarrier, "It is queit gud, it is german Silver." "No blumin—*was ist das?*—german Silver sixpenses for me," call he, "its passin bad munny, yud git in quod—*was ist das?*—for it, if i split on yer—*Himmel, was sagt er?*—so make it too bob—*was ist das?*—and i say Nothing." "I understand not," anser i, "what wish You? Have You a Tarif?" "Yes," say he, "Tarif, too bob, too Schillings." *Zwei Mark!* *Ach, wie teuer!* England is yet deerer as Wien. I have in the Hotel Cash some little Money received, and i give him too Schilling. Then step i in the Waggon up, and he say, as the Train away go, "Thanky, Maunsiah." *Noch wieder!*

What for one little *Coupe*? The Trains in England are not as in Prussia. There have we Waggonen thro covered Gangways together joined, Foodwaggonen, the whole Train heeted, and so

farther. Now am i in one little *Coupe*, without Heet, without Food, inshutted, and hier must i sit remain, because it no Korridor along the Train is. I have only one Voyagefellow, one old Lady. She sit next to the Window, who wide opened is. The Weather is not Kold, but it is unpossibly in the January, without Heeting, so to voyage. "Beg, gracious Woman," say i, "permit You to me the Window tototomake." And i make it to. "No, thank You," say she, "i prefer it open." "What," call i, "You wish the Window opened in the January, in this miserabel, kold, english Waggon? It is unpossibly!" "We must have some Air," say she, but she shut it a little. *Himmel!* The old english Ladys are strong. The fresh Air in the Summer sometimes is sound, *gesund*; she is very dangerously, *gefährlich*, in the Winter. In the german Railwaywaggon kom she never.

Luckywise am i with mein Voyagecover, too Overcoats, and one Mantel, called in Germany "Havelock," covered, and likewise kan i smoke because the *Coupe* not *Nicht-Raucher* inscribed is. I kindle mein Cigar at. "Oh!" call the old Lady, "Smoking is not allowed." "Beg," i anser, "this *Coupe* is not Not-Smoker." "This is not a Smokingcarriage," say she. "I forgive," say i, a little angry, "this is not Not Smoking. So kan i smoke. You shud not hierin kom." Meenweil the Train thro several Tunnels, where the Air yet colder is, go, and then halt he. "Garde!" call the old Lady. *Was ist das? Ach, der Schaffner!* The old Lady spiek, he spiek, i spiek. We are all angry. Endly understand i that in England man only in the *Coupe*, as in France "*Fumeurs*" inscribed, smoke. "I go also in one other Waggon," say i. "No Time," say the Garde, the Train go, and there must i the whole Voyage with the old Lady, and the fresh Air, and without Cigars, remain. *Donnerwetter!*

At the next Railstation dare i not outtostep, because the stopping so short is. One half Hour later become the Heaven quiet dark. It is too Clock. *Wie sonderbar!* The Train halt. No Railstation. I am hungry. If i only in Prussia were, now would i one Sausage in the Foodwaggon eat, and one Pair Glas Bier drink. Luckilywise kom the Train about half three in London at. So shall i at three Clock dine.

Ach nein! Not at three, not at four, not at five! I die of Hunger. But i relate the fierful Adventure in mein next Brief.

Highattentionsfull humblest

LUDWIG.

WHY GO TO KLON ?

["CROSSING SWEEPER.—Pitch, with goodwill, in the fashionable West End, held by present owner fourteen years; good opening for a respectable man.—Address, &c."]

We learn that the above advertisement, which appeared last week in the columns of a leading morning paper, has been promptly acted upon by a well-known company-promoter. The undertaking has been placed on a sound commercial basis, and a prospectus, from which we extract the following particulars, issued:—

The List will Open To-morrow, Thursday, Jan. 20, 1898, and will Close on or before Friday, Jan. 20, 1899, for Town and Country.

THE UPPER BROOK STREET CROSSING-SWEEPING AND CAB-RUNNING COMPANY, LIMITED.

(Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.)

SHARE CAPITAL . . . £100.

Divided into 1,000 £500 per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of 1s. each, and 1,000 Ordinary Shares of 1s. each.

These are now offered for Subscription at Par, and payable as follows:—

On Application, 1½d. per share; on Allotment, 1½d. per share; on April 1, 1899, 3d. per share; and the balance when called upon.

DIRECTORS.

CHARLES E. COLLINGS, Esq. (the Vendor), Rowton House, Vauxhall, S.W.

Policeman A1666, Brook Street Fixed-point.

BILL MUGGINS, Esq., Unlicensed Cab-Runner, London, W.

The Duke of SEVEN DIALS (no fixed abode).

JOHN JONES, Esq., Orator, Hyde Park, W.

SAMUEL GERBRIDGE, Esq., Turncock and Gasman, No. 1, Mayfair Alley, W.

BANKERS.

The Consolidated Penny Bank, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

Secretary, Auditor, and Consulting Engineer—
The Vendor, Rowton House.

PROSPECTUS.

1. This Company is formed to acquire the well-known and old-established business of Mr. COLLINGS, Crossing-sweeper, of Upper Brook Street, W., and that of Mr. BILL MUGGINS, Professional Cab-follower, of London-within-the-Radius.

2. It is proposed to effect an amalgamation of the above-mentioned highly remunerative and prosperous concerns, under a scheme of financial unification, the respective working staffs and plant remaining distinct, as heretofore.

3. The question of "perks," over and above legitimate earnings, to be settled by private treaty between the Vendor and his Patrons.

4. The remarkably prosperous undertaking of the Vendor was first initiated fourteen years ago, when the goodwill of a sound, attractive, and well-organised street-crossing in Mayfair was taken over for a consideration by the present Vendor, first as a *locum tenens*, and subsequently in permanency, all out-standing claims and liabilities having been settled with the aid of a broom-stick. From the commencement the annual turnover has been on a largely increasing scale, owing to the adoption of business-like methods, and to the masterly inactivity of the Local Vestry, combined with a judicious nictitation of the eye of the adjacent policeman for the time being. The weather has been almost consistently muddy and favourable for a steady high average of takings, and there is every prospect that this desirable state of affairs will continue. Among the Vendor's Patrons are numbered some of the most exquisitely-shod wearers of patent-leather among the British aristocracy, and not a few short-sighted and timorous old ladies of a thoroughly reliable and benevolent character.

5. The contemplated Cab-Running branch of the joint undertaking is a later development, but is already productive of a splendid dividend, the initial outlay being extremely small. Mr. MUGGINS has attended to his customers on a scientific and impartial system, and it is felt that the time has arrived to invite the Public at large to co-operate cordially in the exploitation of his eloquent and unrivalled methods in the pursuit of travelling-trunks and the cajolment of their owners.

6. It will be readily recognised that the proposed venture is totally distinct from speculative schemes of the "wild-cat" order, and it is therefore scarcely necessary or advisable to present an estimate of the expenses (which are merely nominal, consisting in the purchase of one broom), and of the profits, which are likely to rival, if not to surpass, those of many of the Yukon bonanzas.



BEFORE THE PARTY.

Blasée Little Girl on Sofa (to excited Younger Sister). "AH, DOROTHY. YOU'RE IN AN AWFUL HURRY TO BE OFF NOW. JUST YOU WAIT TILL YOU'VE BEEN THROUGH AS MANY SEASONS AS BOBBY AND I!"

"PERSICOS ODI, PUER, APPARATUS."

I HATE your foreign manners—hat in hand
To surly cabman and officious bobby.
Your comic songs I fail to understand,
I am a tourist ridden by his hobby.

I hate the way you stare at me, as if
I were a madman, or trick-bear in training,
Because my suit is check—because I whiff
A British pipe, your cigarettes disdaining.

I hate your 'crés tonnerres—your double Dutch
Quips and retorts I find abomination.
An honest English — that they cannot touch
(And what is left to your imagination).

Your dishes make me ill—I cannot live
Without a hearty meal at my uprising.
All rolls and coffee would I gladly give
For a small Bass, and steak that's appetising.

They told me that in Paris I should find
My mother tongue on all hands—an illusion.
It was not so, nor can I call to mind
One soul, to whom I spoke without confusion.

If e'er again I'm caught in such a pass
Then find me drinking mazagan—or kola,
Then write me down, if so disposed, an ass,
And—more—a follower devout of ZOLA.

CANNIBALISM IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND!—It was recently reported that a certain clergyman had just been "collated" by his Bishop, who, immediately afterwards, invited several of the aforesaid reverend gentleman's friends to a cold collation! This is most startling. Will there not be an Ecclesiastical Commission to inquire into the facts?



Grandpapa. "WELL, LITTLE LADY, WILL YOU GIVE ME A LOCK OF THAT PRETTY HAIR OF YOURS?"

Marjory. "YES, GRANPA'; BUT"—(hesitating)—"I DON'T FINK ONE LOCK WOULD BE ENOUGH, WOULD IT?"

"THE SECRET OF SEX;"

ALLEGED VIEWS OF MADAM S-R-H GRAND.

"Professor SCHENK, of Vienna, has explained to a correspondent that he can guarantee the birth of boys, but not of girls. He works in the cause of science, and is not anxious to make a fortune. He has accepted no reward in the successful cases he has treated."—*Daily Paper.*

COME to my heart, HERR SCHENK! the strangely human

Charm of the chaste and specious yarns you spin

Proves you (the leech) and me (the writing woman)

One kin!

How often will a timorous confusion
Redden the very nape of people's necks,
When anybody makes the least allusion
To Sex!

Should conversation turn upon the gender
Of even substantives—they change their
hue!

But I am not so delicately tender;
Are you?

Nay, but where common angels hardly
dare a

Footstep on dangerously shaky ground,
There in their element both SCHENK and
S-R-H

Are found.

They say you know by name each blood-
corpuscle
Respectively in men's and women's
veins!

I also haunt the scientist; I hustle
His brains.

The many-daughtered fathers of Vienna
Find you dispensing golden gifts like dirt;
You make their blighted hope of infant
men a

Dead cert.

A rule or two, a regimen of diet,
Gratis you give for joy of truth itself;
You will not sell nor do they want to buy it
For pelf.

Ah, SCHENK! (I shudder at the contempla-
tion!)

Had you some years ago matured your
plan,

I might have been, to my humiliation,
A man!

A man, a mere male animal half-witted,
My body bloated and my mind a blank,
A specimen of nature only fitted
To spank!

I bless my horoscope whose leading feature
Shaped me a woman, feminine but firm;
And not a reptile, not a crawling creature,
A worm!

But this in you, O SCHENK! I find abhor-
rent;

It seems like putting swine in front of
pearls;

You only promise boys; you give no warrant
For girls!

Then let my sisters, wise through your
instruction,

Reverse your method in its full details,
And so avoid the dolorous production
Of males!

The eternal feminine's eternal fitness
May thus attain to wipe all men away;
Though S-R-H hardly hopes, for one, to
witness

That day.

'Tis well! For men, I grant, were born to
grovel;

Yet, were they once abolished in the
lump,

There might develop in the sexual novel
A slump!

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.—Girton, ac-
cording to Miss EMILY DAVIES, needs fifty
more sets of rooms. Girton's a-girton
on! Miss DAVIES observes, "We have only
just touched the fringe of the demand" for
seats for women in the Cambridge lecture-
rooms. Odd to commence with "the
fringe." We suppose the Girton girls are
employing themselves in artistically-worked
coverings for the Professors' chairs in the
University. The mental work at Girton is
excellent, but the ornamental will be first-
rate.

PUSHFUL.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, at Bir-
mingham last week, distinctly intimated
that another university was wanted.
Where? Well, he would put it "on a
priori grounds." Why not put it on "a
Priory grounds," if there be such a plot
vacant?

DIPLOMATIC NOTE (from our *Special
Mandarin*).—There is a general consensus
of the Powers to isolate England, but
China, though not by any means agreeing
with the Powers, wishes England to stand
a loan.



ON THE "QUAY VIVE"!

JOHN BULL. "WHAT, MATIES! WANT SOME O' MY COAL TO GET TO CHINA! RIGHT YOU ARE!"
(To himself.) "I CAN ALWAYS STOP THE SUPPLIES!"



"FOND OF MUSIC! WHY, WHEN I'M IN TOWN, I GO TO A MUSIC-HALL EVERY NIGHT!"

TWO WAYS OF DOING IT.

THAT SIDE OF THE CHANNEL.

THE accused had left the Court acquitted. He had certainly said some harsh things about the people who now applauded him. He had also passed through the ordeal of an inquiry into his personal history with some anxiety. But he was acquitted. Yes, acquitted. So the people cheered him to the echo. He was tired of bowing his acknowledgments. He was weary of hand-shakes. He was of course gratified, but it was embarrassing. It was not that he had won some magnificent victory over the would-be invaders of his country. It was not that he had made a discovery that had startled the wondering world by its novelty. It was not that he had written a book of such magnificent proportions that MOLIERE had to withdraw and SHAKESPEARE take a back seat. No, the ovation was awarded for none of these feats. It had been merited by an act of far greater importance.

So the cheers were repeated again and again. The columns of laudation were printed and reprinted and reprinted. Everywhere joy and triumph were displayed. It was a grand day for the greatest country on the earth.

At last a foreigner asked the reason of the excitement.

"Do you not know?" replied the entire people, with one voice. "Why, we are making all this fuss because one of our citizens has been proved *not* to have been guilty of high treason! Hurrah! Likewise hip, hip hip! also bravissimo!"

And then the rejoicings were renewed with vigour. And that is the way they have in France!

THIS SIDE OF THE CHANNEL.

The accused had left the Court acquitted.

There were a few articles in the papers pointing out that the matter was fairly satisfactory. And he himself was pleased to learn that he might claim to have left the Tribunal without a stain on his character. And a very intimate friend dropped him a line offering him luke-warm congratulations and a suggestion that he should be more careful in the future.

A foreigner asked what it was about. "Scarcely know," replied a casual acquaintance; "but that some one has been proved to be innocent."

And then the accused retired into private life. And that is the way they have in England!

LABUNTUR ANNI?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just read in the *North British Daily Mail* that Professor OSCAR BROWNING of Cambridge is only in the fortieth year of his age. As I had the proud privilege of being "up" to him when at Eton in the year 1865, I conclude that Professor O. B. has either discovered a method of *growing backwards*, or that, at the early age of six and a half, he was qualified to impart that knowledge with which he has always been so second. Anyway, the problem is an interesting one. Perhaps the undoubted discovery of the Fountain of Perpetual Youth may be the result of Professor O. B.'s research into History! If so, Klondyke is not in it. Anxiously awaiting further information,

I am, your obedient servant,

DECIMUS DIGWELL.

(*Olim Etonensis.*)

Dripwell Monachorum, near Devizes.

TO A SANDWICH-MAN.

(Suggested by the recent appearance of Advertisement Girls in the Streets of London.)

ENOUGH, enough!

You are old and tough,

Your mien is repellent, your manners are gruff,

You have had your day, you are merely male,

You have certainly never adorned a tale, And even the moral you point is as stale

As the station sandwich known by fame!

To the first mad wag who started the game,

And moulded a metaphor into your name.

Avaunt, avaunt!

Let perish the taunt,

And hide your head in some secret haunt.

Our bread is new, and potted our meat,

The railway sandwich we will not eat, So why should we suffer its like in a street?

Of women new

There now are a few

Who willingly strut in the world's full view,

And the world is the gainer—by loss of you!

From the Courts.

Cross-examining Counsel. Now, Sir, how far away were you from the prisoner?



Irish Witness. Exactly a cubic yard, Sor. *Magistrate (severely, to witness).* Do you know the meaning of "cubic yard," Sir?

Witness (with an outburst of frankness). Begorra! I do not.

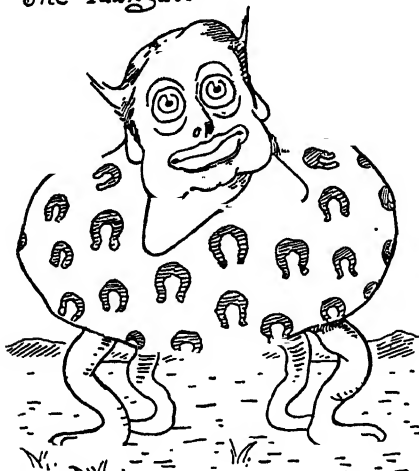
MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

The Ladd



This queer little Creature does not like roads nor peers. It likes to get into shady places and drag things out into the light. If you pretend the Hess is coming it will run into Westminster Abbey or anywhere.

The Pawkywit



This dear little Animal likes to run on the turf and that makes the good ones start praying for him. It does not like the Hawk and has a dainty little way of hiding itself among books and then it waits and waits and waits —

The Yawk
or
Rompjack

This merry little Animal makes a good deal of noise and never runs. He is quite at home under fire or water. He just does it and that's all.

PENMEN IN PENURY.

["It is announced that a charitable English lady has undertaken to establish at Antibes a 'Home for Poor Authors.'"—*The World*, Jan. 12.]

ON reading this statement, Mr. Punch, with his usual promptness, at once despatched his own Prophetic Interviewer to call upon the Superintendent of the Home, and has received the following report:—

The Home is a pleasant building, standing in its own grounds, which are surrounded by a high wooden paling completely covered by advertisements. These set forth the merits of certain works written by the inmates. "Try my *Syrupy Sonnets*!" read one poster; while next to it was the announcement, "My historical novel defies competition. Read *Blood and Thunder*, and you will be happy. Six murders, four suicides and three daring escapes for 4s. 6d. net!" Passing into the building, I found the Superintendent, who courteously gave me every information.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my questions, "our establishment is quite full, and we have had to refuse a large number of applicants. Impostors? No; we are generally able to detect them. We did find, indeed, that the only work of fiction written by one of those who had gained admittance was a forged bank-note, and that another's claim to be relieved as a distressed poet rested on the fact of his having written two stanzas in praise of a patent medicine. But almost all the cases are genuine."

"And do they get on amicably with one another?" I enquired.

"There is some friction at times," he admitted. "This morning, for instance, I found a mediæval historian fighting desperately with a decadent novelist, and I had to put pepper on their noses before we could get them apart. But let me show you round our premises. Here," as he threw

The Jook



This Animal is very trustworthy but he is always fast asleep. He would much rather you did it if you don't mind.

open the door of a spacious hall, "is our reciting-room."

On a platform at one end, a long-haired gentleman was declaiming cantos of blank verse to an imaginary audience. At the sight of us he became violently excited, and tugged his long hair while he stamped on the platform. My companion looked at his watch.

"You've had your ten minutes,

SNOOKS," he remarked. "It's Miss BROWN's turn now. Off you go! We allow them ten minutes each every day," he explained to me, "in which they may recite their own compositions, and they are absolutely forbidden to quote them at other times—a very necessary rule. Here comes Miss BROWN; she composes essays on Modern Man. Want to hear her? All right, then, we'll go into the garden, where you'll find most of our inmates."

We had hardly emerged from the house when a wretched-looking creature, clad in pitiable rags, came running up to me excitedly.

"Do give me a good notice!" he whined. "Here's my new comedy—do say it's a happy *jeu d'esprit*, or a bright little gem, or something of that sort!"

"I'm not a critic, my dear Sir," I said, soothingly, trying to disengage his hand from my coat.

"Oh, but you have influence!" he pleaded. "If you only know the wife of a reviewer's second cousin, it's something! Do get me a good notice from the critics."

An elderly lady came rushing angrily towards me as he spoke. "A critic!" she shrieked. "A reviewer! Where is he? Let me get at him! Ah! you miserable cur, you craven coward of a contemptible clique, you selfish and sordid scavenger—"

The Superintendent drew a gag from his pocket, and in a twinkling had clapped it on the lady's mouth. "Against the rules, Ma'am," he said, quietly. "No alliteration here, please. And this gentleman's never slated any of your books. Run away and throw mud, it will relieve your feelings."

"Why should she throw mud?" I asked, as the lady departed, having shaken her fist in my face.

"Oh!" he replied, "it's a favourite amusement. Look, there's a lot of them doing it on the lawn over there."



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF YOU LOSE YOUR HORSE, JUST TELL THE HUNTSMAN TO CATCH IT FOR YOU.

"Why, they're playing 'Aunt Sally'!" I exclaimed.

"Not exactly; if you will come a bit closer, you will see that the figure is a wax image of a well-known reviewer. Our unsuccessful authors pelt it with mud, and enjoy the amusement hugely. Now and then we let them burn an editor in effigy. And once a week, to give them exercise, they are allowed to hunt a real live publisher across country. They have splendid runs sometimes!"

"And do they ever catch him?" I asked, apprehensively.

"Oh no," said the Superintendent. "Generally they talk so much as they run that they haven't breath enough to get near him. And if ever he's pressed, he's only got to drop a small royalty or two, and they stop at once to scramble for it."

"Eh, but it's warrm wark th' noo," said a gentleman with sandy whiskers, who had stolen up to us. "And it takes a douce mon, like maself, to deescribe it. Aiblins ye've heerd of ma Beets o' Thrumtochty?"

I replied, untruthfully, that it was one of my favourite works, and the Scotchman wept tears of gratitude.

"And it's maself wad tak a wee drappie o' whusky to drink yir health," he sobbed, "gin I'd a bawbee i' ma oxtel!"

"A sad case," said the Superintendent, as we turned away. "He used to write kailyard stories, but they went suddenly out of fashion, and the poor fellow hadn't

a penny to buy his 'bit parritch,' as he called it, when we took him in."

I thanked him for his information, and prepared to take my departure. As we passed through the house again, I noticed a curious-looking penny-in-the-slot machine

which stood in the hall, and inquired its purpose.

"Put in a penny, and you'll see," said my companion.

I did so, and took from the drawer a piece of green paper, on which was pasted what looked like a newspaper-extract. "By this book," it read, "the literature of our language is appreciably enriched. Never in all our experience have we found such profound wisdom, such sparkling humour, such tender pathos united within the compass of a single volume."

"It encourages thrift," the Superintendent explained. "When an inmate has saved a penny from his weekly pocket-money, he can put it in this machine and get an eulogistic review, which makes him happy for a month. He shows it to all the others, and pastes it into a scrap-book. Oh! no trouble; delighted to have shown you round. Good morning!"



Art Master. "Been to the Millais Show at the R. A. yet?"

Genius. "No. Anything good there?"

The latest Social Development.

["The Earl of R-SSL-N has joined the C-rt Theatre Company."—*Morning Gossip of Daily Paper.*]

The Marquis of Middlesex (playing as Mr. BRENTFORD, to Stage Manager). I must just run off to the House of Lords to speak on the Cat Tax Question, but I'll certainly be back in good time for the full dress rehearsal. [Exit hurriedly.]



Mr. Jenks (who likes Miss Constance). "NO, I ASSURE YOU, MISS CONSTANCE, I HAVE NEVER INDULGED IN FLIRTATION."

Miss Constance (who does not care for Mr. Jenks). "AH, PERHAPS YOU HAVE NEVER HAD ANY ENCOURAGEMENT!"

A BACHELOR UNCLE'S DIARY.

PART IV.

Saturday.—Hounds met about four miles away. Boys and I started in good time. Overtook my biggest subscriber, Sir JOSEPH BLOWFIELD. Introduced nephews and Boots. Little wretches ducked their heads by way of greeting, and drop behind us and giggle persistently. Sir JOSEPH turns in his saddle unexpectedly, and catches TOMMY grimacing at him, to huge joy of other two boys. Sir J. rides off furious. Shall probably lose his subscription now. Lent MAX my hunting-crop, which he wildly tried to crack. Thong catches TOMMY's ear. Lets go a howl like hyæna. Intervene to avoid row between them. Arrive meet. Kennel up hounds in coach-house near. Deer-cart irresistible attraction to TOMMY and Boots. MAX now missing. Am about to order deer to be enlarged, when with terrific "tow-yowing" out rushes whole pack from coach-house.

Gallop off to see who could have let them out, blowing horn frantically. Thought hounds would be in half-dozen parishes before they sobered down again. On enquiry, found that MAX was culprit. So anxious to look at hounds, that he must needs open door and peep in. Of course, they all bolted out, knocking MAX flat on his back, and charging right over him. MAX an awful sight, and covered with mud. Shut hounds up again, and return to deer-cart. Enlarge. Fifteen minutes' law, and then lay on pack. TOMMY scuttles down to only jumpable place in first fence, where pony refuses. Tries again, keeping whole field waiting. Pony sticks fast half-way through fence. All the people kept behind using fearful language. Man rides against pony's hind-quarters, and knocks him clean through fence. All get over and gallop across next field. Stopped by wire. TOMMY squeezes pony through small opening by side of wire fence, and actually "pounds" the field. Great joy on his part, mani-

festated in usual puerile manner, thumb to nose at us. Mysterious sign this, equally effective to express either derision, triumph or scorn. We gallop off to gate on our left, and soon overtake TOMMY. His triumph is short-lived, as next obstacle is quick-set hedge with big ditch on take-off side. TOMMY's pony rolls helplessly in, leaving boy in ditch, and galloping on riderless. Loose pony crosses Sir JOSEPH at next fence, knocking him down with awful thud. "This is your fault!" shrieks irate Baronet, as I pass him. Why mine? Deer turns and runs back almost to where he started from. Finally takes soil in mill-pond. Whip off hounds and try to secure deer. Despite my warning, MAX, who has been standing at first fence, fruitlessly trying to get his pony over all this time, endeavours to assist in capture. Deer suddenly lowers his head, and forwards MAX into adjacent cucumber frame. Rush to the rescue, MAX shouting that he is killed. Extract him, and then turn to deer, leaving nephew picking bits of glass out of his hair. Secure deer, and return homewards with MAX and TOMMY: latter on foot, pony missing. Will probably kill itself, and I shall have to pay. No sign of Boots. He turns up at 5 p.m., teeth chattering, and very woebegone. Has been in brook. Two loafers accompany him, and demand half-sov. each for dragging pony out of brook. Pay them. They pocket money, and say they would like to drink my health. Consign them to perdition, and threaten police. Hunting too wearing a sport with these boys out. Announce, at dinner, that one of their remaining days with me shall be spent at Pantomime (cheers), and another at British Museum. (Deathlike silence.) Next time my nephews ask themselves to stay with me, shall tell them to go to—"Beerits."

A non Lucendo.

[The French Government plead "reasons of State" for not opening the Dreyfus Case.]

ONCE more to a terrible fate

Poor DREYFUS has been relegated,
For what are called "reasons of State,"

Which means—reasons that cannot be stated.

"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—The failure of Mr. CARTON's play, *The Tree of Knowledge* (on the point of being withdrawn from the St. James's bill), to attract was certainly not due either to any fault in the dialogue, or to any shortcomings in the acting, which is excellent. Miss ADDISON, Miss FAY DAVIS, and Mrs. JULIA NEILSON in a most difficult part, all admirable. Good also is the small part played by Miss WINIFRED DOLAN. The "character parts," as played by Messrs. IRVING, SHERTON, VERNON, and ESMOND, are excellent. In Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER's part there is little scope for light and shade, the episodic love-making being apparently thrown in to give the character a domestic-comedy flavour. The "Mrs. Tanqueray" school of drama has had its turn, and the "woman with a past" had better be consigned to the lumber-room of bye-gone stage-properties, until the time comes when once again she may be rehabilitated, and have a brilliant future before her.

It is to be succeeded by a Shakspearian revival, the title of which exactly describes the squeamishness that found a scene in Mr. CARTON's play most objectionable, viz., *Much Ado About Nothing*.



MOST EMBARRASSING.

Lady (hiding behind bush, to Mr. Spoodle, who has captured her horse). "OH, THANK YOU SO MUCH! BUT I HOPE TO GOODNESS YOU HAVE FOUND MY SKIRT AS WELL!"
[Nice position for Mr. Spoodle, who is very bashful, and has seen nothing of the garment.]

"LA TORTUE-BIJOU."—A tiny live tortoise, studded with jewels, and hung on a woman by a chain, is the latest Parisian novelty. The feelings of the tortoise are disregarded. The addition of one letter would make a better name—*La Torture-Bijou*.

HOW TO BE A CRICKETER.—The simplest thing in the world. Sit by the fire in a fog and study the game in the paper like a chess problem. No exertion whatever. Suited to the most indolent and the most infirm.



MASHONALAND RAILWAY.

["Sir CHARLES METCALFE, the engineer, is now busy at Umtali arranging for the station at that place."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

UMTALI STATION IN THE NEAR FUTURE. THE BOO-BOOLA EXPRESS JUST DUE.



Life of the M.P. by John G. Thorne

THE PERSECUTED M.P.

Chorus of Vampires. GIVE! GIVE!"

"Lewis Carroll."

BORN 1832. DIED JANUARY 14, 1898.

LOVER of children! Fellow-heir with those
Of whom the imperishable kingdom is!
Beyond all dreaming now your spirit knows
The unimagined mysteries.

Darkly as in a glass our faces look
To read ourselves, if so we may, aright;
You, like the maiden in your *faerie book*—
You step beyond and see the light!

The heart you wore beneath your pedant's
cloak

Only to children's hearts you gave away;
Yet unaware in half the world you woke
The slumbering charm of childhood's day.

We older children, too, our loss lament,
We of the "Table Round," remembering
well

How he, our comrade, with his pencil lent
Your fancy's speech a firmer spell.

Master of rare woodcraft, by sympathy's
Sure touch he caught your visionary
gleams,

And made your fame, the dreamer's, one
with his,

The wise interpreter of dreams.

Farewell! But near our hearts we have
you yet,

Holding our heritage with loving hand,
Who may not follow where your feet are set
Upon the ways of Wonderland.

THE BIRMINGHAM CHURCH "SCRUBBING SERVICE."—When the scrubbers and cleaners were at work in the Church of St. Lawrence, the good vicar preached. He might have given a new translation of the text, "*Vigilate et orate*," as "*Wash and pray*."

"PUT THAT IN HIS PIPE," &c.—Chinese smokers would like to borrow any number of pounds of "*Loan Jack*," which is now their synonym for "*JOHN BULL*."



-- This isn't the "Bearded Lady" from Barnum's on her Sunday out; but it is simply the effect of the fashionable Medici Collar.



DISADVANTAGES OF PERFORMING AT A COUNTRY HOUSE IN THE WASP SEASON.

(Just in the most important passage, too.)

REGULATIONS FOR WAR CORRESPONDENTS.

(According to the Heated Imagination of some Specialists.)

No one but a combatant officer in full regimentals shall be allowed to follow an army in the field beyond the railway terminus at Southampton.

Should a special find himself at headquarters, he will report himself to the General commanding, and receive a bandage for his eyes, a gag for his mouth, and a pass to the dungeon situated under the nearest cell beneath the castle's moat.

Should a Pressman see the smoke of a distant battle, he will report that a chimney has taken alight, and the building to which it belonged was adequately insured.

A reporter will on no account be per-

mitted to use the telegraph wire for any message unconnected with his household affairs.

Should a victory be won by the British army, the officer commanding will collect the cream of the account into his own record, allowing the Press historian to come in three days later in the ruck of the private letter-writers.

War correspondents will be practically reminded that "copy" for the future is of "no account to nobody and nothing."

In conclusion, should patriotism be checked or curiosity baffled (alternative according to taste), then the Press had better follow an old precedent, and write their letters from Fleet Street.

MUSICAL FISH.—The Bass and the Deep C Oyster.



"MANY A TRUE WORD SPOKEN IN JEST."

"HULLO, OLD CHAP,—A NEW HORSE! WHERE DID YOU GET HIM?" "PICKED HIM UP OUT OF A CAB IN LONDON STREETS."
 "LONDON STREETS! H'M—HA! SHOULD BE ABLE TO GO THROUGH THE MUD, ANYHOW!"

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

NO. VIII.—TO MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

MY DEAR SIR,—Not very many years ago (I fail to remember the exact number) there was published in our beloved and friendly *Spectator* a review, eulogistic to the point of enthusiasm, of a little volume of soldier-stories which had lately seen the light of publication at, I think, Allahabad. In this review we were called upon to take note that a new literary force had manifested itself. Here, said the *Spectator* critic, is something absolutely fresh, direct and powerful, a series of tales in which the author goes straight to his point, grips the root of the matter with an unerring hand, and keeps his characters true to life throughout. He had, so the *Spectator* assured us, insight and uncommon dramatic power. What more could be desired? The jaded student of the literature of the day read this review in his usual otiose fashion. Had he not heard time and again similar announcements, discoveries of bright particular suns that were to shed a new brilliance and warmth on the dark arid places of the earth? And, lo, with a feeble twinkling they had risen and flickered back into the dismal gloom from which they had so lately emerged. This knowledge made us sceptical, and thus, when we read the article I have referred to, we shrugged our shoulders, smiled incredulously, and forgot—forgot everything, except the quaint, jagged, burlesque name of the *Spectator*'s new-found author. Yet soon the *Spectator* was justified of its discovery. Throbbing and booming from India's coral strand the new force began to make itself felt, until with a rush and a roar the clouds burst, the thunder clattered, the daily and the weekly papers took up the reverberating echoes, and the products of RUDYARD KIPLING's pen fell, thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, into the libraries and the railway book-stalls.

Men, wise men and critics, may sometimes be heard to marvel at the surprising welcome that was extended to you. Why, they ask, should this man have leapt at once into fame whilst others, his equals if not his superiors in art, lingered on obscurely in the

remote bye-paths? I think I know one reason at least. You came at one of those recurrent periods when great impulses have spent themselves, and some men, noting that all their famous ones have died or faded, begin to think that the last word in literature has been said. It is related of JOHN STUART MILL that—I was about to say, when he was young, but MILL was never young as other men are young—it is related of him that, at a comparatively early period of his old age, he was seriously perturbed as to the future of music. His mathematical mind suggested to him that, as there was only a certain fixed number of notes, it was demonstrable that these were capable of only a certain fixed number of permutations and combinations, and that therefore, within a period of time strictly limited, all possible tunes and variations would be exhausted, and the world would be left with no music but the stale airs of past generations. Ordinary mortals do not much trouble their heads with these speculations; we have rubbed along comfortably enough in the meantime with WAGNER, GOUNOD, VERDI, BRAHMS, TCHAIKOVSKI and others, and even the boy in the street now and then yells or whistles some fresh and original song of the music-halls. So, too, Lord KELVIN tells us that a fearful danger threatens creation, since, at our present rate of breathing, a few paltry hundreds of thousands of years will see all the oxygen in the air exhausted, while the shores of creation will be strewn with the corpses of those who will have died literally for want of breath. But in the meantime we breathe on and live unperturbed by these remote catastrophes. We waste no sorrow on them, unlike in this respect to the mastodons, of whom, as you may remember, MRS. BROWNING wrote (I quote from memory):—

"It did not much
 Console the race of mastodons to know
 Their place would quicken with the elephant.
 They were not elephants, but mastodons."

Yet, although most of us who were neither wise men nor critics did not speculate seriously upon the death or even upon the dearth of literature, we could not, at the time of which I speak,

but be affected to a certain extent by the dismal forebodings of those who said they knew. DICKENS and THACKERAY were dead, TENNYSON and BROWNING had done their work. Who was left? So the grey-beards shook their heads, and warned us to begin to read philosophy and prepare for our latter ends. And suddenly, trumpets sounding and drums beating and swords flashing, in marches RUDYARD KIPLING at the head of his scarlet-coated retinue, bringing with him the gunpowder-smoke and all the great barbarous primitive instincts of man delighting in battle. In a moment the face of things was changed. Now we knew that hitherto our lives had been blanks for want of British soldiers, and Indian battle-stories, and barracks, and mess-rooms, and cantonments, and swarthy cruel natives with snaky hair and murderous knives, and regimental traditions. Pale, pigeon-breasted young men began to breathe fire, and refused to sleep o' nights unless they had swathed their dauntless bodies in a Union Jack, and surrounded their camp-bedsteads with a *chevaux-de-frise* of bayonets. How patriotic we were all going to be, and with what a scathing contempt did we intend for the future to look down upon Bengalees, and legislators, and commerce, and the puny, sickly people who lived in streets (we ourselves were mostly constrained not altogether unwillingly to live in streets, but what of that?), and how gallantly we all proposed to carry the name and fame of England into the remote parts of the earth over the shapeless, trampled bodies of myriads of foemen. Even Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN caught a belated little flame, and implored us, in the columns of the *Times* and at the Alhambra Music-hall, to hurry up, hurry up for pity to the help of Johannesburg. That phase has now passed; we have begun to realise that froth will not float our fleets, that bluster will not bring victory to our armies, and that quiet men who refuse to rave and spout have their use in the world; but something of solid advantage does, I think, remain to us in a quickened sense of the greatness of our motherland, and in a new sympathy for those who fight her battles. For that I believe you, Sir, are more nearly responsible even than Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It matters not that you, the Tyrtæus of this warlike movement, should have had to confess that when assaulted by a raging relative you preferred to invoke the protection of the law before a humdrum justice of the peace, rather than to act according to the gospel of LEAROLD, MULVANEY and ORTHERIS. Men, when they read of this incident, smiled without malice, and realised that after all there was nothing else to be done under the circumstances.

Well, Sir, you have done great things on paper (I use the word without a hint of offence), and great things remain for you to do. You speak to us with a brutal directness, and we are forced to listen. In your stories there is no beating about the bush. What you want to say you know, and your meaning starts out clear, sharp and distinct before the eyes of the dullest of your readers. Those who have fed on the strong and generous fare you have furnished to them have no stomach afterwards for the sickly kickshaws of the analysts or the decadents. You help us to realise by means of manly characters that, when all is said and done, we too are men, men with passions and impulses and vices and virtues, and that we have the work of men to do in the world, if only we will leave off puling and complaining, and set our hands to something. Not even CARLYLE, that Hebrew prophet with the Germanic style, forced this truth home to his generation as powerfully as you have forced it upon yours in vigorous English and without preaching. And the gift of sympathy and manly tears is yours. Let those who doubt this read again your story, *Only a Subaltern*. There is a perfect little masterpiece without a mawkish sentence in it.

Henceforth, I think, your greatest work will be in verse. Not that I like "McAndrew's Hymn," with its inventory of engines and their fittings. But you have already written one of the most stirring ballads in our language, and, such is your command of moods and your apparently inexhaustible power of words and rhythm and fire and music, that I am confident that in poetry the triumphs that still remain to you will be won. May they be innumerable as the laughter of the sea. With that wish I end, and remain,
Your admirer,
THE VAGRANT.

OUR NEW STATUE GROUP; OR, LADIES IN AN AWKWARD PREDICAMENT.—"BOADICEA and her daughters" are at the top of the steps leading down to the Westminster steam-boat pier. BOADICEA having lost her reins, with great presence of mind, is taking advantage of her horses attempting some of their old circus tricks, to hail a penny-steamboat, which, it is hoped, will soon come to her rescue.

WHY is an inclosure where sheep are kept like a *lusus naturæ*? Because it is a *sheep foal'd*.



NOT A PLEASANT WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Hostess. "I'M AFRAID WE ARE GOING TO BE A VERY SMALL PARTY TO-NIGHT. THE FOG SEEMS TO HAVE KEPT AWAY ALL OUR BEST PEOPLE!"

ELEVEN LITTLE REASONS WHY.

BECAUSE of course they play cricket in Australia all the year round.

Because it was too hot for anything, and of course the English team were unaccustomed to the heat.

Because there was a chapter of accidents from the first, and everyone had bad luck.

Because the coin never would come down the right side on the top, and consequently the British could not go in first.

Because the ground got hopelessly out of order by the time that the first innings of the Australians was over.

Because the constant travelling and occasional *fêting* were enough to put everyone out of form.

Because there ought to have been more extra men to fill up the ranks on emergencies.

Because at least one admirable cricketer was left at home whose services on several occasions would have been invaluable.

Because the tea interval coming after the luncheon pause was confusing to the Mother Countrymen.

Because the glorious uncertainty of cricket is proverbial, and success may be deserved, but cannot on that account be always attained.

Lastly, and probably the right reason, because the other side had the better men.

TIDINESS.—Sir W. B. RICHMOND, R.A., pleads, and with good reason, for greater tidiness in our streets. But neatness in other things may also be advocated. Some gifted and artistic persons wear their hair very long, which some close-cropped persons, neither gifted nor artistic, might consider very untidy.

A propos of Spain and Cuba.

Our Intemperate Politician (after dinner, a long way, quoting SHAKESPEARE to his purpose). "What's (*hic*) Cuba to him or he to (*hic*) Cuba?"



"WHAT'S THAT BOOK YOU'RE READING, PAPA?"
 "THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, MY PET."
 "WHAT DID HE DIE OF, PAPA?" "AN ERUPTION, DEAR."

THE AMALGAMATED NIBLICKS.

["The 'Nibs' are an association of the best-known professional writers of music-hall songs. They have banded themselves together for mutual protection."—*Daily Mail*.]

THE Society of Amalgamated Niblicks has the honour to present its Prospectus to the Artistic World. The gratifying success of Nibs, Limited, invites friendly competition. Our object, to be quite frank, is to cut them out. High work at low figures, but those *cash*, is our motto. We really have two mottos. The other one is—"Give me the making of a Nation's Songs, and I care not who makes her Laws"; or words to that effect.

A fraternal system of Co-operative Anonymity is our leading feature, though we do not disguise the fact that the Presidency of the Society is to be offered to

the Poet Laureate (late of the Alhambra). Taking a line from the Trades Unions, we intend that all members, skilled or not, shall compose for an equal number of hours a week, with or without results. On the Saturday they will draw the profits equally, waiving all invidious distinction. This pay should constitute, with luck, a living wage. Otherwise they must all perish simultaneously; or try something else.

That the Singing Public may have some conception of the *répertoire* which the Society has already amassed, we append a few suggestive samples of our stock. It will be understood that there are more to be had where these come from. The samples will be found to consist of choruses embodying the distinctive motifs of various types of song; though, as a fact, the regular verses, not here published, are in some cases of an even higher order of

merit. Along with the samples we offer one or two hints as to the class of performer best adapted for their interpretation. Its price is also assigned to each article.

SAMPLE I.—THE PATRIOTIC NATIONAL. (10s. 6d.)

This is suitable for a full-bodied *basso*. It can be sung during periods of foreign complication. Also when there are Jubilees going on; or Naval Reviews. Note the quiet humour underlying this fragment.

Then Hurrah! and again Hurrah!
 For the glorious British Tar!
 For Jack at the helm
 On our Ocean realm,
 Or drunk at the harbour-bar!
 And it's likewise three times three
 For the Ships of the QUEEN'S Navee!
 For they'll go anywhere,
 And they're always there,
 And that's where they ought to be!

SAMPLE II.—THE TOPO-POLITICAL. (8s. 0½d.)

To be delivered in a statesmanlike manner. The artiste should withdraw early in this kind of song if he finds himself out of harmony with the major portion of his audience.

While the KAISER'S a-blowin' his trumpet,
 And Russia's a-lickin' her chops,
 There's a party would like us to lump it,
 And swallow humility slops;
 But BERESFORD—gosh! he's a nipper,
 He'll York 'em, you bet, an' no kid;
 He's the right little, tight little, skipper
 To scuttle their binnacle-lid!

SAMPLE III.—THE POPULAR SENTIMENTAL. (4s. 10d.)

A fine effect of contrast is produced if this song is put into the mouth of a well-known humorist. But your audience must be intelligent. Otherwise it might miss the true intention of this little gem. The success of the words must be judged by their power to touch the heart. One pocket-handkerchief in ten (free passes excluded) is a fair proportion.

Little DISY! pure young thing!
 'Ave they bin an' took yer, dornin'?
 Where the blessed ingels sing
 Can't I 'ear yer voice a-callin'?
 Just abart the dorn o' dy,
 Might 'a' bin a shide past seven,
 Little DISY fled away
 Like a narrer strite to 'Eaven!

SAMPLE IV.—THE PATHO-ROMANTIC. (1s. 11½d.)

This is suitable for artistes not specially gifted with humour. The tenor that takes it should be able to command a tremolo; but he doesn't need to know anything of clog-dancing. It might be given early in the evening before the stalls arrive; or later on if the bar wants patronising.

Come, then, and let us part, love!
 Adown the aching years
 We two propose to start, love,
 On opposite careers!
 See where the aspens shiver,
 And poppies yearn with pain;
 For the mists are on the river,
 And the moon is on the wane!

Applicants for further samples are at liberty to enclose stamps; not necessarily for consumption, but as a proof of *bona fides*. We recommend the "Comic Sarcotial," the "General Domestic," the "Plaintive Marital" (for either sex), and the "Randy-Dandy" (for a perfect lady).



KEEPING HIM GOING..

COLONIAL JOE. "HOLD OUT TO THE END OF THE ROUND! I'VE GOT SOMETHING THAT'LL PUT THE LIFE INTO YOU!!"

[“The Chancellor of the Exchequer has consented to propose at the meeting of Parliament a very large grant in aid of the West Indies.”

Vide report of Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Liverpool, Times, January 19.]



"ISN'T IT TIRESOME! I'VE JUST GOT A LOVELY NEW BICYCLE, AND NOW MY DOCTOR ABSOLUTELY FORBIDS ME TO CYCLE! WHAT WOULD YOU ADVISE ME TO DO?" "CHANGE YOUR DOCTOR."

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

LONDONBRITSCH.

HONOURD MISTER OVER-NEWSPAPERS-DIREKTOR,—In mein last Brief related i how the from Dover towards London koming Train at too Clock halted. Few Minutes earlier piped the Lokomotive, and we goed one Tunnel thro.

At the other Side all is dark. I see the Window out, but i see Nothings except nebulous, smoky Darkness. *Plötzlich*, sudden, hier i too Explosions, the old Lady call "Oh!" and the Train halt. *Was ist das? Ach so! Nebelsignale.* The Lokomotive pipe, and endly move the Train quite slow before. Few Minutes later again too Fogsignals. Again the Train halt. So go we, and each Foremoving is slower and shorter, and each Halt is longer.

I am fierful cold, fierful hungry, fierful thirsty. The old Lady sit quite still, ever nitting, and spiek no Word. The Germans spiek ever very willing and very mutsch. I wish to spiek in order Englisch to lern. I lern not willing the hately, *hässliche*, englisch Spiech, but in every Commerceshaus must man she no. If i only spiek could, so were the Voyage not so fierful longwhily. But the old Lady see very *ungemütlich* out. If i only to Foot along one Railwaywaggonkorridor go could, so were i not so fierful cold. If i only smoke could, so were i not perhaps so fierful hungry. And i kan no Glas Bier drink. *Ach, verfluchtes England, verfluchtes Klima!* If i never komed were, if i only in Germany were! What for one Land, where man in the Train of Hunger, of Thirst, and of Coldness, dy kan!

The old Lady seek something in her Voyagepocket, *Reisetasche*. She bring one little silver, with the little englisch Sandwichs filled, Box, hierout, and she eat, ever quite still and her Tongue holding, and then shut she the Box, and nit again. She offer me no Sandwich. I am yet hungreyer. If i only the Misery of the englisch Railwayvoyage noed had, so had i Flasks Bier, Sausages, Bred, cold Flesh, Flasks Wein, and so farther, with-bringed. The old Woman is very still; she nit not. *Ach!* She shiep. If i only the Window shut could, then were i not so fierful cold. I stand up, i step quite careful, i have the Hand on the

Strap, when sudden the old Woman open the Is—*ach nein*, that reit man, Eys—and say, "Thank you, I prefer it open, the Weather is warm." *Donnerwetter!*

It is nau three quarter towards four, and we kom not at. It is four Hours since i something eated have, i have no Bier, no Wein drinked, i am quite week, i no not what to do. The Train halt ever frequenter, and the Darkness become nebulouser. The fresh, by the old Woman so willing breathed, Air is only smoke. I see absolute Nothings. *Selbst die alte Dame ist fast verschwunden*, self the old Dame is fast vanished.

Endly halt the Train, and man call "Londonbritsch." *Du lieber Himmel!* I snatch mein Things, i say to the old Woman, "Gud Evening, luckly Voyage," but she anser not—the Englanders are very uncourtly, they say not "*Mahlzeit!*" Mealttime, "*Glückliche Reise!*" and so farther—and i step out. One Packagecarryer kom, and say "Luggitsch?" "No," anser i, "Bier. The Refreshmentrestoration. Bier and Sausage." The *Perron* is very dark. I follow him after, and endly kom i to the Buffett at. I kan not mein Wordbook see, but i wish to the *Kellnerin* quite courtly to spiek, and "*Fräulein!*" to say. That is the Diminutiv of *Frau*. What is the Littleingword of "Woman"? Ah, it give no Diminutivs in Englisch, so must i "little Woman," as "little Father" in Russisch, say.

"Beg, little woman," say i, "ten Glas Bier." "Who are You calling little Woman?" say the *Buffettfräulein*. "It's like You Imperinense. Get along with You." What, she send me forth? *Unmöglich, ich musz etwas Bier trinken!* "I go not, little Woman," say i, "i must something Bier drink." "Well," anser she, "if it's only Chaff." *Himmel!* "I wish no Chaff" call i, "i die of Thirst, i wish ten Glas Bier." "Well youra thirsty one an no Mistake," say she. "Stake," say i, "have you Beef-stakes?" *Sie verneint*, she negative. She say it are "Buns." *Was ist das?* Ah so, little Kakes. I drink six Glas Bier. *Ach, wie gut!* I eat one "Bun." *Oh, abscheulich!* Then kom the Packagecarryer and say again, "Luggitsch?" "No," say i, "Bier." Then drink i yet ten Glas Bier, and wish Sausages to eat. *Es sind keine*, it are no. So must i yet one miserabel "Bun" eat, and then kom the Packagecarryer, and say again, "Luggitsch?" "No," say i, angry, "Bier." Then drink i yet threeteen Glas, and endly am i ready.

I kindle one Cigar at, and i go out. It is yet nebulouser, but i find him, and i say, "I wish no Luggitsch, bring You to me one *Droschke*, one Onespanner, and seek You mein Package." I give to him the *Gepäckschein*. He spiek mutsch, and endly understand i that mein Package is not there; it is in *Tscher-ringross*. "Better teikekeb, Maunsiah," say he. "Teikekeb," say i, "what is that?" "Kerritsch, Maunsiah" say he.

I no not what to do. Mein Package is losed, i see Nothings, of the Fog on account, i have Nothings eated, and the Voyage is not yet to End. *Oh, verfluchte Reise!* If i never komed were! I shall to You again reit. Highattentionsfull humblest

LUDWIG.

Answers to Correspondents.

NEOPHYTE.—An epic poem in 247 verses would of course be the very thing for publication in *Punch*, if there happened at any given time to be space for it. Many thanks for offer.

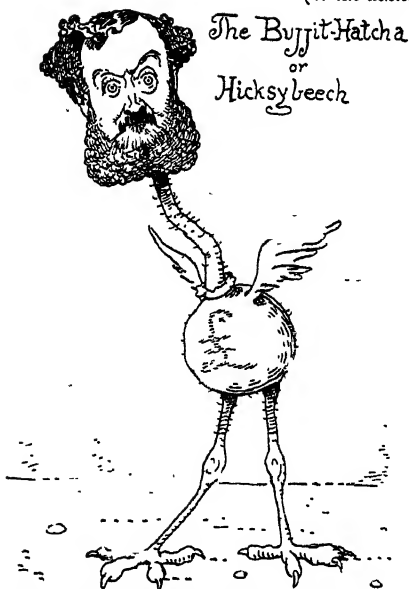


"THE DREYFUS 'SCAPEGOAT.'"

(After—a long way—Holman Hunt's celebrated Picture.)

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With acknowledgments as before. See Punch Number for January 15, p. 22.)



This Animal is always trying to balance things with a little over to one side. It is very nice and plainspoken. It comes up to every front door just to see how you are getting on and get a little something in the pound — It lives on beer and tobacco and tin-tacks.



This odd little salt-water Animal is very good at sums and gets on pretty well with the Estimints. But if you ask him anything very difficult he runs under the gallery to get the answer. When strikes is at he is very kind and doesn't expect no chips finished — he looks the other way.



This little Animal is very honest and likes to fight. It has a very big voice on both sides whichever it likes. It likes to get on a waggion in the Park and call out about wealth and capicklists and things. It sounds better out of doors.

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Songs, more songs, and let the laws go hang!"
Goethe or Gatty.

I CANNOT help thinking that the modern "love"-song is behind the times. My effort, which I send you, is a conscientious attempt to rise to the height of the sublimely ridiculous.

MY OWN MOAN.
(*A Lay of Love.*)

Angel! the moon doth afflict me with madness,
Sorrowing, sighing, I'm yearning for thee;
Mine are the joys that are centred in sadness,

I groan over lunch and I weep in my tea.
Thou art a seraph, a birdie, a ducky,
I am an abject, unspeakable clown;
Star of my heart! I shall think myself lucky
If I may kiss but the hem of thy gown.

Refrain.

Mona, my own love,
Hark to my moan, love,
Lend me thine ear while I swear I will sigh for thee,
Laugh for thee, cry for thee,
Live for thee, die for thee,
Quip for thee, quirk for thee,
Fight with the Turk for thee,
Do all but work for thee,
Ah-h-h!

[To be gurgled, so as to express inexpressible emotion.]

Here on the beach I appeal to the billows,
(Sing to me, Sea, of the charms of my love!)

Thousands are lying at rest on their pillows,
I can but rave to the moon that's above.
Oh! let me fly, with a lover's devotion,
Till at her feet I sink gracefully down;
Swear I will fling myself into the ocean,
If I may kiss but the hem of her gown.



This gentle Creature is very kind and winsome so everybody likes it. It has a wonderful brain and knows a lot. When it sees a Artiss about it folds up and tries to look like part of the Dado. It is almost a sin to make its picture.

SOME FRUIT FROM "THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE."—A propos of *The Tree of Knowledge* at the St. James's, Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER writes to say, that by the time it is withdrawn, "it will have run a hundred and thirty nights," and will have brought to the management and the author "a large profit." Delighted! If we possessed such a tree, we should let it go on growing and producing still more fruit. As a piece, why "take it off"—unless to burlesque it?

UNDER PROPER CONTROL.

["GERTRUDE BESSY AMOS, fifteen months old, described as 'of no home and no occupation,' was charged at Southwark on Saturday with not being under proper control."—*Daily News.*]

IMPOSSIBLE! Monstrous! Appalling!
This dangerous infant at large,
Pursuing her desperate calling,
And left under nobody's charge!
Who knows what designs she's conceiving
In the sinister depths of her soul?
Ye gods! It is past all believing!
Not, not under proper control!

How long has this terrible stranger
Escaped from her prison and chains?
How long has this horrible danger
Infested our alleys and lanes?
She's terrorised London, it may be,
For months in her murderous rôle—
Quick! Quick! Lose no time! Get the Baby

At once under proper control.

Up, constables! Take your position!
Draw staves and prepare for the fray!
Up! marshal the Southwark division,
And bid them be heroes to-day!
Come, courage! Let nothing appal you,
And charge, O thou mounted patrol!
'Tis your QUEEN and your Country that call you!
Get the Babe under proper control!

"O Woman! in our hours of ease."

Miss Cærulea Cackleton (who has insisted upon joining the whist party, and already revoked twice). Now, my dear Major, if you could only see my hand! I've no trumps, and no picture cards! Don't you think we'd better give them the game?

[And the Major, with a fist full of good things, only relieved his feelings by swearing to himself.]



Farmer. "I SAY, JOHN, WHAT DO YOU CALL A PINEAPPLE—A FRUIT OR A VEGETABLE?"

Waiter. "A PINEAPPLE HAIN'T NEITHER, GENTLEMEN. A PINEAPPLE IS ALWAYS A HEXTRA!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Daniel, just issued from BLACKWOOD'S Press, Mr. BLACKMORE calls "A Romance of Surrey." The scene opens in Surrey, and there dwells awhile, providing opportunity for some of those sketches of country folk and country scenes which the author knows so well how to present. Towards the end the reader is transported to the frosty Caucasus, which probably Mr. BLACKMORE never left his market-garden to gaze upon, but which he makes delightfully clear in its rugged grandeur. He tries a new flight by making his story chiefly revolve round a group of Caucasians, most of whom are exceedingly tall and of surpassing beauty, whilst some are phenomenally wicked. The narrative of the pursuit of the wicked *Queen Marva*, and the fight which rescues her brother from her feline grasp, is told in a manner worthy of the historian of *Lorna Doone*. But on the whole my Baronite is not warmly drawn towards the Caucasians, preferring Mr. BLACKMORE when he dwells among his own people. Happily, a few are to be found among the foreign element of *Daniel*.

It is not without a thrill of perhaps wicked excitement that a critic (who has, of course, "failed in Literature") comes upon a book written by a publisher. It is true that Mr. MARSTON issuing his charming little volume, *On a Sunshine Holiday*, retains his pen name, The Amateur Angler. But the veil of anonymity is exceedingly thin, and only the modesty inherent in a publisher counsels its retention. My Baronite frankly confesses that there is here no opening for paying off imagined scores by scathing criticism. Mr. MARSTON not only conveys the reader into pleasant pathways by field and river, but discourses of things by the way, from the lesser spotted woodpecker to Stonehenge, in charming fashion. Nothing is pleasanter in the book (of course published by SAMPSON LOW; no others need apply to E. MARSTON) than the dedication to "My dear DOROTHY," which in its delicate humour has the flavour of the elder essayists.

Mr. OSCAR BROWNING appropriately brings out his life of *Peter the Great* (HUTCHINSON) at a time when Sir HENRY IRVING at the Lyceum has stirred afresh human interest in that marvellous man. O. B., with the judicial manner, not to say the frigidity, of a college Don, is by no means carried away by admiration, surprise, or indignation at the various episodes in

PETER's grandly-mad career. Some people would say the style of treatment is a little woodeny. But the theme is so stupendous that no collegiate coldness can prevent it from bubbling up even in these severely-placid pages. There are several interesting portraits and some sound information in the work. It also suggests to my Baronite how much the world has lost since neither KINGLAKE nor MACAULAY took PETER and the birth of modern Russia for his theme. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE EVANGELIUM.

THE *Gefion* has had to tow
The *Deutschland* towards the Chinaman;
Such progress seems extremely slow
For that which bears so fine a man
As HEINRICH, far from dumb, though dumm,
To preach that *Evangelium*.

FIT FOR THE FLEET.

BELAY THERE, MESSMATE PUNCH!

I see, Sir, that some association or other—I think they call themselves the Ship Society, or the Boating Body, or something—have been offering a reward of five pounds, or, may be, more, for an essay on the Navy. They want, if I read them right—and, strike me with a marling-spike, there's so many of these sort of things nowadays, and they are all speaking at once—to improve the Navy. Why not? What cheer, right it is, Sir!

But belay there, and ease her, turn her astern and stop her! I can tell the Ship Society or whatever they be, Sir, how to increase our fleet in the twinkling of a penny steamboat's compass. Why not use the fleet laid up off the piers? They have nothing to do in the Winter. Because why? Because the British public, which is never too partial to the London river, hates the sight of the Thames in Winter. What cheer, then? Why it is. Right you are!

Put the penny-boats in commission as auxiliaries to the fleet during the Winter. Then if a war breaks out in the summer they can still be used, as no one will want to go to Hampton Court, far less Nine Elms, when the old flag of England is braving the battle and the breeze.

Yours patriotically,
BATTERSEA BILL THE BO'SUN.



G. JACOMB-HOOD. / 98.

SPELLING REFORM IN THE WEST COUNTRY.

Squire. "HULLO, FARMER! WHAT D'YOU MEAN BY THAT?"

Farmer. "THAT'S JUST TO WARN 'EM AS THERE'S WIRE. AIN'T IT RIGHT?"

HEARTS AND HOLMES AT THE GLOBE.

Rosemary at the Criterion showed how an elderly gentleman fell in love with his youthful ward, and made the mistake of thinking that this young girl had fallen in love with him. He was soon *désillusionné* by the object of his affection coming to him for his consent to her marriage with a good youth of her own age. In *A Bachelor's Romance*, an elderly man, a kindly literary recluse, falls in love with his ward, and she with him, proving the genuineness of her sentiment by refusing to marry a young man of "her time o' life." It is a pretty comedy, which Miss MARTHA MORTON might have told to greater advantage in three acts instead of four. The fourth act, however, has in it more movement than the preceding three, and the final scene, very happily contrived, brings down the curtain on a thoroughly satisfactory climax.

In *David Holmes*, Mr. JOHN HARE has one of those delightful middle-aged parts in which he is "just perfect." His geniality, his soft-heartedness, his uprightness, his quick-temper, and his readiness for self-sacrifice, endear *David Holmes* to the spectator, and gain for him the entire audience as his personal friends.

Mr. GILBERT HARE's make-up and performance of the old clerk, a kind of *Tom Pinch*, is most artistic. The authoress ought to have made more of this character, a remark, by the way, that applies to everyone throughout the play. All the characters are too sketchy. In only one thing do I venture to doubt the judgment of Mr. GILBERT HARE and the authoress, either or both, and that is, in the third act, where the joviality of *David Holmes* sets heavy Mr. Mulberry (well-represented by Mr. JAMES LEIGH) and over-boisterous young Mr. Savage (Mr. FRANK GILLMORE) singing and dancing, in which they are ultimately joined by feeble old broken-down *Martin Beggs*. Far more effective would his bye-play be were he dumbfounded at witnessing this exhibition of forced boyishness (as one who was seeing something strange in a vision, and realising it as a fact), and were he to be utterly overcome by the self-consciousness of his own inability to share in this exuberance of animal spirits. However, as it is, the song and dance of the quartette "goes" immensely, as surprises, brought in naturally, will always do on the stage. Mr. FREDERICK KERR's portrayal of a Ne'er-do-well-till-he-does-better sort of man is excellent; and Miss MAY HARVEY, Miss ORAM, Miss SUSIE VAUGHAN, are all "as good as they make 'em." Miss NELLIE THORNE, as *Sylvia*, is a charming *ingénue*, but "so good," "so nice," "so simple," as to be almost an im-

HAMLET AT A MATINÉE.

(By our Special Reporter.)

"Ladies, I implore you, don't wear large hats."
Mr. Forbes Robertson, at Birmingham.]

NOTHING could be finer than the scenery, so far as I could judge. I frankly confess that, instead of the ramparts, I saw one lady's picture-hat, and lost half of the graveyard act, thanks to the *chapeau à la Française*.

And now for the acting. Mr. THREE-STARS would have been admirable as the *Prince*, if he had been visible. And like praise would be the due, no doubt, of the charming exponent of *Ophelia*. But neither the *Prince of Denmark* nor his sometime *fiancée* were *en évidence*. It was believed that they were both shouting in the distance, shut out by huge toques and gigantic bonnets.

So I bring my notice to a conclusion, with the hope that some day female head-dresses, like children in arms, will not be admitted. When that blessed hour arrives the critic will see his Shakespeare once more, conscious of the fact that the fair sex are no longer selfish, but have returned to their rightful garb and their proper senses.

AXIOM BY OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (evidently at large).—They say "*Le jeu ne vaut pas la Chandelle*." It seems to me that it all depends whether the candle be burnt at both ends! Mine is.

Monte Carlo. January 20, 1898.

possible "young person," until the last act, when she suddenly develops into a sensible young woman, who not only knows her own mind, but gives two or three of them a bit of it. Altogether a very pretty, if not a very strong, play; memorable for the finished performance of Mr. GILBERT HARE, and of Mr. JOHN HARE as *David Holmes*, "Holmes, Sweet Holmes!"

AN APPEAL TO CÆSAR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I see that Mr. BEERBOHM TREE has been writing a lot about JULIUS CÆSAR—how he comes to think of such clever things I'm sure I can't tell—on the occasion of the Shakspearian revival at Her Majesty's. Well, of course, it's awfully good and learned of him. But I really wish he wouldn't. I hate having my fixed ideas shaken, and my fixed idea about old JULIUS is, that he came to England B.C. 55 to eat oysters and to write a book to worry the lives out of the lower school.

Yours sincerely, SMITH MINOR.

Fourth Form.

GOING WITH THE TIMES.—Every Englishman is becoming accustomed to see the "u" treated as superfluous in many words. The American system is to rid the English vocabulary of superfluities. But it is, we fancy, quite a novelty to see "parsimonious" spelt, as it was in a leader and in a law report in the *Times*, "parcimonious." Undoubtedly its Latin derivative hath it with a "c"; but according to NUTTALL, CICERO (Kikero or Sisero?) spells the substantive "parsimonia." Which is it to be? Shall we write "susumber" or "kukumber"? If "c" before "i" is to be hard, then "city" becomes "kity." Well, we are nearing the end of the century, and so let every kivilian spel as best pleseth him. "The old order changeth, giving place to new."

FAINNE AU LAE.—This is a new contemporary, published in Dublin. We are very glad to see the name, though we cannot say it. The nearest we can get is FANNY A. LEE, but this sounds more like the name of a lady than of a newspaper.

SIR HERBERT KITCHENER'S GREATEST CHANCE.—A *Soudan* victory without any press.

MODERN VERSION OF "OLYMPIAN GAMES."—Olympian "Freaks."



"MORNING, TOM. WHAT A BEASTLY DAY!"

"IT AIN'T A DAY, SIR. I CALL IT AN INTERVAL BETWEEN TWO BLOOMIN' NIGHTS!"

"MORE MOONSHINE."

[It is asserted that a Hamburg astronomer has made a discovery of a new moon, and that this hitherto unobserved satellite of the Earth will be visible on July 30 next.]

We do not want a second moon,
One satellite is ample;
Nor should we deem it as a boon,
This brand-new German sample.

One moon is quite enough to shoot,
Or rake out of the river;
And extra Bedlamites to boot
Would make sane people shiver.

We can dispense with further rhyme
To Luna's new-found rival;
Of moonstruck odes 'twould be a crime
To risk a fresh revival.

Occult your orb then, next July,
Eclipse your Hamburg planet;
Or we shall wink the other eye,
When asked, child-like, to scan it!

MUSICAL AND HISTORICAL.—In a recent article on English Musicians, a contributor to the *Saturday Review*, signing himself "J. F. R.," asks, "Why should they want degrees? Degrees help no one to play or compose any better." Such academical distinctions may, or may not, be a help to a composer, but "degrees," as associated with the Harpist's art and the Poet's inspiration, can boast of most ancient, as also of most weighty, authority. For have we not on immortal record more than one inspired composition of King DAVID's, styled "A Song of Degrees"?

A CRIB FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS.—The other day a children's comic opera was very well spoken of in the *Times*. The music is by Mr. FESTING JONES, which name a *Mrs. Malaprop* might very well mistake in repeating it as FESTIVE JONES. The "brightly-written book is supplied by Mr. F. H. CRIB." Now, isn't CRIB an inauspicious name for an original author? Any student wishing to study "*King Bulbous*," will do well to consult this Crib.

THE STERN POLITICAL ECONOMIST

TO MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

BEET, beet, beet,
'Tis a horrible root, J. C. !
Yet I hope that the words you utter
Are true economy.

Oh! well for the Briton's purse
That he buys of the Belgian plant:
Oh! well for the foreigner's price
That he pockets his government grant!

But your statesmanship goes on
To a haven unloved of MILL,
Where the Indian cane may be spared, and
perhaps
The English child spoiled—by the bill.

Beet, beet, beet,
'Tis a cold, hard world, J. C. !
And some may say that your cure for cane
Is merely chicanery.

THE CREMATIONIST'S MOTTO.—"De Mortuis nil nisi Burn 'em."



RATIONAL STAINED-GLASS.

Design for a Window in commemoration of the
York Election, 1898.



THE LESSON OF THE STRIKE.

Engineer's Fitter (returning to work—to Strike Leader), 'UNION! AH! THE 'UNION' YOU'VE NEARLY BROUGHT US TO IS THAT!'

DELINQUENT DON'S.

["A Professor at a Scotch University has been deprived of his office by the governing body, in consequence of a petition presented by the students, asserting that his lectures were 'defective and unmethodical.'"—*Daily Paper*.]

CONSIDERABLE interest was aroused in Cambridge on Thursday last by the trial, before the Senate, of Professor DRYASDUST, a university lecturer on history. The galleries of the Senate-house were filled with undergraduates, while several ladies from Girton and Newnham were accommodated with seats on the Vice-Chancellor's dais. The charge against the Professor was, in effect, that he was incompetent to fulfil his office.

Mr. PRIGSBY, an undergraduate of King's, was the first witness. In his opinion, the Professor's lectures were defective—were, in fact, quite worthless. It was at his instigation that the prosecution had been begun. Previously he had attempted to improve the lectures by setting the Professor right when he went astray, but these efforts had not been successful. On the contrary, the Professor had told him to hold his tongue, at which, naturally, he felt hurt. A lecturer unwilling to be interrupted by his pupils was, in the witness's opinion, clearly incompetent. In cross-examination, Mr. PRIGSBY acknowledged that he had only passed his "little-go," at the fourth attempt, a week before he sought to instruct Professor DRYASDUST.

Mr. LACKINGTON, a Fellow of Trinity, was the next to give evidence. He fully shared the opinion of the last witness that the Professor's lectures were unsatisfactory. He had not, of course, attended them himself, but had heard about them from undergraduates. In case the Professorship were declared vacant, the witness expressed his willingness to undertake its duties himself at a moderate stipend. Cross-examined, he stated that he had not been on speaking-terms with the Professor for some time, but denied that any personal feeling influenced his evidence. But, in justice to himself, he felt bound to point out that his own claims to the Professorship

At this point the Court invited Mr. LACKINGTON to stand down.

Mr. BLADE, of Magdalene, was next called. He stated that he considered the Professor's lectures silly drivel. His own experience showed that they were useless, for he had been clean ploughed in the history tripos, although he had worked for several hours on the night before his examination. Pressed as to the number of times he had attended the lectures, witness said that he had been twice at least. He might have played "noughts and crosses" the whole time he was in the lecture-room. He could not say that the Professor's lectures were worse than others, as he had not attended any others. He considered all lectures "rot."

The next witness was Mr. SOULSBY, of Pembroke. He considered that Professor DRYASDUST should be ejected from office immediately. His lectures were crude and prosaic to a degree, being chiefly made up of sordid facts and dates. There was a total lack of poetry in them, and no sign of the Higher Aestheticism. The Professor had shown no appreciation of witness's *Ballade of Monarchs' Amours*, which proved his utter want of the true critical faculty.

Amidst some sensation, Miss MINERVA



—! Old Farmer Jones (who has been to a local cattle-show, and seen a horseless carriage for the first time). "MOSHERR CARRSH MAY BE ALL VERY WELL—(hic!)—BUT THEY CAN'T FIND 'ER WAY HOME BY 'EMSHELVES!"

SIMPKINS, of Girton, then entered the witness-box. She declared that she had been compelled to attend lectures given by the Professor, whom she detested. Asked as to her reason, she explained that he wore a shabby coat and a hideous tie. (Applause from the gallery, which was at once suppressed.)

The next witness, Mr. CHUNDA DAB-JORKE, of Christ's College, had begun to explain that lectures on history which neglected to deal fully with India were an insult to his nation, when Professor DRYASDUST interrupted, and begged leave to make a statement. He said that the proceedings need not be protracted further, as he had quite decided to resign his office. Before doing so, however, he wished to give his candid opinion about the Court, which was that of all—

The Vice-Chancellor interposed, remark-

ing that he could not hear the witness on this point, and the proceedings then came somewhat hurriedly to an end.

EXAMPLE OF ENGLISH PRACTICE IN THE FRENCH CHAMBER.—COUNT BADENI, the Austrian ex-Premier, could not obtain admission during the fracas in the Chamber of Deputies. His ex-Excellency, if the Count as a Premier ever were an Excellency, had to leave. This is clearly a following of our English Parliamentary procedure (adapted to the occasion), and known here as "a Count out."

"A PLEA FOR LEGISLATION" (vide F. SEYMOUR HADEN'S letter to the "Times," January 24).—"I ought to put on record a respectful expression of my surprise," &c. Never too late for another variation of "HAYDN'S Surprise."



HUNTING STUDY.

Short-sighted Party (thrown earlier, after weary tramp, thinks he sees Mount on ploughed upland, and approaches bush coaxingly). "WHOA, MY BEAUTY! STEADY, MY GAL, STEADY THEN," &c.

Same Short-sighted Party arrived at thorn-bush, discovers error, and reflects—"FIVE MILES FROM STATION, PERHAPS TEN—FIFTY MILES FROM TOWN, "MISSED 'EXPRESS, MISSED DINNER, LOST MOUNT, WET THROUGH, GETTING DUSK, AND, BY THE WAY, WHERE AM I?"

[Left reflecting.]

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

CESSATION of publication of the valuable work, *Annals of Our Time*, leaves a grievous gap. Mr. EDMUND ROUTLEDGE, rushing in where it has not occurred to others to tread, produces his *Book of the Year* (GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS). It purports to be a chronicle of the times and a record of events. As far as my Baronite has tested it it misses nothing of importance. Being produced at a price suited to the pockets of the populace it, of course, has not the fullness of the text of its more costly and bulky forerunner. But though not so deep as a well or so wide as a church door, it will serve. Of its literary style the following entry, under date, Tuesday, May 4th, shews how Mr. ROUTLEDGE, though not unduly stout in person, can, an' he will, make the flesh creep: "Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, M.P., stopped by a Greek warship and made prisoner." Not a word too much, you see, nor any touch lacking in order to bring before the mind's eye that memorable incident in the world's history.

The excellent re-issue of CHARLES LEVER's novels (DOWNEY & Co., Limited) progresses most satisfactorily. Heartily welcomed have been our oldest friends, *Charles O'Malley*, *Harry Lorrequer*, *Tom Burke*, and *The Knight of Gwynne*, and most anxious has the Baron been to make the acquaintance of those other children of LEVER who have hitherto been to him little more than names, *Sir Jasper Carew* for example, illustrated not by the, to us, familiar hand of HABLOT K. BROWNE, who gave such a "go" to all LEVER's early works that each one of them went off, like a bottle of champagne, with a "Phiz," but by another BROWNE, yept Gordon "of that ilk," and well has he caught the spirit of his author. "Phiz" served under two CHARLES's, and was loyal to both DICKENS and LEVER. But the old illustrators have passed away, giving place to new, and in his illustrations to *Con Oregan*, Mr. GORDON BROWNE has just given that life-like touch to LEVER's characters which is of their essence, and he has made the most of LEVER's dramatic situations.

"*Etiez-vous à Sedan?*" These were the last words of NAPOLEON III., addressed to his old friend and faithful companion Dr. CONNEAU. The adventurous life which practically ended in the death-trap of Sedan, is related by Mr. ARCHIBALD FORBES. His *Life of Napoleon III.* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) adds to the accuracy of a historical annal the charm of romance. Up to 1870 he is indebted for his facts to a battalion of authorities drawn up in imposing line on a pre-atory page of the volume. From these he has compiled a stirring narrative, more especially forceful in the earlier chapters. After the *coup d'Etat* the work drops into the vulgar commonplace of the Empire. With the first blast of the trumpet of war the pluckiest, most resourceful, and most successful war correspondent of the century is at his best again. The story of the campaign which began at Saarbrück and ended at Sedan is, my Baronite testifies, a brilliant piece of writing. It carries the reader breathless to the closing scene at Chislehurst, and the infinite pathos of the dying Emperor's faintly-murmured last words. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE RULE OF THREE.

New School (running against Old School). Dear me, who would have thought of seeing you again?

O. S. Well, what is the latest parrot's cry?

N. S. (*sharply*). That I am better than you in every particular. And that's a truth, and not a parrot's cry.

O. S. (*sardonically*). Glad to hear it! How are you better?

N. S. Why, can't you see that during the last twenty years I have advanced in everything—dress, furniture, and drama?

O. S. (*surprised*). Have you? Well, bet your last dollar that twenty years hence the Future will say the same about you.

N. S. Oh, nonsense, the Present is the best possible time.

O. S. So was the Past.

N. S. (*cheerfully*). Then let the Future look after itself.

[And it will!]

TOBY, M.P.'S TOILET NECESSARIES.

IN view of the proximate opening of Parliament, TOBY, M.P. has been approached by an influential syndicate with the request that he would permit his name to be associated with a number of toilet necessities to be dispensed in the hairdresser's department recently added as a wing to the Palace of Westminster. It is pointed out to him that a gentleman well-known in the journalistic world has recently floated a hair-wash on which he has bestowed his name. "He Sims to be doing very well with it, too," said the spokesman of the syndicate. The following is a rough draft of the circular it is proposed to advertise in the morning papers and circulate with the Votes:

TOBY, M.P.'S LIQUID HAIR DYE.—This lucious composition will be found most easy of application. It is merely necessary to have the head brushed for five minutes with a besom. Then damp the hair with the dye sprinkled on a floor-cloth. In twenty-four hours it will produce an extremely light brown, a dark yellow, a bright blue, or a vermillion colour according to taste. M.P.'s are recommended in the course of debate to secretly sprinkle a few drops on the head of the hon. Member seated immediately before them and watch the results for themselves. Sold in bottles at 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s.

TOBY, M.P.'S NOSE MACHINE.—A successful contrivance which, by firm but gentle and judicious pressure, directs the soft cartilage of which the nose consists, so that a perfect shape is obtained. Roman nose, 1s. extra. It is required to be worn an hour daily for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days. It is rather becoming to the expression than otherwise, and may be worn at the Speaker's Levee. It is suited to all shades of politics, and it never fails in producing good results. Its price is 10s. 6d.

TOBY, M.P.'S HAIR DESTROYER OR DEPLATORY.—Removes superfluous hair from the knuckles, neck, or elbows without the slightest injury to the skin. In family circles much innocent amusement may be derived from cutting a small circle of cloth, soaking it in the Depilatory and placing it unobserved on the head of a guest. On removing the cloth the hair, whether superfluous or not, comes away with it.

TOBY, M.P.'S CANTHARIDES OIL.—Spanish Fly is the acting ingredient in Toby, M.P.'s Cantharides Oil. The fly is cultivated, regardless of expense, on the window-panes at The Kennel, Barks. Toby, M.P.'s Cantharides Oil is a sure Restorer of Hair, a swift Producer of Whiskers. Its effect is immediate. It is patronised by Royalty and some Bishops. Prices, 3s. 6d., 5s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 21s. per bottle. By post for 54, 84, 144 stamps. The largest size is sent per luggage train.

TOBY, M.P.'S HAIR CURLING FLUID.—No matter how straight or otherwise ungovernable is your hair, the fluid curls it immediately. There are authenticated cases where a patient's hair curled right off at the sound of the drawing of the cork of a bottle of Toby, M.P.'s Hair Curling Fluid. *Extract from letter from the late Charles Dickens, communicated by Julia, c/o W. Stead, Esq.*—"Tommy Traddles was born before his age. A bottle of your Fluid would have transformed him."

TOBY, M.P.'S BLOOM OF NOSES.—So called from its deep sunset effect. With addition of a little water it will bring a blush to the most shameless cheek. For Members addicted to sitting up late at night, reading blue-books or otherwise it will be found invaluable.

TOBY, M.P.'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER.—It contains nothing injurious or otherwise. Restores grey hair to any tint you like in a few days. Has little sediment, and that of the very best. Pending the growth of the hair it endows a bald head with a beautiful gloss. A little taken internally before going to bed is recommended. Can be had through all chemists or of the maker, Toby, M.P., The Kennel, Barks.

TOBY, M.P.'S TOILET NECESSARIES.—Out of a heap of testimonials, the following are selected—The Marquis of S-L-B-B-R-Y. "In recent negotiations with Foreign Powers I used Toby, M.P.'s Hair Destroyer or Depilatory with remarkable effect. After a few applications it caused to disappear British positions in Central Africa to the advantage of Germany; divided Zanzibar with that country; and removed the superfluity of Heligoland from the British Empire." From the Right Hon. J-S-P-H C-H-M-B-L-N—"I ordered to be despatched to Mrs. K-R-G-R, in time for delivery at Christmas, a bottle of Toby, M.P.'s Hair Curling Fluid. She has sent for another bottle, remarking, that to curl O-M-P-L's hair every night involves considerable consumption of the in-



MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

"MUMMY, PLEASE DIVIDE 'AT APPLE INTO TWO LARGE HALVES!"

valuable mixture." From Sir W-I-L-L-M H-R-O-R-T—"I tried one bottle of Toby, M.P.'s Great Hair Restorer with surprising result. When in the course of three days my hair had grown a foot long, I began to use the Hair Curling Fluid. Effect picturesque in the extreme. Being undesirous of exciting envy I had recourse to Toby, M.P.'s Hair Destroyer or Depilatory, which, after a severe struggle, removed the overgrowth, enabling me to appear in the House in my old form."

TOBY, M.P.'S TOILET NECESSARIES.—No dressing-room complete without them.

DIPLOMATIC PRIVILEGE.

Two minor officials of the United States Embassy have successfully claimed the diplomatic privilege of riding bicycles on the footpath at Maidenhead.

The butler of the Russian Ambassador is stated to have claimed the right to ride his bicycle up and down the steps of St. Paul's.

An under-housemaid of the French Embassy intends to ride in the Brompton omnibus without paying the fare.

The dogs of the Vice-Consul of San Marino are not muzzled, their owner pleading privilege.

A man was yesterday charged at Bow Street with being drunk and incapable. He stated that he had once cleaned the windows at the German Embassy and was immediately released. Another man, a shoeblack, was charged with picking pockets. Having proved that, on the previous day, he had blacked the boots of the uncle by marriage of the second footman of the Italian Embassy, he was liberated. A third man was charged with assaulting his wife. He called witnesses to prove that his wife had been washerwoman to the Spanish Ambassador, and he was therefore at once discharged.

AT HER MAJESTY'S.—Mr. CHARLES ALLAN was "cast" for *Cinna*. He would have been anything but a "miserable *Cinna*." Yet at the last moment he was omitted. Now, according to the *Westminster Gazette*, this *Cinna* is to be forthwith "restored." A "restored *Cinna*" implies repentance; but, it is highly probable that Mr. ALLAN will still be about as thorough-going a *Cinna* as ever was seen. Of course he has been taken by the *Cinna*-matographic apparatus.

BY OUR INCANDESCENT LIGHTER-MAN.—The very lightest possible clothing—"Mantles."



He. "STUNNING HAIR THAT GIRL OVER THERE HAS! I SHOULD THINK WHEN SHE UNDOES IT, IT WOULD FALL BELOW HER WAIST." She (jealous). "YES; RIGHT ON THE FLOOR, I SHOULD THINK!"

THE COMING OF THE COMMONS.

[Parliament is summoned for the 8th of February. Please be there.—*Whip.*]

From mild Sicilian mountains,
From Klondyke's eager clime,
Where Yukon's yellow fountains
Roll bullion all the time;
From Iceland's giddy geysers,
From Biscay's bounding bay,
The Terrace calls to Tea, Sirs!
It is our opening day!

What though in likely places
The spicy odours blow,
And rather pretty faces
Are seen about at Pau?
What though in meditation
On Monte Carlo's shore
You trace by calculation
How much has "gone before"?—

What though mosquitos scourge you
On Nubia's lonely links,
Or donkey-arabs urge you
To go and climb the Sphinx?—
Not Art nor Nature's beauty
Shall tempt your soul to stay;
You hear the trump of Duty?
That trump you must obey!

Whether it catch you thrilling
The natives round the polls,
Following hounds or filling
Refined domestic rôles,

By routes of rail or river,
Ether or Ocean's plains,
Come back, and please deliver
Our earth from error's chains!

You'll tell us how you travelled
By Afric's desert sands,
And furtively unravelled
Riddles of unknown lands;
How feet of yours have soudded
O'er many a Dervish tomb,
And how you sat and studied
The outer halls of Oom!

Yet while you took your pleasures
We somehow wagged along;
Though reft of you, our treasures,
We're going fairly strong;
The labour war is ended,
And like the blessed dew
Sweet Peace has now descended
Without consulting you.

Eastern and other questions,
The kind that always burns,
Unhelped by your suggestions
Have taken useful turns;
Keen eyes have watched the Russian
In hope to win the day
Ere you could raise discussion
And give the show away.

So to our merry meeting,
O men of varied gifts!
And take your country's greeting,
And hear the prayer she lifts,

That under that or this chief
Satan may have in view
No special sort of mischief
For idle hands to do!

A WANT.—Dear Sir,—I have been waiting in vain for a patriotic music-hall ditty illustrative of the Anglo-Japanese *entente cordiale*. How's this for a start?

"Japs! Japs! Japs!
Jolly little chaps,
Who'll never knuckle under in the least.
So, hand in hand with Japs,
We will never care for raps,
But with them we will conquer all the East,
My lads!
But with them we will conquer all the East!
Japs! Japs! Raps! Raps! (Here every
one bangs the tables and floor with
sticks, &c.) Japs! Raps!"

This is the chorus. The necessary stanzas
I leave to some poetic and patriotic genius.
MAXIMILIAN MACCHEQUER.

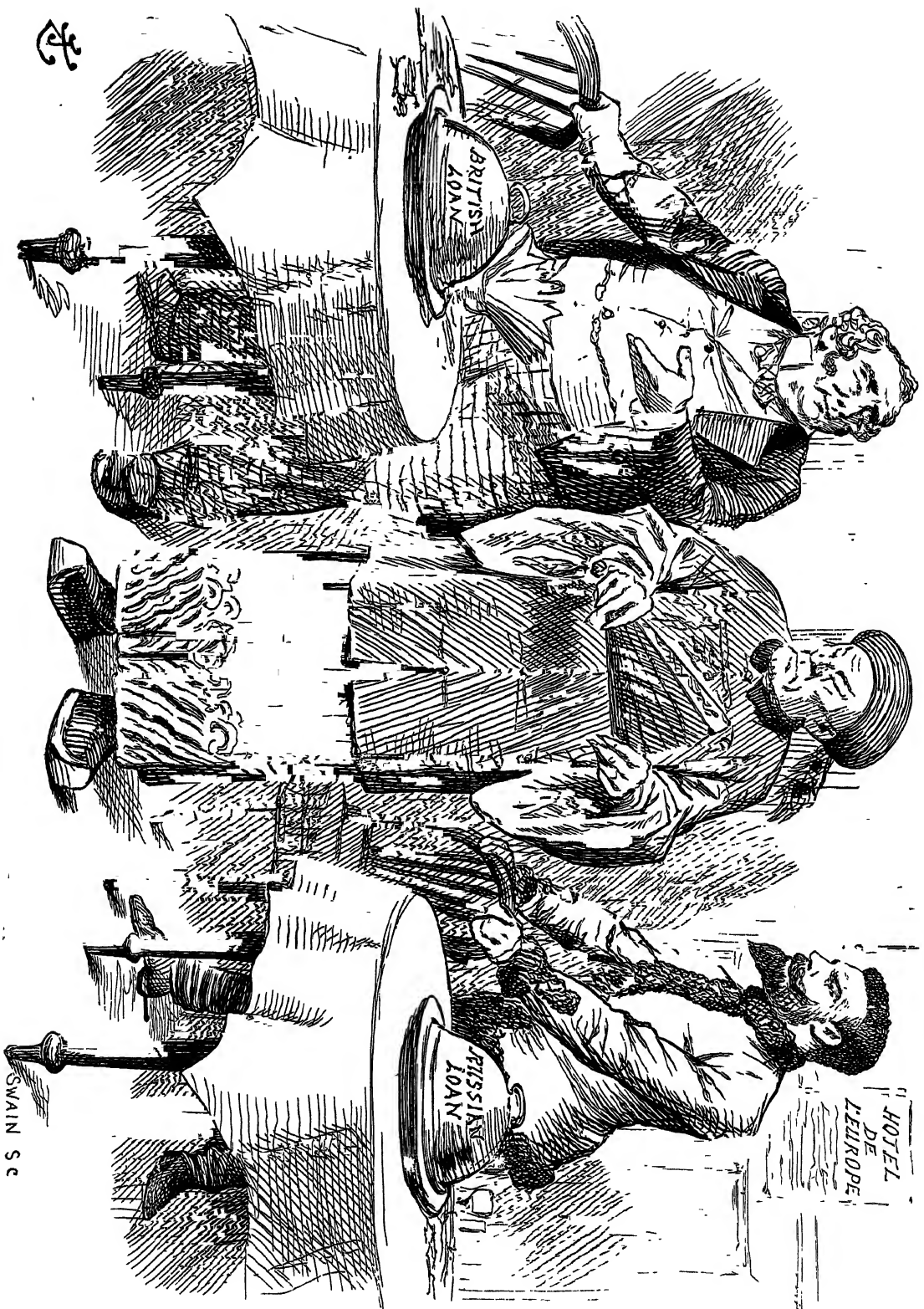
Suburban Delights.

A Party returning home in hired brougham, the
Driver of which is somewhat inebriated.

Paterfamilias (who, at a hill, climbs on
to the box at the request of Materfamilias).
Give me the reins.

Coachman. 'Ave you hever druv down
this 'ere 'ill afore?

Pater. (taking the reins). No, I have not.
Coachman. Then I'll walk. [Does so.]



“EMBARRAS DE RICHESSE !”

“THE ANXIOUS ON EACH INVITATION VIEWS,
AND PONDERERS WHICH TO TAKE AND WHICH REFUSE,

FROM THIS OR THAT TO STAY AWAY IS LOTE,
AND SIGHES TO THINK HE CANNOT DINE AT BOTH."—*Bombastes, Furioso*.



Stout Party. "IS THIS PATH SAFE?"

Flippant Youth. "YES, THE PATH IS—BUT I CAN'T ANSWER FOR YOU!"

THEIR END WAS PEACE.—After the great fight in the French Chamber of Deputies the combatants were removed to the Salon de la Paix. This calmed them at once, and the next sitting of the Chamber was quite undisturbed. It would seem a good plan to conduct select parties of the DREYFUS disputants through the same apartment. The irreconcilables might be sent to the starting place of the new Klondike railway, Fort Wrangel, and left to settle their differences there.

MUMMY, MY MUMMY!!—The mummy of an Ibis was recently unrolled in London, and, according to the published account, it was inclosed in "thirty layers of linen." Without pausing to inquire what sort of bird is a "layer of linen," we may conjecture from this the origin of the proverbial saying, "*In medio tutissimus Ibis.*"

FRENCH FUSSINESS.—The DREYFUS Case.



["In Paris, landscapes are being painted on the soles of new boots."—*Evening Paper.*]

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT—THE BOOT-SOLE GALLERY.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With acknowledgments as before.)

The Oom



This strange old Animal is a wily one. He is very clever and dislikes strangers. It's not a bit of good to try to coax him, he only says rude things and then prays and sings hymns. The Shuv has tried him all round but he only grunts and goes on praying.

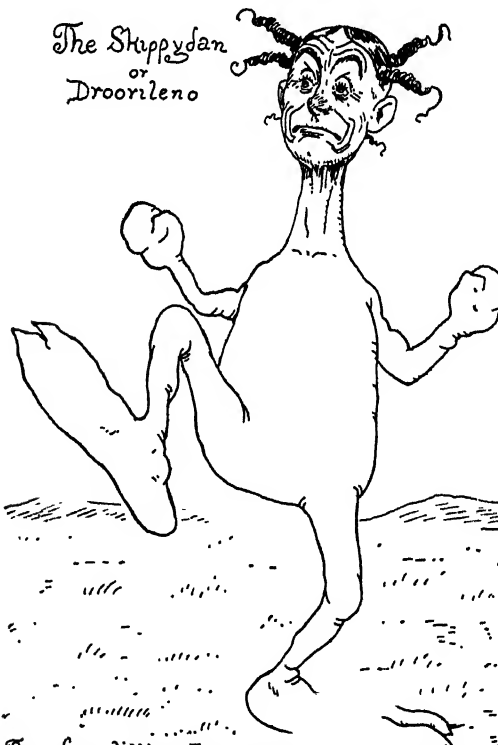
The Mailyphist
or
Gossplepredda

This queer little animal lives on the sea as there is not room for two of them in Germany. It crawls about trying to get to China to fetch some laurels and to plant shields and cathedrals and things. If you have such a thing as a little coal about you it will be very much obliged. It will get there some day I suppose.

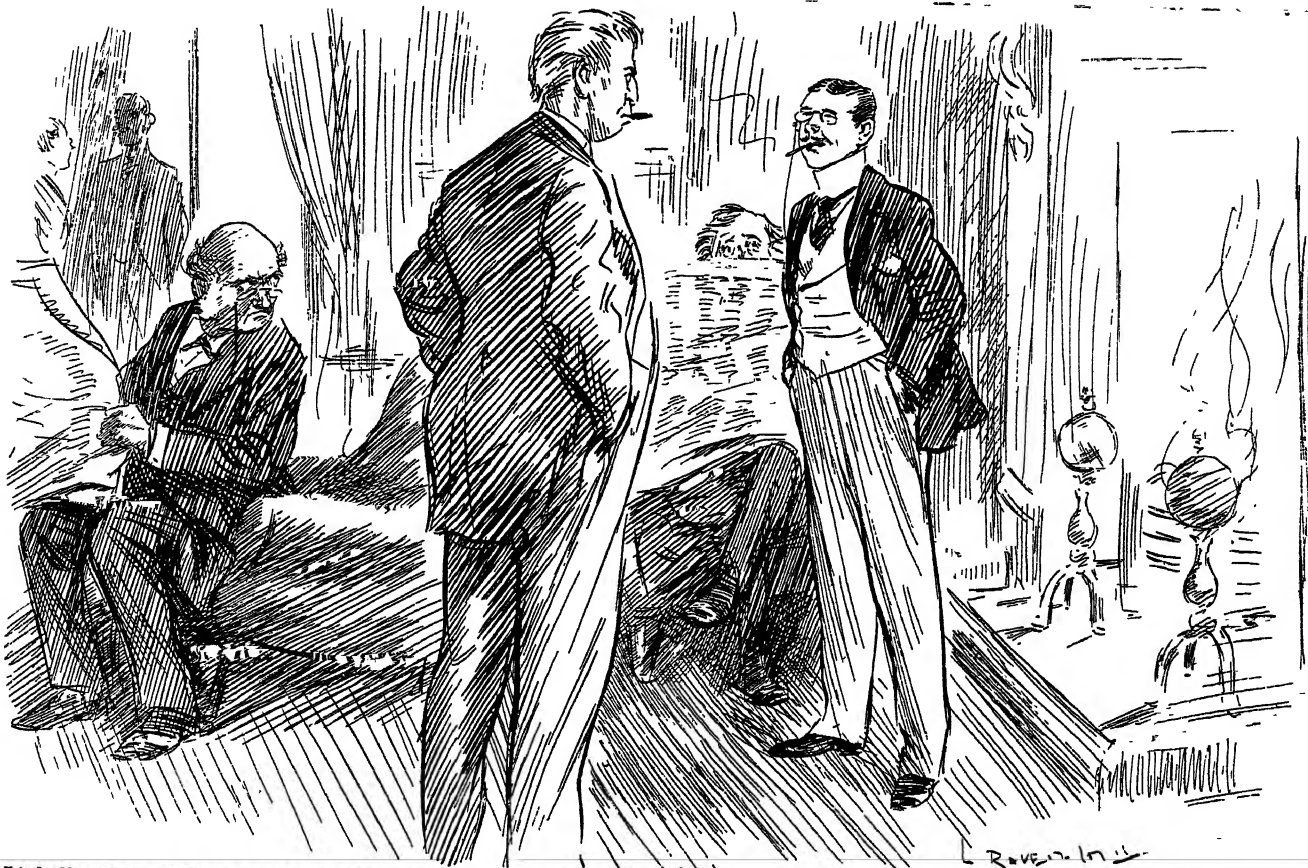
The Stagynite



This funny Creature gets up things very nicely. When people go to see it it makes the queerest noises and stamps on the floor and drags itself about. I expect he says it all right but you can't tell.

The Skuppydan
or
Droorileno

This dear little Animal is never still for a moment though it is full of wheezes. He is very proud of his feet - you can see them, if you look carefully. Sculptors rave about him - they say he is so stattivewsk.



Little Tompkins. "THAT FELLOW BROWN TRIED TO STUFF ME UP WITH SOME OF HIS TRAVELLERS' TALES THE OTHER DAY. TALKED ABOUT HIS TRIP TO ITALY, AND THE WAVING FIELDS OF MACARONI, BUT HE DIDN'T CATCH ME, YOU KNOW. THEY DON'T WAVE!"

"LITTLE NELL."

Who among Gaiety patrons (within the last twenty years, shall we say?) does not remember the humour and pathos of NELLIE FARREN, when, as the little street arab, that scapegrace *Aladdin*, in the late ROBERT REECE's burlesque, she sang, half impudently, half beseechingly, with tears in her voice,

"Please, Sir, 'old yer nag, Sir?
Tyke yer little bag, Sir?
Werry 'ard to live—
Just wot yer 'll give—
Thank 'ee, Sir!"

And now, partially paralysed and well-nigh penniless, Miss NELLIE FARREN finds it "werry 'ard to live"; and so "kind friends in front" are doing their utmost to "work a benefit" for her, the proceeds of which, placed in the hands of two business-like trustees, will be invested "for the little lady" to the very best advantage, and thus secure for her competence and comfort.

H.R.H., never appealed to in vain in the cause of charity, graciously heads the list. JOHNNIE TOOLE, the source of so much mirth, and one of her former companions in Gaiety burlesque, has secured a front seat in the gallery for twenty guineas. Never has JOHNNIE TOOLE acted better! And the first to volunteer her services in this charitable cause was another NELL, Miss ELLEN TERRY, who, enthusiastically, offered to "do anything" in order to assist the other ELLEN.

To Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS, of the Gaiety Theatre, all letters on the subject, all subscriptions and requests for seats, should be sent. *Prosit.*

A Suggested Inscription

On a colossal Equestrian Statue representing Energy or Force, upon which Mr. Watts has been working for many years, and which he is presenting to the Nation.

THIS mighty statuary of man and horse
Typifies aptly Energy or Force,
Since spite of fourscore years here you can
see
The fruit of WATTS's force and energy.



"THINGS ARE NOT AS THEY SEEM."

First Comic Head (down). "You confounded idiot!"

Second Comic Head (fiercely). "I'll knock yer ed off for twopence."

BADGERING A BART.

(Queries to be put to the Members of a Honourable Society.)

Question. You are an ill-used man, are you not?

Answer. As a baronet, most assuredly.

Q. What is your principal grievance?

A. That I take precedence below the sons of a life peer.

Q. Is that a matter of serious consequence?

A. Undoubtedly; it causes me the greatest possible annoyance.

Q. Have you any further complaint?

A. My eldest son should be, but never is, knighted on attaining his majority.

Q. Is this really annoying?

A. Of course, as he should be able to take his place with the many illustrious persons who write "Sir" before their Christian names.

Q. Is there anything else you would like to mention?

A. That we should be allowed officially to wear a chain and medal—decorations which would increase our importance tenfold.

Q. Is that all?

A. Many persons who have no right to call themselves baronets do so regardless of consequences.

Q. How did you obtain the dignity?

A. By an ancestor receiving a sum of money to settle in Nova Scotia.

Q. Then why have you not carried out the intention of JAMES THE FIRST, and remained away from England?

A. Because our business is with the future, not with the past, and, thank you, that's enough questioning for the present.



A TRUE SPORTSMAN.

(A Last Shot of the Season.)

Old Pothunter. "ALWAYS SHOW MERCY, MY BOY, ALWAYS SHOW MERCY! MUCH BETTER TO SHOOT 'EM SITTING, AND SAVE POOR THINGS A NASTY FALL!"

[Does.]

THE HOUSE AND THE CHAMBER;

Or, "They manage these things better in France."

Oi've bin to St. Staven's, an' sat thro' the ravin's

Ov Oireland's oppressors, an' wished they were done,
For as for their spaches, the moral they taches

Is London for sloomber, but Paris for fun.

Thim Froggies—be jabers! there's grit in our neighbours—

Their Parlyment bates us to shivers, it do!
For a bit of oration or argymentation
We can't hould a candle to bould Parly voo.

First one starts a-spoutin', an' while he is shoutin'

Another jumps up wid a "Rascal, ye loy!"

An' "What's that ye're sayin', ye heath-enish bayin'?"

Ses the first, an' he lands him a wan in the oye.

An' then there is rooctions! They don't wait instroctions,

But ivry one springs wid a yell to his fate,
An' floys to the melly wid stick an' umbrelly,

An' sorrer a mumber but joins the debate.

Begorra! Thim Frenchies was over the benchies,

An' clutchin' an' clawin' whatever they met,

An' coats were a-tearin', an' as for the swearin',
Bedad! 'twas the foinest Oi've iver heard yet.

St. Patrick! 'twas splendid: an' when it was ended,

The Chamber was scathered wid rags and black oyes,

An' if they enjoyed it a quarther that Oi did,

'Tis soon they'll be at it agin, the brave bhoys.

That's what Oi calls a matin' an' proper debatin',

That's the Parlyment we want to see once agin,

All boilin' an' bubblin' in beautiful Dublin,
So Home Rule for iver! Amin an' amin!

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"Faire les lois d'une nation? Chansons que tout cela!"—*L'osquet-Poudin.*

THE "incomprehensible" style of drawing-room ballad is, or ought to be, an important factor in our civilisation. It is a convenient vehicle for melody, and has the virtue of soothing the listener by a vague glow of impressiveness to which it is impossible to attach any meaning. Unfortunately, the effect is often marred by lapses into coherence, which raise an irritating desire to know "what it is all about," and then the soothing effect is lost. This is a mistake, and I have done my utmost to write a song which shall be strictly incom-

BOADICEA.

Oh, great British Matron, the first and the best,
We Britons may call you the one *semi-dea*
This land has produced, to encourage the rest,
BOADICEA!

But not cast in plaster, and stood on a spot
So very important; we have an idea
That melodramatic is what you were not,
BOADICEA.

You're far less impressive than ladies we've seen,
For instance, gigantic Miss MAY, christened LEAH,
That's plain; so are you, though you may not have been,
BOADICEA.

There is but one place you could fitly adorn,
Not Paris or Florence, not Rome or Pavia;
In Brighton no statue is treated with scorn,
BOADICEA.

In Brighton the knowledge of art is but small,
We've only one feah, you mayn't disappah,
Oh, deah, pray cleah out, speah and all
BOADICEA!

LES CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE CHEZ LE CHEF.—This year the two French Salons will together occupy the Galerie des Machines. The rival representatives of the Fine Arts will be separated by a buffet. At each side of it, they may envy the calmer life of the cook. Untroubled by controversy and dissensions, he pursues his art and no spiteful newspaper critics abuse the colouring of his gravy, or the modelling of his jellies. With a careful accuracy worthy of the Salon des Champs Elysées he prepares the flavouring of a soup; with a rapid touch more characteristic of the Salon du Champ de Mars he produces an omelette. And when he dies he may leave behind him not a picture or two hidden in the Luxembourg but a sauce known from San Francisco to Bombay.

GERMAN HUMOUR.—How to make the average Prussian less witty even than he is now. Give any one who makes a joke in that stolid country two months' imprisonment in a fortress.

prehensible, and therefore of superlative value to the nation at large.

IF ONLY!

If only to-day were to-morrow,
And yesterday followed to-day,
My sadness would sink into sorrow,
My vanity vanish away;
My spirit would cease from its roaming,
Nor flutter away like a bird
In the shadowy shade of the gloaming,
The magical moan of a word.

Alas! with the light of the morning
To-morrow has flown to its rest,
With feverish petulance scorning
The hallowed delights of the blest.
I yearn, with a cynical mocking,
To grapple with infinite calm,
'Mid æons of silence unlocking
The tones of a jubilant psalm.

If only the world were a vision,
If only the moon were a myth,
If only the star of derision
Would turn from its kin to its kith;
If only to-day were to-morrow,
And yesterday followed to-day,
My soul would eternally borrow,
And solemnly vanish away!

SHAKESPEARE IN WEST AFRICA.—With France and Great Britain in Nigeria, the question put by the Royal Niger Company to the native rulers has been, "Under which King, Bezonian? Speak or die!" And the answer, recently given by the Sultan of Sokoto, is eminently satisfactory—to JOHN BULL.



'INTS ON 'UNTING, BY 'ARRY.

IF, BY MISTAKE, YOU HAVE HALLOED A HARE AWAY, WHEN OUT WITH FOXHOUNDS, TELL THE HUNTSMAN YOU THOUGHT THEY WERE HARRIERS!

OVER THE DITCHES.

DETERMINE to have day's hunting in Essex. Grand sporting country, big ditches, and plenty of room across the open Roothings. Find I must start by 8.50 train from Liverpool Street. Can't be helped. Tell groom to have horse there in good time. Looks sulky. Always does when it's a matter of getting up early, lazy beggar! Dine overnight with the CHUMKINSSES, who regard me as a hero. Rather like this. Put on hardy look when they pity me for having to rise so early. To bed at midnight. No sooner asleep than knock at door; "arf past six, Sir, and a foggy mornin'." D— bother it, I mean. Put nose out of bed-clothes and execrate hunting. Catch sight of tub, shiver and duck under again. Five minutes more, and then rush for tub, emitting dismal howl as first cold spongeful does its deadly work. Shave by candle-light with cold fingers, tepid water, and blunt razor. Cut chin. Again exclaim d— bother it. Cab at door as I pull on left boot. Scald mouth with cup of tea, and snatch up piece of toast to gnaw going along. No time for more, and, strange to say, no appetite. Cab damp, also stuffy.

Arrive Liverpool Street. Groom meets me, saying my brute declines to enter horse-box, and is engaged in deadly combat with whole of G. E. R. staff, from stationmaster downwards. Train leaves in three minutes. Rush frenziedly to struggling group round horse-box, and aim violent "whack" at the beast's quarters. Miss him and hit porter in the eye. Porter hurls whole of the English language at me. So rude. "W'y don't yer back 'im in?" shouts friendly cabman. Of course; why didn't we think of it before? So silly. Horse goes in like ship sailing "starn foremost." I rush to shut up side of horse-box, as train is just off. Jam fingers in hinge. D— jam it, I mean. "Now then, Sir, jump in if you're a-goin' on!" shouts guard. Scramble into last carriage, and we are off. Quite warm now, after my exertions. Fog on line, and we stop every ten yards. Dismal journey, and arrive half an hour late. Get horse out, and start on my ten-mile hack to meet. Lose my way, and ask intelligent countryman to direct me. I. C. raises hat and scratches head.

"Whoy, now, if you was to foller this 'ere road straight as you can go for about your mile, an' then tarn to yer right an'

go acrost a stone bridge an' leave the 'Fox and Geuse' on yer left 'an' then tarn to yer right agen, yew'd be somers on the road to where t' hounds *did* meet last Toosday was a fortnit ago—"

Thank him hastily, and pass on, saying that I will call in for the rest of the explanation when I have a week to spare. Trot on, and presently see man in pink ahead of me. Follow him, and duly arrive at meet. Large field. Don't know a soul. Every one stares at me and chats to his neighbour. Feel uncomfortable. Wish they wouldn't. Draw first cover blank. My horse gets fidgetty and unpleasant. Sidles up against big man, who scowls savagely and mutters something about Cockney sportsmen. Pretend not to hear. Hound rushes wildly between my horse's legs. Sagacious animal lets fly, and kicks him yards. Fearful chorus of indignant shouts to "take that brute home," and inquiries as to whether I want to kill *all* the pack?

Ignore them, smile in pitying manner, and light cigar. Have only had six whiffs when hounds find, and have to throw Cabana away. Pull up my girths, which makes horse lash out again, and very nearly bag another hound. Away we all gallop for small hand-gate which every one tries to go through at once. My brute arches his back, squeals and kicks at every stride. Feel that there is much daylight between self and proud animal at intervals; frequent ones, too. Saddle hard, cold, and slippery. Get through gate at last, gate-post catching my knee, and causing me to lose stirrup-iron, and exclaim "D— botheration!" Gallop over beautiful bit of grass and jump several easy ditches. Very nice country to ride over, and all this talk about gigantic Roothing ditches simply rubbish. Nothing like as big as Hullo! what's this? Navigable river? Part of the Ship Canal? Forty-foot saw-pit? No; only a real Roothing ditch. Instantly try to pull up. Think I'll go round. Too late. Man in pink, just in front, goes in head first and disappears bodily. My horse makes frantic effort, but jumps short, and we come down right on top of unfortunate sportsman at bottom of ditch. Vision of coroner's inquests, verdict of manslaughter, Old Bailey, and penal servitude float mistily before my eyes. Wave arms about wildly, and seize nose of the man I think I have slain. We sit up and face each other. He is not dead. He smiles. He draws note-book from breast-pocket. He speaks. And this is what he says:—

"I am the Hunt Secretary, Sir, and I trust I may have the pleasure of putting you down on my list as a ten-guinea subscriber. Always as well to do business when opportunity offers. Allow me to hand you my card. Cheques should be crossed London and County Bank."

And they call this "sleepy Essex"!

MR. B. W. LEADER, the recently elected "R. A.," is very generally acknowledged to be "one of the most popular of modern landscape painters." Young artists in his line will do well to adopt the evident motto of "Follow my Leader."

IDENTIFICATION OF THE MAN WHO LET OFF A PISTOL IN THE Gaiety Theatre.—At the police-station he said he "had been working as odd man at Anderson's, Popular." Here, then, was "The odd man out"!



"SOME ONE HAS BLUNDERED."

British Regimental Officer (from Indian Frontier). "SORRY WE HAVEN'T FINISHED THE JOB, SIR."
Field-Marshal Punch (Commander-in-Chief). "ALL RIGHT, MY LADS. YOU'RE NOT TO BLAME. BUT WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHO IS!"

Lucy Sutherland

A NEW ODE TO "DUTY."

STERN daughter—of no matter who!
O Duty!—comprehensive name—
You are not "light to guide," with you
Dancing is but a weary game.
Your step is in itself a law
Which no collisions overawe;
Like some fell motor-car set free
You jostle round, unblessed of frail
humanity!

There are who care not if your eye
Be on them; others ask, in truth,
A dance, but cut it by-and-bye
With all the genial cheek of youth.
Glad hearts! They save themselves a lot
Of bumps, and know it—do they not?—
They once their confidence misplaced
In you, and now no more their arms shall
span your waist.

For this, methinks, were pure delight,
The haven where a man would be—
To dance with whom one likes all night,
And, so to speak, be Duty-free!
Yet they a dangerous course shall hold
Who dare to live, unwisely bold,
Up to the spirit of this creed;
Nor even give a set of Lancers as your meed.

I, loving freedom well, have tried
To bear the ill-concealed disgust
Of fond mammas all stony-eyed,
Who in me have reposed their trust.
For oft when in my heart I've heard
The call of Duty, I've deferred
The task, in smoother waltz to stray;
But now—I'll have this extra polka, if I
may!

Stern Duty! Now I see you wear
A sort of smile upon your face,
Though my request you grant, I fear,
With not the very best of grace.
Confusion in your footing treads,
I pray we fall not on our heads,
The while we make the giddy throng
Sit up in this wild polka, going fresh and
strong.

To Providence's saving power
Our mad career I now commend,
This baddish quarter of an hour
Which I'm about with you to spend!
* * * *

Meanwhile let men take my advice
And cultivate self-sacrifice,
So shall they fail offence to give,
And in the approving smiles of watchful
chaperones live!



Miss Smith. "WE'VE JUST COME FROM TANNHAUSER, DOCTOR."
The Doctor (very deaf). "INDEED? I HOPE YOU HAD BETTER WEATHER THAN WE'VE
BEEN HAVING!"

THE TOQUE'S PROGRESS.

["Owing to the enormously high trimmings now put upon smart hats and toques, the ordinary brougham does not permit its fair occupant in full afternoon toilet to sit in comfort. Some of the leading carriage-makers therefore have had to lower the seats of many closed vehicles."—*Daily Telegraph*, Feb. 4.]

THERE is no such thing as finality in Fashion, and we may rest assured that further developments are impending.

The seats of railway-carriages will be arranged on a sliding-scale. Those of the third-class will perhaps remain as they are at present, but the second-class, containing, presumably, better-dressed lady-passengers, will be lowered a foot, while first-class compartments will have no seats at all. The wearers of the omnipotent aigrette will cheerfully sit on the floor of the carriage, or possibly on a foot-warmer. Gentlemen, of course, will have to stand, or travel in horse-boxes. It is expected that later on railway cuttings will be universal throughout the country, to meet the increased depth required.

In theatres, the stalls will in future be constructed on the principle of a stage-trap, through which the owners of matinée-

hats will descend to the desired level, and, if necessary, disappear below altogether. A much-needed reform will thus be brought to pass.

Omnibuses will be converted into penny drays, but straw will doubtless be provided for the convenience of female occupants, where the pavement is at all rocky. No gentleman, it is expected, will hereafter hesitate to ride outside to oblige a lady.

Hansom cabs and growlers will be built without any floor. Ladies of any standing at all will recline on the step, or walk inside, like the historic Irishman, "for the look of the thing."

In the case of covered motor-cars, ladies will push them behind like perambulators.

And then, and not till then, will the fiat go forth that feminine hats are to be worn reasonably flat and low.

ACCORDING to the *Westminster Gazette*, there are ten teetotal bishops. The watering-places abroad are generally in want of chaplains. Here, then, is an opportunity for the teetotal bishops to appoint to water-cures.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With acknowledgments as before.)

The Zolajite



This Animal is very bold and courageous. He is very clever at his work but he gets very broad in places. The lower down things are the harder he tries to get them out. The Troof is buried very deep just now and that is what he is looking for so they are all dancing with rage and say he's a Italian.

The Trimmadome
or
Willirich

This pleasant little Creature lives up inside a dome over a whispering gallery and spends all his time sticking on nice little pictures and patterns. You can't see much of them from downstairs but he says they are all quite religious and he is very reliable.

The Kudbikipple



This little Animal is very strong and vigorous and knows everything. If anybody tries to beat it it brings out a fresh tart and then nobody can't touch that either. It shins everybody up so it would make a few opens want to die for his country. If a Lorry it shows his nose it just squashes him flat.

DARBY JONES ON SPRING TOPICS.

HONOURED SIR,—There are many things associated with the mellifluous term Spring, "to wit" (as they have it in the mandatory and disagreeable orders of HER MAJESTY'S Courts of Law), Spring cabbages, Spring onions, Spring guns, Spring flowers, and Spring handicaps. It is with the latter article that I have to deal, in the International Game of Equine Whist, wherein a bottled-up Knave often scores more readily than a tip-top Queen, an irreproachable King, or an Ace desirous of Cromwellian supremacy. Let us now, however, to the Handicaps. By the way, why handy? Why caps? I reply, handy, because our jockeys, like prizefighters, know how to use their fists at a finish; caps because, until horses are painted with the owners' colours, they and the jackets must go together, and on a dull day in winter, they might just as well be displayed in Unochrome. I turn in pursuance of that task, which sets the compilation of a new Slang Dictionary at defiance, to the unravelling of the mesh which surrounds the Lincolnshire Handicap, run on Thursday, March 22, beneath the shade of one of the most deftly renovated Cathedrals in England. And in connection with this event the Bard breaks forth in poesy:—

The Medley seems bright
When it's rid of the Knight,
And Lord Rosebery's may have a look in.
There's a King with a chance,
And a Stow in the dance,
But I look to a Saint for a book win!

So says the Augur, and with that knowledge only derived from the Study of a Lifetime, he gallops over Aintree in his anticipation of the Grand National:—

I don't think a Declaration
Will be source of jubilation,
I'd rather have a little bit on Two from
Erin's Isle;

And there's a certain Ward
Whom to beat fit will be hard,
But matters I'll not mince,
If game and good the Prince,
He'll flummox all the lot in proper style.

This, honoured Sir, is my beginning, the A of my Alphabet. By the time we come to Z, nay, long before that, you and my clients should be travelling about the country in personally-owned motor-cars. But alas! for the Ingratitude of Mankind. Many of those who are now making pigeons at Monte Carlo owe not a little of their well-being to the acute foresight of Your humble henchman and heeler,
DARBY JONES.

A FROSTLESS JANUARY.

The plumber wrung his hands and wept.
No frost! How hard for those adept
At mending "pipes that's busted!"
The butcher groaned to think of meat
The mildness made unfit to eat,
Such winter he distrusted.
The merchant of neglected coal
Consumed in grief his stricken soul,
Too utterly disgusted.
The ice-rink man alone was glad;
No frost, except indoors; it had
Been perfectly adjusted.



Coming to the Throne.

A "PARSONA GRATA."

A SUBJECT for a sermon by the Rev. STEWART HEADLAM, who once, as a Church Note in the St. James's Gazette records, recommended the Bishop of LONDON to visit the Empire and see a ballet, might be "The Dance of the Daughter of HERODIAS." His Reverence could learn something instructive from Dean FARRAR as to "posturing Pharisees." What a charming transformation scene, semi-ecclesiastic-semi-fairylandish, might be devised, with Madame GRIGOLATI of Drury Lane as "The Posturing Queen of the Fairy Seas"! The Fratres Druriolani should take a hint from this for their next pantomime.

A Drop too much.

(By a Licensed Victualler.)

[At the Local Veto Conference at Manchester, Mr. SCHWANN expressed himself as tired of voting for a large measure which cannot be carried, and desirous of securing some more solid instalment of reform.]

THOUGH rabid teetotalers storm,
'Tis better—shrewd Radicals own—
To go in for Solid Reform—
And leave people's liquors alone.

THE KING OF THE BAKERS.—Recently has been published a list of various Notables who are to confer as to the best way of celebrating the thousandth anniversary of King ALFRED THE GREAT. Shall ALFRED have a statue? Why, certainly. Should it not record the celebrated incident of King ALFRED "taking the cake"?

ONE WAY TO INCREASE THE ARMY.—Why not give military commissions to Messrs. WHITELEY and HARROD, the Universal Providers, and order a ready-made, ready-drilled, perfectly-equipped Force, to be under the command of "General Stores"?

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

WALKGO TOWARDS TSCHERRINGROSS.

HONOURED MISTER OVER-NEWSPAPERS-DIREKTOR,—I have to You how one ever "Luggitsch" asking Packagecarrier to me, after mein unspekiely and unbelievely nertul and never before endured tourhourish Fast, from the at Londonbritsch Railway-stationrefreshmentroom outkoming, one in London "Teikekeb" named Conveywork, *Kuhrwerk*, commended sayed.

I follow him, one Tunnel, where all dark is, along, after, and then see i one Light. It is a waggonlamp. But wnat for one *Droschke*! The Coacher is behind, the waggon is very little, and hangs on the Horse. *Wo ist der Eintritt*, where is the Entry? Behind, perhaps. I see him not. What, between the Waggonweel and the Horse? Unpossibly! The Entry is so narrow; i kan not therein go. What for one Land, where the Conveyworks only for the Tunnis maked are!

The Packagecarrier put mein Sack within, and call "Tscherringross." I pull me up, he push, and endly am i on one Foot on the little Waggonstep. But i must there remain stand, because i not within go kan. "The Doors aint open, Maunsiah," say ne. The Horse begin outgo, i stand on one Foot, it give Nothings to hold. "You must kom out," say he. That do i, and very *plotzlich*, because i on the Packagecarrier fall, and we together on the Earth roll. I elevate me, and i say, quite angry, "thunder-weather! I go not in Your englissh *Droschke*. She is too dangerly." The unlucky the Hed rubbing Packagecarrier say that he hurted is, and that i to him Money give must. I offer to him one Fiftyprennight. He say, "Blow me." I say, "I have to You one Blow gived, it do me very Grief, i will not You again blow, take You something Money." He spiek mutsch and violent.

Endly understand i that he no german Silver take will. I have no englissh. I bring one golden Tenmarkbit out, and i say, "Kaa You this change?" "Yes, Maunsiah," say he, "but You git in." "Never!" anser i. "You must," say he. He open the Doors, i pull, he push, i lift the Foots up, i let the Hed down, i see too across-hanging leathern Straps, i grasp them, the Coacher cry out, the Horse jump, and sudden am i downfalled, the Hed within, the Body on the Landingplace, and the Foots without. The Horse halt not. I crawl within, and i sit on the Floor. Why halt the Coacher not?

Potztausend! Mein Zehnmarkstück! Wo ist der Gepäckträger? I see Nothings. I must to the Coacher spiek. But how? He is behind. I kan not the Window open, so seek i round the Waggoncorner to see. Unpossibly! I dare not on the narrow Waggonstep to go, so endly stand i up, and grasp after one of the leathern Straps, which, as i nau see, the Rains are. I must the Horse stop.

That do i. It go sudden towards the Side, i fall yet again, thistime fall the Horse likewise, the Teikekeb go down, i roll out, the Coacher fall kom me, and we all are on the Earth together. Mein Hat is braked, mein Coat is tared, All is muddy, and i have Hedpain, Backpain, Legpain. I stand up, and i say, "Never again go i in Your accursed *Droschke*." The Coacher stand up, he pull the Horse up, and then spiek he mutsch and violent. We are alone in the nebulous Darkness. I am greater as he, but i am plump, and i am hurted. He hold his Whip, he say, "You blumin Ful offer Furriner"—*was ist das!*—he say mutsch more, he say often that i *blutig* am, that the Horse *blutig* is, that All *blutig* is, witch not true is, because we only bruised, not wounded, are, and i no Blood see kan, he shout, he wave his Whip, and endly say he, "One Quid." "What is that?" ask i. "Twenty Bob," say he, "one Pound." *Himmel, zwanzig Mark!*

That shall i not to him give. But he lift his Whip up, and i bring mein Twentymarkbits from mein Purse out. He say he take no "blumin german Money." I say to him that i no other have, so endly take he too Twentymarkbits, and spiek frendlyer. He say the Fog so thick is, that he the Horse leed must, and as i in one Teikekeb nevermore up step shall, so go we to Foot quite slow. *Ach Himmel!* In Germany as Younger have i me mutsch with the Turnunion in the Turnhall exersised, but now am i no Walkgoer, because i too plump am.

It is fierful long. Tscherringross is, without Daut, ten Kilometer from Londonbritsch. The Fog is so fierful thick, and i am so fierful weary, that i Nothings observe kan. Since seven or eight Hours have i Nothings eated. From Time to Time see i one grate Light. It is one *Bierstube*, and often wait we in order one Glas Bier to drink. But it give Nothings to eat. I am ever wearyer, i breath only Coalsmoke, i dy of Hunger. *Oh, verfluchte Stadt!* I think to the Berlinisch Animalgarden in the Summer, when the Air fresh and warm, and



"PAPA SENT YOU THAT SIXPENCE, AND HE WANTS TO KNOW WHY YOU NEVER PLAY MORE THAN ONE TUNE?"

"COS PEOPLE NEVER WANT NO MORE 'N ONE, MISSIE!"

neither kold nor smoky, is. *Unser Tiergarten!* Ach, wie angenehm! Therein go the Horsesway, *Pferdebahn*, so kan man without Wearyness atkom, and there, while man Sausages or Biefstakes or Calfsroast eat, Cigars smoke, and Bier drink, kan man quite *bequem* and happy sit remain. The Remembering is so pathetic, and i am so week and miserabel, that i almost weep.

As i in the Intention mein Pocketcloth, in order the Eys to wipe, outtobring am, kom we in one Court at. *Dem Himmel sei Dank!* It is Tscherringross. And it is one Hotel. The Coacher ask yet ten Mark. I am so weary that i not dispute kan, and i pay. Then eat i three Biefstakes and drink seven Flasks Bier, and even so rasch as possibly go i to Bed.

Hightattentionsfull humblest LUDWIG.

"PETER, DIDST EVER SEE THE JIKW?"

Taming of the Shrew, Act IV., Sc. 1

It seems a pity that *Peter the Great* should be dethroned. Rarely has our Sir HENRY been seen to greater advantage, in every way, than as the eccentric Czar; and well is he seconded by our American cousin, Mr. ROBERT TABER, while Mr. MACKINTOSH is once again the very best of spies. Had Mr. IRVING, Junr. the author, only been able to render the female characters equally effective, and to have given (what GOETHE asked for) "more light" to the sombre drama, it might have held the stage, and the audience, for a considerable period. Perhaps there yet may be seen a second and improved edition. However, the fiat has gone forth, and once more "*The Bells* will be ringing for IRVING"; *Shylock* will make another desperate attempt to get a pound of Antonio's flesh, and ELLEN TERRY will delight us all as the light-hearted *blanchisseuse*, *Madame Sans-Gêne*.

A GOOD PUFF.—The Bishop of LONDON, during a recent interview, is said to have smoked seventeen cigarettes. In answer to numerous inquiries as to whose cigarettes these were, whether made by Messrs. — or Messrs. —, we are able to state positively that they were the Bishop's—unless they were the interviewer's.



NOT THE PLEASANTEST WAY OF PUTTING IT.

Invalid. "OH, DOCTOR, I'M AFRAID I'M PRETTY WELL AT DEATH'S DOOR!"
 Doctor. "DON'T YOU WORRY, MY DEAR SIR—WE'LL PULL YOU THROUGH!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

THE FIGHTING GEFION;
 OR, THE VOYAGE TO KAISERLAND.
 (After Mr. Newbolt-from-the-Blue.)

It was nine bells ringing,
 As they swaggered out o' Kiel,
 For the watch was busy singing,
 And they'd overdone the peel;
 It was nine bells ringing,
 For the watch was busy singing,
 And the pilot's wife was clinging
 To the pilot at the wheel.

Oh! to hear the pistons pounding,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 And the osculations sounding,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Oh! to hear the pistons pounding,
 And the osculations sounding,
 And Our Only Brother bounding
 On the boom to Kaiserland!

It was trombones trumping
 In the military band,
 And the tide was slowly slumping
 As he waved his mailed hand;
 It was trombones trumping,
 And the tide was slowly slumping,
 And the KAISER'S heart was bumping
 As they shoved Him off to land.

Oh! they're bound for blood and glory,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!

But their hearts will all be hoary,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Oh! they're bound for blood and glory,
 But their hearts will all be hoary
 Ere they tell the "gospel-story"
 On the shores of Kaiserland!

It was fog-horns blowing,
 Where the forts o' Spithead frown,
 And the tide belike was flowing,
 And belike was running down;
 It was fog-horns blowing,
 And the tide belike was flowing,
 When HENRIOUS started rowing
 On the loose for London town.

There'll be many another stopping,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 When the engine-fires are dropping,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 There'll be many another stopping,
 When the engine-fires are dropping,
 And the good tub goes a-flopping
 Pitch-an'-toss for Kaiserland!

It was cracked mugs clinking,
 As they sighted Singapore,
 And the bleary eyes were blinking
 At the hope o' touching shore;
 It was cracked mugs clinking,
 And the bleary eyes were blinking,
 But the cabin-boy was sinking
 With his eighty years or more!

Oh! the crumpled masts were creaking,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!

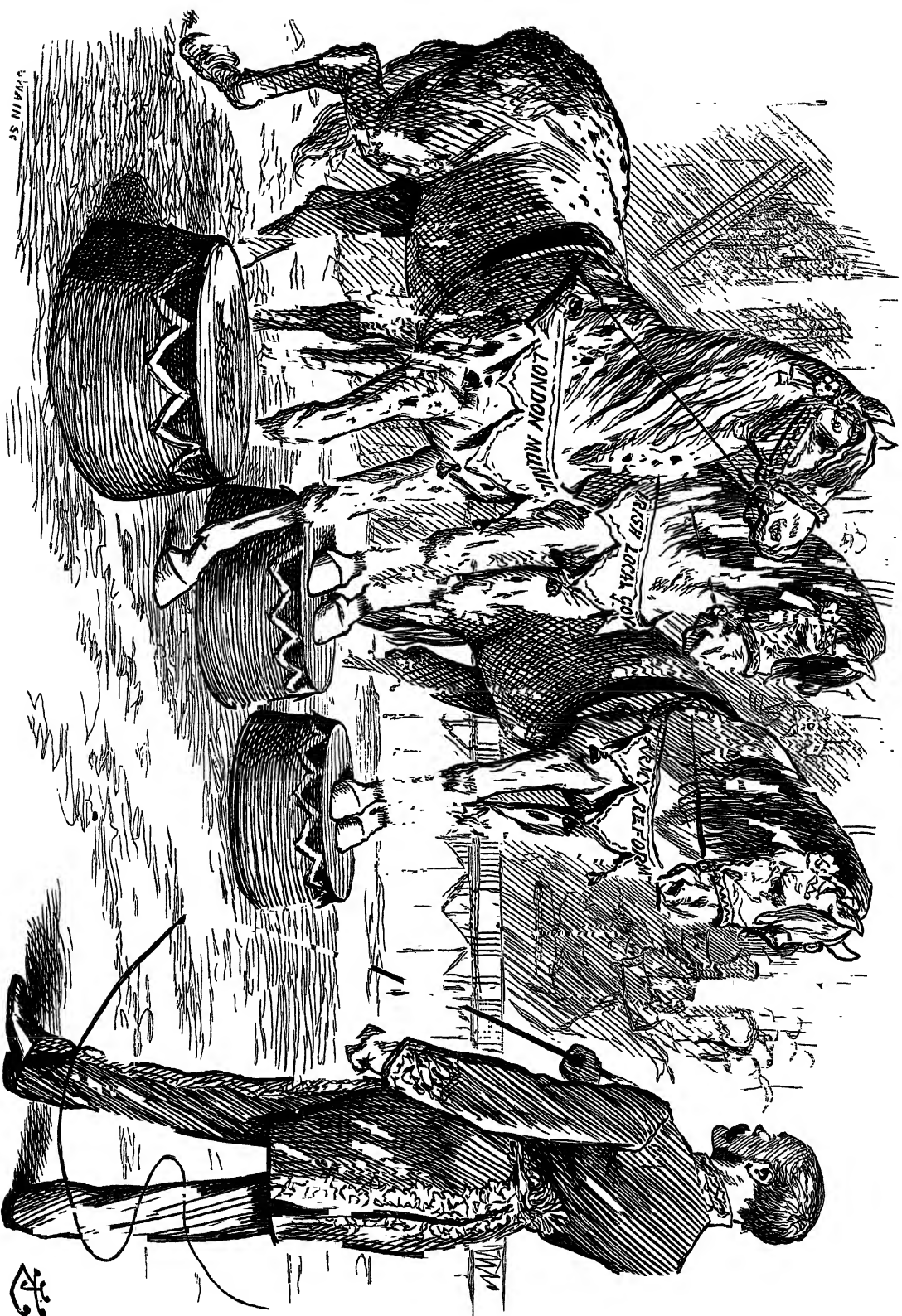
And the bilge was frankly leaking,
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Oh! the crumpled masts were creaking,
 And the bilge was frankly leaking,
 And their throats were dry wi' speaking
 Most profane o' Kaiserland!

It was dumb bells tolling
 As they reeled at half a knot.
 For they'd done a deal o' coaling,
 But the pace was never hot;
 It was dumb bells tolling,
 And they'd done a deal o' coaling,
 When the wherry came a-rolling
 On to WILLIAM'S little plot.

Nine-and-ninety years were over!
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Since they cleared the Straits o' Dover!
 Kaiserland! Kaiserland!
 Nine-and-ninety years from Dover!
 And the lengthy lease was over,
 And the heathen sat in clover;
 On the pews o' Kaiserland!

A REVIVAL.—Cock-fighting, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is coming into fashion again. "Henny" cocks are general favourites. "Well," says 'ARRY, "wot's the good o' trainin' up speshal cocks if henny sort 'll do?"

A FREE TRANSLATION.—"LUCAS, A., non lucendo,"—LUCAS, Associate, is not such a shining light as LUCAS, R.A.



THE NEW LOT.

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFORD (*King-Master of the Royal Westminster Circus, aside*). "'TOMMY ATKINS' IS SAFE ENOUGH; I HOPE 'PADDY' WILL DO;—
BUT I DON'T QUITE LIKE THE LOOK OF 'VESTRYMAN.'"



A JAPANESE VALENTINE.

BRITANNIA, MISTRESS OF THE BRINE,
MAKE VALIANT JAP YOUR VALENTINE!

["At the present moment there is nothing watched with more attention by the Japanese Press than the attitude of Great Britain at this juncture. During the past year, if I have heard a wish for an alliance with England expressed once, I have heard it expressed at least a hundred times."—Tokio Correspondent of "Daily Mail."]

DE BONO ANTIQUO JULIO CÆSARE.

CARISSIME MAGISTER PUNCHIUS,—Ad Patrem meum dixi "Nonne me duces videre spectaculum classicum *Julium Cæsarem SHAKSPARIUM*?"

"Certe," respondit gubernator, addens, "si promittes scribere criticam, et eam mittere ad nostrum amicū *Magistrum Punchium*, sine obtinendo aliquid verbum de ullo dictionario." "Jurabo! per Jingonem!" ego respondi, "si tu mihi dabis cenam post spectaculum ad clubbum tuum?" Ille promisit, et habuimus noctem capitalem.

Sic hic it!

Nunquam in vitā meā vidi tam magnificū spectaculum quam ad hoc Theatrum Majestatis Suae ubi ludus SHAKSPARTENSIS, cui nomen *Julius Cæsar* est. Actorem qui lusit *Julium*, ego recognovi per nasomem ejus, eadem naso quam videram quum ille apparuit in theatro Adelphorum ut "Dux Wellingtonius"; iste appellatur Magister CAROLUS FULTON: sed ille non est satis altus, nec satis severus, nec satis grandiosus. Et cur non habuit ille



Cæsar et Calphurnia domi.

in manibus ejus "commentaria," et stylum post aurem ejus? Magister BEERBOHMII ARBOR est admirabilis ut *Marcus Antonius*; et oratio ejus ad turbam, et turba ipsa vivens et clamans "Eheu! Eheu!" fuit quidquid præclarum et perfectissimum! Hæc est via sola discere et docere classicam historiam. Cur debemus habere libros quando potes habere spectacula sic acta? Subito ego quoque Poeta Romana. Audi!

"Dic mihi quid scribam de te BEERBOHMII ARBOR?"

Spero ut hoc sit omne rectum! Sed procedamus. Et tunc

quam grandis et majestica fuit illa puella splendida LILIA HANBURIENSIS, uxor *Cæsaris*! etiam illa decora fœmina EVELYNA MILLARDA, uxor *Bruti*! Sed conjux suavis Magistri BEERBOHMII ARBORIS erat puer servans (species Buttonorum modernorum) et illa cantavit perfectè cantum dulcissimum qui induxit, omnes audientes, *Bruto* excepto, subito et graviter dormire. Pater meus rogavit si compositor musicæ hujus carminis fuit "*Lullius*?" (Hic est jocus parvus gubernatoris.)

"*Brutus* et *Cassius*," nomina quæ me faciunt putare de Latinis exercitationibus ("Hæc olim meminisse juvabit!") vide grammaram similia ad "*Balbus* et *Caïus*" qui illum murum semper edificabant, admirabiliter acti sunt a Magistro LUDOVICO



Oratio Antonii ad turbam Romanam.

MURIORE* et FRANKLYNO McCLEANO, duobus dexteris actoribus quorum principalis (quæ hujus pars est duarum difficilior) est LUDOVICUS MURIOR.

Quid dicam de vestibus scenis Romanis quæ omnes dessinatæ sunt a Magistro ALMA-TADEMA Academiæ Regiæ? Poëta fuit in errore cum ille scripsit:—

"O formose puer nimium ne crede colori!"

Nam "color" ALMA-TADEMA est mirabilis, et tam bene cuncta facta sunt, ut ego possum dicere, cum alio poetâ aut scriptore, uno verbo mutato:—

"Nullum ignotum pro magnifico!"†

Ave! BEERBOHMII ARBOR! Ave! Ite caput!

Ad umbram Cæsaris "referens" non "horresco," nam "vidi meliora et probavi" (quotationes classicas adaptatas lectores) in usu magicæ lanternæ domesticæ.

Et nunc redire domum quod habemus septem dies extra, sed quando tu, *Magister Punchius*, legis hæc scripta, ero iterum ad illam scholam cujus sum alumnus notabilis.

Valete et plaudite!

BINKINS MINOR.

* LUDOVICO MURIORE. The pater told me Ludovicus is Lewis, and as "murus" is "a wall," "murius" is a "Waller"? Jocus! [Ad Editorem.]
† "Nothing has been ignored for the sake of the magnificent effect!"

TALIEN-WAN.

How is this said? To rhyme with "yarn,"
Should we pronounce it Talien-Wan,
Or should we say, to rhyme with "on,"
A as in "what," just Talien-Wan,
Or that some journalistic man
Spun all this yarn on Talien-Wan?

COMPENSATION.

A GERMAN sailor having been killed near Kiao-Chau, the German Government has demanded more concessions from China. When at last the *Deutschland* has been towed, and tugged, and dragged, and pulled, and pushed to her destination, it may be possible to send in a little bill, thus:—

To 1 Missionary, killed	200,000 taels.
Ditto ditto	1 Cathedral, complete.
Ditto ditto	50 square miles of territory.
To 1 Sailor, killed	1 Railway concession.
" 1 Colonel, insulted	1,000 square miles of territory.
" 2 Colonels, wounded	1 Province.
" 1 General, killed	The Chinese Empire.

THIS appeared in *Manchester Guardian*, February 4:—

"WANTED, an Oldham Widow: state condition and lowest price."

What on earth is the advertiser going to do with her? Drive her in single harness?



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF

TOBY M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday morning, February 9.—SARK often compares House of Commons to a public school. In the main he is right; points of resemblance crop up nearly every day through a Session. Analogy breaks down at one epoch. Members differ from schoolboys, inasmuch as they are as delighted to get back for fresh term as they were boisterously hilarious on breaking up for holidays.

Since ten o'clock this morning, House, lobbies, reading-room, and library thronged with Members pleased with themselves and each other. Some audibly chortled in their joy. Such shaking of hands! such slapping on the back! such hearty enquiry after everybody's health! Might be the first reunion in a safe place of shipwrecked and temporarily parted passengers.

"Yes, it's all very well, TOBY mein," said PRINCE ARTHUR, standing by me and looking on the animated scene. "What's sport to them is death to us. For just six months we've done without the House of Commons, not to mention the House of Lords. I'm not going to say that we have managed throughout with unvaried, unqualified success. But whatever we've done we should, in similar circumstances, have done exactly the same had Parliament been sitting. We should have done it, too, in our own way at our own time. Yet think of all the rumpus that would ineffectually have accompanied our patriotic labours. There would have been questions day by day, which, pleading the interests of the State, we should have declined to answer, or at best should have dribbled forth information. There would have been motions for the adjournment, probably Votes of Censure, useful to us as

smothering anything like incipient revolt on our side. There would have been talk, talk, and the end would have been precisely as it is fashioned to-day. I begin to think that, after all, CARLYLE, himself, you know, much averse from talking, was right in his contempt for our dear House of Commons. Now here they are again, bursting with wanting-to-know-you-know, and every other man in the throng with an Amendment to the Address in his pocket. Much better for all of us if they would let me give them right off another six months' holiday."

"MR. SPEAKER!" It is the voice of the doorkeeper. I hear him complain. "Hats off, strangers!" and through the throng of bared heads the SPEAKER, in wig and gown, his skirt upheld by his train-bearer, passes with dignified pace into the House, to begin all over again the old, old round of duties, delights, and other things.

CHOKING CHICAGO.

[The people of Chicago complain that their bread is adulterated in consequence of the corner in wheat.]

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Sat in a "corner,"

Eating Chicago bread,

It stuck in his jaw

Being mostly of straw;

We cannot repeat what he said.

ARTIST'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Has the anxious parent been to see his child's portrait?

Answer. He has seen it.

Q. Did he approve of it?

A. He will like it better when I have made some slight alterations.

Q. What are they?

A. He would like the attitude of the figure altered, the position of the arms changed, the face turned the other way, the hair and eyes made a different colour; and the expression of the mouth improved.

Q. Did he make any other suggestions?

A. Yes; he wishes to have the child's favourite pony and Newfoundland dog put in, with an indication of the ancestral home in the background.

Q. Is he willing to pay anything extra for these additions?

A. He does not consider it necessary.

Q. Are you well on with your Academy picture?

A. No; but I began the charcoal sketch yesterday.

Q. Have you secured the handsome model?

A. No; the handsome model has been permanently engaged by the eminent R.A.

Q. Under these circumstances, do you still expect to get finished in time?

A. Yes; I have been at this stage in February for as many years as I can remember, and have generally managed to worry through somehow.

A PLATONIC VALENTINE.

HAD your path long since crossed mine,
When love's arrows were acuter,
Haply then my Valentine
You had been, and I your suitor.

Now no more our passions rage,
Sentiment we bar as stupid;
Verging on the middle age
We defy the darts of Cupid.

Yet, although with fancy free
Trivial topics we discourse on,
Valentine you still may be,
Lady, and I'll be your Orson.

AN OMISSION AND SUGGESTION.—A second edition is announced of a popular work entitled *Men who have made the Empire*. Is Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS included? He has done much towards making the Empire, not to mention the Gaiety and Daly's. Shall we have a companion volume, *Men and Women who have made the Alhambra*? With, of course, a portrait of M. JACOB.



A THOUGHTFUL MAN.

Hounds running hard. The handy line of gates having come to an end, Mr. Pulker and his Wife arrive at a stiff boundary Fence.

Mr. Pulker. "GOODNESS GRACIOUS, JANE! DO YOU KNOW IT'S AFTER FOUR? WE MUST BE STARTING FOR HOME, OR YOU'LL MISS THAT MOTHER'S MEETING AT FIVE. WHAT A CONFOUNDED NUISANCE!"

HOW TO LIVE LONG.

PRESUMABLY as the result of the recent articles in the *Daily News*, Mr. Punch has been inundated with letters from a host of correspondents who beg him to observe the rules by which they have attained longevity, in order that he may long be spared to gladden their leisure hours. He is, of course, gratified to find himself the object of so much solicitude on the part of his readers, but at the same time he finds it difficult to follow the advice of all. "Septuagenarian," for instance, urges him to become a vegetarian. "On no account touch meat. It is poison. For the last fifty years I have dined on a boiled onion, and supped off a pint of lentil porridge." "Octogenarian," on the other hand, urges him "to eat, drink and be merry as much and as often as you please. I find there is nothing like a jolly good dinner, followed by a theatre, and supper with plenty of champagne, to put me in real good form." "Nonagenarian" declares that "the secret of long life lies in a cold tub taken every morning, winter and summer, with unflinching regularity." "Centenarian," again, writes, "Beware of soap and water—they spell death. For my part, I have only had a bath once in my life, when I went to the workhouse and could not help myself. The result was I caught a chill from which I nearly died." "Home-bird" avers that she owes her eighty years of happiness to ma-

trimony. "Gay Dog of Ninety" says, "Half a century ago I was to marry, when I suddenly remembered your advice, and didn't. O, Mr. Punch! but for you I should have been dead these forty years." "Blue Ribbon" argues that none but teetotalers can, or deserve to, attain old age. "Liver," on the contrary, writes, "Dear Mr. Punch,—There is nothing like a good stiff jorum of your pamesake to preserve a man"; whilst "Law and Order" declares for "Regularity in all things. Look at me! Here am I, ninety-nine years of age, hale and hearty as a chicken of twenty. I get drunk regularly every Saturday night, and remain so till Tuesday morning." "Irishman" writes, "If 'tis long ye're wantin' to live, ye must begin over agin. 'Tis all a question of heredity, it is. Ye must choose yer own feyther an' mother an' see they coom from a long-lived stock, an' that's the only way at all, at all." If it were not for the initial objection that he is already born, and the further difficulty of selecting your parents before you yourself have any existence, Mr. Punch would be inclined to believe that "Irishman" had hit the nail on the head; but for the present these two obstacles seem insuperable. For the rest, as it is manifestly impossible to adopt the advice of all, while it might be thought invidious to make distinctions, Mr. Punch has decided to thank his correspondents for their kindly suggestions, but to continue in his old habits and to take his chance of long life with his neighbours.

MEMORIES OF MY VALENTINES.

"The time I've lost in wooing."—Moore.

O'er rhythm and rhyme
I've wasted my time
In singing the praises of NANCY.
Who proved but a jilt,
Not true gold, but gilt,
And LILIAN captured my fancy.

My lovely KATHLEEN,
My pride and my Queen,
Alas! it was dreadfully shocking;
We ne'er could agree,
It turned out that she
Was what people call a blue-stocking.

There ne'er lived a man
Who so adored FAN,
She was all that my fancy depicted,
So loving and kind,
I hated to find
She was with a temper afflicted.

I do not suppose
A girl such as ROSE
You'd meet in the whole of life's journey,
Ere I could decide
To make her my bride,
She wedded an artful attorney.

Tho' years may roll by,
Still single am I,
I can't find a maiden to marry,
For while I reflect,
They seem to select,
Such fellows as TOM, DICK or HARRY.



"ALL A-GROWING, ALL A-BLOWING!"

["Miss NICHOLSON spoke of the facility with which vegetarians might, if they pressed their demands upon their tradesmen, obtain vegetarian boots and vegetarian gloves."—Report in Daily Paper of Meeting of the Vegetarian Federal Union.]

OUR LUNATIC CONTRIBUTOR THINKS THIS AN EXCELLENT IDEA. BUT WHY NOT HAVE VEGETARIAN COATS, AND HATS, TOO—IN FACT, VEGETARIAN CLOTHING FROM HEAD TO FOOT?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Confession of Stephen Whapshare (HUTCHINSON) is a story as powerful as it is unpleasant. Mrs. (or Miss) EMMA BROOKE draws a vivid picture of a pretty, selfish clinger to the outer shell of religious life mated to a strong-willed, deep-passioned, ambitious man. As a work of art it is admirable. But my Baronite fancies the majority of people take up a novel in search of pleasurable rest. This is not found in the company, the household, or the environment of *Stephen Whapshare* and his wife. The only time the heart warms towards him is when he gets rid of Mrs. W. by an overdose of chloral.

The *Liberal Magazine*, just issued from the Liberal Publication Department, 42, Parliament Street, is recommended for the use of Liberal speakers and canvassers. It need not necessarily be limited to that school of politician, being full of information on a wide range of public matters. Volume V. forms a political record for the year 1897, which, with the assistance of a complete index, may, my Baronite says, be turned to with advantage in the coming year.

Falklands (LONGMANS & Co.), by the author of *The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*, is the pleasantly told story of a statesman who had been as unsuccessful in politics as in warfare, and not so extraordinarily happy in his home. That LUCIUS CARY was courageous is shown by his conduct in action; and that he was rash in speech is evident from his bold attempt at making a pun out of the most hopeless verbal materials. Not even one of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S clowns could have said anything more feeble than did Lord FALKLAND when he replied to HYDE that "a Secretary in War may be present at the greatest secret of danger." Indeed, "a lame pun," as the author says in a foot-note. Lord FALKLAND, when he made this essay in punning, was just thirty-three, and ought to have known better. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that he was not aware of the presence of "a chiel amang ye. takin' notes, an' faith he'll prent it," and so probably indulged in a witticism which he considered just about up to the level of his companion's comprehension. The book and its illustrations are most interesting.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"FUGACES ANNOS!"—Quite an impossibility,—“to fix a day.”

TO INTENDING JUDGES.

THE innocence of the Bench is a thing of the past. Nowadays a judge must be omniscient. He must no longer ask counsel to explain the meaning of the expression "Derby Day": on the contrary, he must be prepared to instruct a "bookie" in the art of betting, or to explain to a milliner the difference between Roman and ordinary satin. Indeed, Mr. Punch hears that in future candidates for judicial honours are to be subjected to a rigorous examination in General Information, of which the following test-paper has been handed to him as a sample:—

1. Explain the terms "box-pleat," "gusset," "pouf," "chevrette," "plastron," "revers," "placket-hole," "foundation," "shaped yoke," "combinations."

2. Give the genus, species and property of "molleton," "cachemire," "tulle," "chiffon," "sarcenet," "broché silk," "glacé silk," "guipure." Sketch from these materials a toilette to suit a short, stout witness of forty-five.

3. Translate into English the following passage from a ladies' journal, commenting on the grammar and the words italicised:—

"The five-gore skirt is fitted without darts, and measures about 3½ yards round hem, pattern being used for cutting lining and material, which make up together, and in cutting out place centre front to a fold to avoid seam, front side of back gore to selvedge, and the line of oblong holes inside gore on the straight of material."

4. Give the dates of the following Spring meetings:—Newmarket Craven, Lincoln, Chester, Lingfield, Nottingham, Kempton. Mention the probable starters (with age and weight) for each.

5. At what price did *Bend Or* start when he won the Derby? Supposing that he and *Persimmon* were running in the same year, estimate the odds for and against either.

6. Give the names, weights, length, breadth and thickness of the Oxford and Cambridge crews from 1880.

7. Give the batting averages to date of STODDART'S team, and the bowling analyses of any three Australians.

8. Distinguish, if possible, between the terms, "sparring match," "prize fight," "homicide." Under which category would you include the recent fight at the National Sporting Club?

9. Explain the words "Pav," "Tiv," "Jimmy's." Write down anything you know about them.

10. Translate and comment on the following technical expressions: "Blackheath's tackling was judicious, but they were weak in the scrum." "The forwards were ragged, and their shooting innocent of sting." "Convert the point." "Punt." "Lob." "Yorker." "Niblick." "Dormy one." "Three up and two to play."

VALENTINE'S DAY—THEN AND NOW.

THEN—THIRTY YEARS AGO. *Family assembled.*

Paterfamilias. Post nearly two hours late! Really disgraceful! *Materfamilias.* Well, dear, remember it's only once a year, and we used to enjoy it ourselves before we were married!

Eldest Daughter. I got half-a-dozen last year. I daresay I shall get twice as many this.

Second Daughter. I daresay! I believe you send them yourself!

Eldest Daughter. So probable! How can you think of such silly things! And how spiteful of you!

Son and Heir. Don't quarrel, girls! And here's the post.

Enter Servant with heaps of letters, which are eagerly seized and distributed.

Chorus. What are they?

Paterfamilias (disgusted at his budget). Valentines!

NOW—TO-DAY. *Family assembled as before.*

Paterfamilias. The fourteenth of February. Dear me, surely this is a memorable date—somehow.

Materfamilias. To be sure, father. It's Valentine's Day.

Eldest Daughter. Is it really true, mother, that people used to receive pictures just as we do Christmas cards?

Second Daughter. Come, you can surely remember. It's not so very long for you.

Eldest Daughter. Don't be spiteful! Remember, Miss, there's only a couple of years between us!

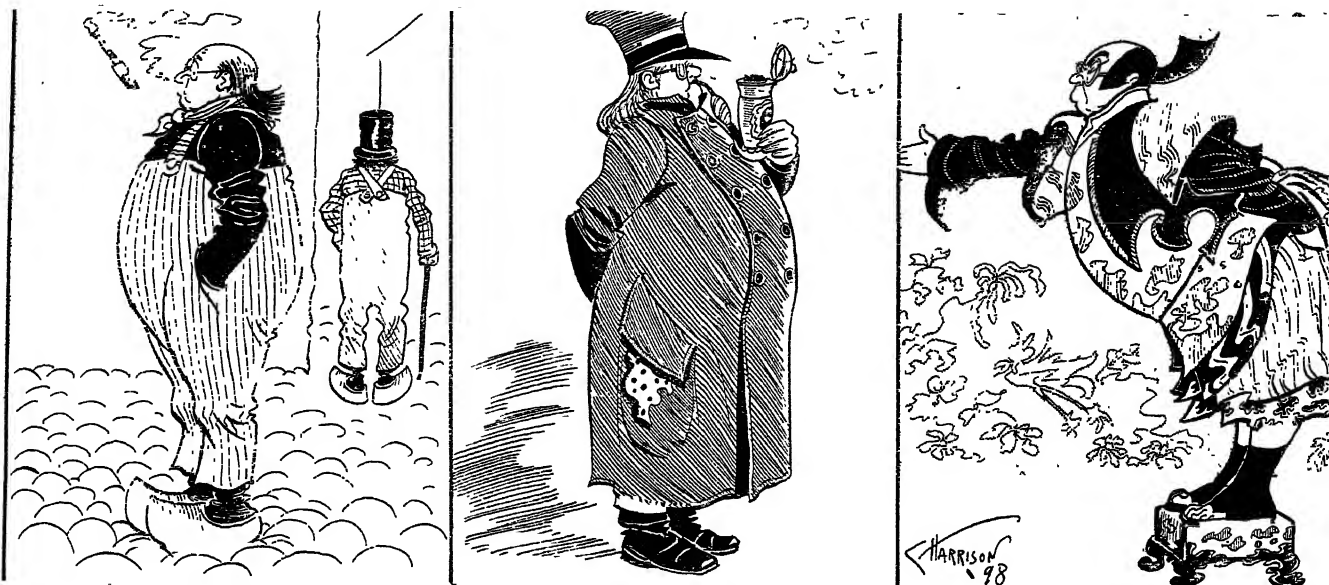
Second Daughter. Really! From our appearance there might be a decade!

Son and Heir. Don't quarrel, girls! And here's the post!

Enter Servant with a solitary letter.

Chorus. What is it?

Paterfamilias (perusing a bill). Not a Valentine!



SELECTION FROM THE PICKWICK COSMOPOLITAN PORTRAIT GALLERY.

["Mr. PERCY FITZGERALD has told us that *Pickwick* has been made a Dutchman, a German, a Norwegian, a Dane, and also a Jap, and has been claimed by the people of these countries as one of themselves."—*Sun*.]

BRIEFLESS IN RE ZOLA.

It is my opinion that it would be distinctly out of place to hazard a suggestion anent the recent trial in Paris while the matter remains *sub judice*. But when I say this, I mean that the cause should be sacred so far as forensic judgment is concerned. I do not know why the ceremony observed on the other side of the Channel should not give a hint to those responsible for the procedure in the Royal Courts of Justice. Speaking for myself, I can say that there is a sad lack of enthusiasm in our Divisions, especially on the Chancery side. During the course of a career now becoming a lengthy one, I have scarcely ever caused the Bench to nod approvingly, much less to cheer. I have in my mind a case—one to which reference is frequently made in the Carey Street robing-room—which, had it been heard in France, would have gone, to use a colloquialism, with shouts. It was known as *Brown v. Smith and Simkins*. To make my meaning clearer, I will give a report as the hearing might have been had Paris, and not London, been the site of the trial of the action.

I will adopt the dramatic form, as the more convenient for reporting.

Judge. Who appears in this action?

Q. C. No. 1. I, my Lord, for Mr. BROWN.

Q. C. No. 2. And I, my Lord, for Mr. SMITH.

Mr. Briefless. And I, my Lord—I say, I for Mr. SIMKINS.

Judge. You, Mr. BRIEFLESS?

Mr. B. Yes, my Lord; and permit me to say, my Lord, with all respect to your Lordship, that the man who would not protect his client's interests as his own is unworthy of the name of an utter barrister.

[*Loud cheers.*]

Judge. I must beg you, Mr. BRIEFLESS, to make no speeches.

Mr. B. My Lord, I have the greatest respect for the British Bench. I hold your Lordship in the deepest personal esteem. But I value more than life itself the liberty which opens the mouth of the advocate, and supplies copy to the pen of the hard-working, noble-minded and conscientious reporter!

[*Loud cheering, in which the gentlemen of the press join with heartiness.*]

Judge. I do not quite follow you, Mr. BRIEFLESS, but the time will no doubt arrive when I shall be glad to hear you.

Mr. B. Asking your Lordship's pardon, I declare that the time has arrived. I appeal to England, to Europe, the whole world! I say that free speech is the birthright of the British-born, that silence is the badge of slavery, and that JOHN BULL will never, never consent to a condition of serfdom. Yes, my Lord, I declare this, and intimate with infinite respect that Britannia rules the waves and unfurls the banner of freedom.

[*Renewed cheering.*]

Judge. That may be so, Mr. BRIEFLESS, but if I am to hear you, you must put your arguments in common form.

Mr. B. My Lord, I have done my duty, and am prepared to die for my country.

[*Enthusiastic cheering.*]

Judge. As you are a member of the Bar, I am forced to believe you. But I would point out that you are wandering from the point.

Mr. B. No, my Lord, with the utmost respect to your Lordship I declare I am not. I speak, and with the fiat of the people's will.

[*Loud cheers.*]

Judge. If you are interested in wills, Mr. BRIEFLESS, you should take your arguments to the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division.

Mr. B. This is trifling, my Lord. (*Murmurs.*) Yes, my Lord, this is trifling. I appeal to your Lordship to save the honour of the Empire, to salute that flag that has braved the battle and the breeze for scores of years, nay, centuries—the Union Jack.

[*Enthusiastic cheering.*]

Judge. Certainly. But, Mr. BRIEFLESS, what are your objections to the order I propose to make—all parties agreeing?

Mr. B. I do not object, my Lord. No, my Lord, on the contrary, I support your Lordship. I do this in the sacred cause of virtue, innocence, and truth. I do this because I hold that grandest emblem of perfect humanity—a brief of consent both for plaintiff and defendant!

[*Tumultuous applause, during which Mr. BRIEFLESS resumes his seat amidst the hearty congratulations of a score of solicitors.*]

Such might have been the report of the *cause célèbre* to which I have referred, had Gallic precedent been acknowledged and followed. As it was, the affair—so far as I was concerned—occupied about five seconds.

Under these circumstances I am distinctly of opinion that the procedure in our Courts calls earnestly for immediate revision.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court, February 12, 1898.

OUR LITERARY PARAGRAPHS.

(*Special and exclusive.*)

MR. SNOOKS, the eminent novelist, has been greatly annoyed by the inaccurate accounts of his methods of work which have appeared in certain of our ill-informed contemporaries. The statement, for instance, that this distinguished writer uses a quill is absolutely untrue; he writes invariably with a gilt J. We may add, on the best authority, that he prefers smooth paper, and that he attaches his sheets of MS. to each other by means of brass paper-fasteners. This most important information has never been divulged before. Mr. SNOOKS is at present working on his new story, which is to appear as a serial in the *Whitechapel Gazette*.



MORAL SUPPORT.

American Eagle (to British Lion). "WHAT! NOT GOING TO FIGHT FOR FREE PORTS? WHY, IF YOU'D WANTED BACKING, I'D HA' SAT TIGHT HERE AND FLAPPED MY WINGS FOR ALL THEY'RE WORTH!"

DARBY JONES ON THE FALLACY OF BEING TOO CLEVER.

HONOURED SIR,—Just when the Sport of Emperors, Kings, Princes, Dukes, Marquises and other Leaders of Creation is about to put its nose through the soil like the Disraeli Primrose—I refer to the Legitimate or Flat-racing pursuit, whereat Lincoln leads the fashion, and is likely to have its local traditions enriched by the successful canonisation of a *Transatlantic Saint*—I would like to say a few words gathered from the sayings of old geese and ganders for the benefit of the goslings who are as yet unaccustomed to the stubble. It is about this time of year that the inexperienced Descendant of the Biped, which saved the City of Rome and is very familiar to us at the Feast of St. Michael, is lured into wagering at least a Moiety of his Expectations on such contests as the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes and the Derby. With the avidity of a Chub in the Mayfly season, he swallows seven, nay, six or five to one about animals, which may be, long before the day of the race, lame, scratched, or even dead. If the Gosling wants to have a run for his money, far better would it be for him to plank down his “spondulicks” (I use a flash idiom) on some selling plater, which, by reference to the daily papers, he may note has “arrived” at this or that meeting. But unfortunately the Gosling, like the great Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, wants to be connected with a Great Enterprise such as the Derby, and he will take ridiculous odds about *Hawfinch*, *Disraeli*, *Dieudonné*, *Batt* or *Collur*, over the Tattenham Corner event, without ever considering that he is perilling his share in the Bank of England at prices at which an honest stock-broker would quiver with laughter.

The whole system, honoured Sir, of giving a betting return long beforehand on Big Races is one fostered by the Book-making Fraternity—not that I blame the members of this unselect association. If I knew how to promote a Great Spring Asparagus or Green Pea Prize, and could lay odds against the first grower in the open ground, I would take a whole page in the *Daily Telegraph* (quite apart from the ever-genial “Hotspur”) to advertise my scheme. But I should want to be in the “know.” And that is what Mr. Gosling always *thinks* he is. He is, in his own opinion, more clever than King SOLOMON, and infinitely superior to Lord SALISBURY in his acquaintance with Men and Things—men being Owners, Trainers, and Jockeys; and things four-legged creatures who are treated with far more consideration than their Human Contemporaries. I can see you smile at this assertion, but did you ever know a Man, and I will even say, a Woman, who would fetch ten or fifteen thousand pounds, to say nothing of having been tenderly nurtured for years, and given columns of displayed print in the leading Journals of the Day? Why, Sir, I make bold to say that personally my carcase would not realise the price of cats’-meat.

But *revenons à nos oies* (I picked this up at the Café de la Paix in the fair city of Paris), the sportive Gosling, from the moment that he hatches out from the egg of Eton or Oxford or that of Harrow and Cambridge—you know, honoured Sir, that the public school of St. Giles and the university of Clare Market have been my standards of education—could give Mr. FRY



MacNab (whose wife has met with a slight accident on the Railway, to Railway Agent, who has called to offer condolence, and produces one or two pounds by way of solatium). “NA, NA, IF SHE DEES IT WILL LIKELY BE TWA OR THREE HUNDERS!”

or Mr. DICK DUNN points over questions of betting, and on obscure discussions he could tell you off the reel that the racing colours of the Chevalier GINISTRELLI are white and blue hoops, blue sleeves, with white cap; and that KITCHENER, in 1844, won the Chester Cup riding only 3 st. 7 lb. But this sort of knowledge doesn’t make a fortune. So let me warn Mr. Gosling against the “mug-catcher,” or he will himself turn out to be a “fly flat.” Such is the Jargon of the Vulgar, “according to the ideas of the Strictly Correct.” Go upon a race-course and hear if the Upper Ton (not Upper Ten, please, Mr. Printer), don’t know how to slash around words not to be found in Webster’s, Walker’s, or Dr.

Johnson’s Dictionaries. The proof of the “poured in” (language) is the beating. At Manchester, Sir, I implore you not to forget the “Distressful Country,” which, what with Football Matches and Timber-topping, must now be pretty full of Sassenach gold. When I implore, I can say no more than sign myself Your devoted dog-trotter,
DARBY JONES.

Promising Lad.

Paterfamilias (reading from newspaper). I see they are taking steps to renovate the dome of St. Paul’s.

Young Hopeful. They’ll want a jolly long pair of steps to reach to the top, Pater!



"HAMLET WITHOUT THE PRINCE."

Cressus, Esq. (a new importation to the Country). "WOULD YOU SAY TO THE DUKE, I SHOULD BE GLAD IF HE WOULD ARRANGE A MEET AT MY HOUSE THIS WEEK?" *Huntsman.* "QUITE IMPOSSIBLE, SIR." *Cressus, Esq.* "WHY?"
Huntsman. "GROUND MUCH TOO 'ARD, 'OUNDS COULDN'T GO, SIR."
Cressus, Esq. "DEAR ME! BUT COULDN'T HIS GRACE COME WITHOUT THE DOGS? SAY, I SHOULD BE DELIGHTED!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

THE RUBÁIYÁT OF R-S-B-RY.

(After the late Omar Khayyám.)

[N.B.—Some of these quatrains are due to happy suggestions of Mr. F-TZG-R-LD'S. They are not all, strictly speaking, in the original.]

I.

WAKE! for the Writing on the Walls is still,
 And dark the cursive signs of Soap and Pill;
 And lo! the Sun emerging from his Couch
 Incarnadines the Peak of Ludgate Hill!

II.

Arise and go it! Death shall clasp your Clay
 If not To-morrow, then some other day;
 The hardest Hide eventually yields;
 Even the Elephant must fade away!

III.

Strange (is it not?) that Dust returns to Dust!
 Philosophers have mentioned how it must;
 One of the Best observed that Time escapes,
 And this Remark was also very just.

IV.

I flung my Astral Body into Air
 To solve Conundrums more than I could bear;
 I cried—"I don't know strictly where I am!"
 It answered—"You are neither Here nor There!"

V.

Whereat I sketched my Future in the Rough;
 Broadly I adumbrated on my Cuff

The Price to pay for problematic Power;
 Then said my Soul—"IT IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH!"

VI.

Here in this crusted Chamber where we sit
 And never legislate one little Bit,—

Here where the *Whither* and the *Whence* are one,—
 Why should I waste my flowing Fount of Wit?

VII.

For simpler Joys my jaded Spirit yearns,
 The frugal Board, the rustic Page of Burns,
 For these I waive the Cretan Crux, nor ask
 What latest Tune the husky Concert churns.

VIII.

A little Villa somewhere Naples way,
 A Flask of Capri *blanc*, and You to play
 Beside me, *Harcourt*, 'neath the Olive's Shade,—
 And Life were all an endless Roundelay!

IX.

There, wreathed with clustering Vine, and Ivy dim
 On *VIRGIL'S* Tomb our Posies we will trim;
 What does he care for Vaccination Bills?
AUGUSTUS never vaccinated *him*.

X.

Yonder (unfortunately out of View)
Amalfi laughs above the tideless Blue;
 What are the Woes of Erin's Isle to *her*?
 The same as *Hecuba* to Me and You.

XI.

Nor would *Vesuvius* check his molten tide
 Though London Town were quadragintified,

And forty Mayors and Corporations clomb
Up to the Top by Rail and fell inside.

XII.

Fly, then, afar, where that infernal Hum
Of fatuous Politicians cannot come,
And there with Wine and Talk of Turfy Things,
Let us anticipate Elysium.

XIII.

Who knows the *What-Next?* I was born and bred
A Liberal; yet, perchance, when I am dead,
That overrated Flower that takes my Name
The rathe Primrose may sprout above my Bed!

XIV.

LAWSON! if thither you should haply stroll,
Fail not to pay your Due at Memory's Toll;
Ah! sprinkle on this boon Companion's Grave
Some droppings, WILFRID, from your Wassail-bowl!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN portly volumes, published by LONGMANS, MR. WILFRID WARD tells the story of the *Life and Times of Cardinal Wiseman*. The two comprise nearly twelve hundred pages of type, much of it smaller than is usually found in works of this character. On his death-bed the Cardinal summed up his life's object and his life's work in a single sentence. "I have never," he said, "cared for anything but the Church." England was the outlying pasture committed to his cultivation and he threw himself into the work with a self-devotion, a splendid energy, that commanded success. As Mr. WARD finely puts it, he found his coreligionists in England a persecuted sect; he left them a Church. When, nearly fifty years ago, Dr. WISEMAN came to London as Emissary of the Pope, the English Catholic body was a heterogeneous team. There were various orders and congregations of secular priests, Jesuits, Dominicans, Passionists, Redemptorists, Oratorians, Rosminians, each striving to win over England in its own way, and place her salvation to its personal credit. WISEMAN's efforts were directed to amalgamating these forces, marching them in ordered campaign. A masterful man, not mincing language when rebuke or exhortation was called for, he sometimes trod troubled ways. The storm that arose in England on his returning from Rome with the rank of Cardinal was sufficient to have blown a punier man clear off the island. The Cardinal stood foursquare to it, and lived it down. To the present generation the most vivid recollection of the episode is contained in the memorable *Punch* cartoon, appearing when the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill was passing through Parliament, representing Lord JOHN RUSSELL writing up "No Popery" on the Cardinal's door in Golden Square and running away. We get a last view of the Cardinal a few days before his death, when the Canons assembled to receive his dying confession of faith. He would not, by reason of weakness of flesh, shirk any of the ceremonial. He insisted upon being fully vested. So, wearing his rochet, his red mozzetta and zucchetto, his pectoral cross, his gold stole and his sapphire ring, he took leave of his co-workers. A frail dying mortal, but a Prince of the Church to the last.

We are all familiar with the name of ARTHUR YOUNG, and assume to have read his *Travels in France*. The real man is vividly revealed in his autobiography, edited by M. BETHAM-EDWARDS, and published, with portraits and illustrations, by SMITH, ELDER. Till religious monomania got a firm hold upon him and blindness completed his misery, he lived a useful, bustling life. Incidentally we get glimpses of English country life at the end of the last century, and once or twice come within sound of the voices of PITT and BURKE. Few things written in more pretentious history give a vivid picture of the state of the country during the height of NAPOLEON's power than flashes in a note from ARTHUR YOUNG, dated December 8, 1803. "A letter," he says, "from Lord EUSTON to Sir CHARLES DAVERS recommends that, in case of invasion, all horses and draft cattle that cannot be driven out of reach of the enemy be shot, and that all axle-trees or wheels of all carriages likely to fall into the enemies' hands be broken." It was the death of his favourite daughter, BOBBIN, that led to YOUNG's final state of dementia. There are some pathetic passages in the autobiography, describing how "I hoed part of my dear child's garden under the window, and carried her bonnet and cap to her chamber." He had the body buried under the flagging of his pew, fixing the coffin "so that when I kneel it will be between her head and her dear heart." A very remarkable man, and a profoundly interesting book.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



"YOU NEEDN'T BE FRIGHTENED, SWEETHEART. HE WON'T HURT YOU. SEE, HE'S WAGGING HIS TAIL!"

"YES, I SEE, GRANDPA. BUT THAT ISN'T THE END I'M AFRAID OF!"

KECKSOGRAPHY.

(Vide "*Westminster Gazette*.")

Wouldst con the coming ages? Wouldst thou climb
The steepy peak whereon I watch, and see
Spread at thy feet in the wide vale of Time,
The hidden secrets of Futurity?

Wouldst learn the fortune that the happy Fates
Prepare thee? Treasure, glory, honour, land,
And best of all the golden Fair that waits,
All eagerness, to yield thee heart and hand?

All this wouldst know?—Then take thee paper. Pour
Black ink thereon. Fold it while still 'tis wet.
Send it to me with shillings. (Mark! the more
Thy fee, the fairer fortune wilt thou get.)

Then will I con it. Then will I, with art
Most magical and known to none but me,
Read in the future thy hereafter part—
(But *Nota bene*, don't forget the fee!)

"MUMMY TOLD ME SO!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have seen it stated that the mummies of ANTIOCHUS SOTER and PROLEMY II., recently sold by auction, could be certified genuine by letters from Dr. BIRCH and Professor BONOMI. There must be some blundering inversion here. Surely what is wanted is not a letter from BONOMI, saying, "This is PROLEMY," but rather a letter from PROLEMY, saying, "This is Bone o' me."

Yours in (G. H.) Mummy mood,
PRO BONO MEO.

[This is a fizz-ical absurdity. No mummified (G. H. or otherwise) PROLEMY could write such a letter, whatever his tendency to rot (extra sec). We suppose our correspondent would complain of another "blundering inversion" in which letters played a part, if we characterised his levity as "abonomible."]

Answers to Correspondents.

CHICKEN HAZARD.—If you want to set up a poultry-yard "on the cheapest possible plan," we should advise you to buy a big, roomy sack, and wait for a moonless night.



She. "WHAT AN ENORMOUS EXPANSE OF SHIRT-FRONT MAJOR ARMSTRONG HAS!"
 He. "H'M—IT ISN'T HIS FRONT I OBJECT TO. IT'S HIS SIDE!"

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE.

HONOURED MISTER,—Six weeks ago I came in London, and I sent you some letters which you have given out. Since then I have studied the english language each day and the whole day, I have had conversation-lessons, writing-lessons, reading-lessons, and I no it endly quite good. Only the orthography is so very difficult. At first I new not that in english one writes the most substantivs with a little letter at the beginning. I have also lernt, what is curiouser, that *ich* is "I" and *Sie* is "you." How a German is politer than a Englishman! Not true? He writes "i," quite humble, and "You," quite polite. A Frenchman even writes *je*, not *Je*. Only a Englishman is so consieted that he writes always "I," as big as possible. Dusent he?

I remained only a day at the hotel, and then, in order to speak english always, I moved to a boardinghouse in the South Kensington quarter of London, where a relative of me stayed one time. So I have spoken enough, because in a *Pension* in any land, people speak without ceasing. But this house is good and dear, so I lern the best english from the guests. One of them, a young *Advokat*, barrister, who must speak very good because he was a student of the university of Oxford, says, "The old tabbys jaw like one o'clock." I have seeked these words in my dictionary, and I find that he speaks not of the boarders, as I supposed, but of the cats, who truly make a awful row during the whole night, and not only at one o'clock, in the so-called garden of this house.

Between my lessons I have visited some of the *Sehenswürdigkeiten*, the things worthy of seeing, in London. I think them not up too much, because they all are so old and so dirty. There is a building unfar from here, called the naturalhistory museum, which I admire, because it is like a german building, and appears quite *funkelnagelneu*, sparklenailnew, that is "bran new" in

english, and it is certainly the colour of bran, with some gray marks. The young barrister said it was made to imitate Stillton cheese. His face was quite grave, or I had thought he joked. That is very interesting. I shall tell you of the things worthy of seeing in other letters.

In order to lern a language it is very useful to go in the theatre. Naturely one can not understand the *dialekt* in a *Volkstheater*, peoplestheater; one must go to the *Hof Theater*, court theater, in a strange town. So I ask one day where is the court theater in London, and they say it is unfar from the boardinghouse. I go therefore one evening. I go no more in a "keb," since my journey from Londonbridge to Cherringross, when I paid sixty shilling, and was nearly killed. *Donnerwetter!* In London there are no horseways—ah no, you say tramways—as in Berlin. Even in Leipzig they go everywhere every minute. I can not walk. So I go in a "fourwheeler." The door is so narrow that I can almost not go in, though the coachman push me, and when I am in, and arrive after a awful shaking, I fear I shall never come out. I like not the *Droschken* of London, they are made only for the thin ones.

In the theater I am astounded. What a little building! It is much littler than the *Residenz-Theater* in München. *Wunderbar!* But the Queen of ENGLAND is not often in London, so she needs not a large court theater. And what a play! All the actresses have the ugliest clothes. Their faces are pretty, but they are thin. The women in Berlin are beautiful and plump, and they have the elegantest dresses, after the Berlin fashion, which is the best in the world. I suppose the play is a comedy, but I understand almost nothing. During the pauses I drink beer in the *Buffett*, which is also small. All is very small, except the price, and that is colossal. I pay ten *Mark* fifty for a *Parkett-sitz*. Even in Wien in the *Burgtheater*, in the first row, that costs only six *Mark*. London is a jolly site too dear for me.

Obediently, LUDWIG.



SAVED!

(Scene from *Grand International Nautical Melodrama*, first performed in 1833, and now revised with all the *Original Scenery and Effects*.)

THE THREE SAILORS (together). "AVAST THERE! YOU LUBBERLY SWAB! TAKE THE GOLD, AND LET THE GY-URL GO FREE!!"
["Her Majesty's Government, in concert with the Governments of Russia and France, who were the Powers of Europe originally responsible for the creation of Greek freedom, have agreed to jointly guarantee a loan to that country."—See *Report of the Right Hon. Arthur Balfour's Speech in "Times," February 9.*]



THE FASHIONS FOR 1898.

"IT DON'T FIT ME? G'ARN! DON'T YER SEE IT'S A RUSHIN BLOUSE!"

[The loose bodies worn so much at present are called Russian blouses.]

WHAT THE DICKENS!

(At the Court Theatre.)

FROM the rising of the curtain even unto the final fall thereof, Mr. PINERO's *Trelawny of the "Wells"* is really amusing, because it is capitally acted. Moreover, it is interesting, not so much on account of the old, old story of the swain of comparatively high degree, who falls in love with an actress, but by reason of the peculiar costumes of the period that Mr. PINERO has boldly chosen for his play. It is the time of crinolines, hair-nets, pork-pie hats, peg-top trousers, and Dundreary moustaches and weeping whiskers. Nothing more hideous for the prettiest women, nothing more absurd for the men, than these fashions. On the stage we have the reproductions of LEECH's pictures, which were exaggerations, but not to the extent of being broad caricatures. "Somewhere in the Early Sixties," as the bill of the play informs us, the dramatist has placed a set of characters who will be recognised by readers of DICKENS as belonging to the celebrated Crummles Provincial Company, and here transferred, *nominibus mutatis*, from the Portsmouth to the Bagnigge-Wells Theatre. Mrs. Telfer (Mrs. E. SAKER) is the Mrs. Crummles

who plays the tragedy queens (*vide* "Phiz's" illustration in the first volume of *Nicholas Nickleby*), while *Ferdinand Gadd* (well played by Mr. G. DU MAURIER), the tragedian, has the attributes of Mr. Lenville, who shares this line of business with the manager, and is as quarrelsome as he is cowardly. Miss *Snevellicci*, who was "trembling so much in her tights" when *Nicholas* bade the company farewell, finds her equivalent in Miss *Avonia Bunn*, capitally acted by Miss *PATTIE BROWNE*; and so for the others.

Of course the fancy portraits are all highly coloured for stage purposes; and the domestic life of the provincial actors, that is, of the actors and actresses who used to be, before and "in the sixties," members, for years, of a country company, is more rully portrayed by DICKENS than it could be, in this particular piece, by our dramatist. But not a whiff of an unwholesome flavour, not a spice of lax morality, is there in it; herein differing from Mr. GEORGE MOORE's Zolaesque story of *A Mummer's Wife*. And Mr. PINERO's representation of a provincial company as it was when the Bath, Bristol, and Plymouth Theatres were in the heyday of their existence, and when a visit to "The Wells" was quite a journey out of London, is as true as was Mr. *Vincent Crummles's* description of their life when DICKENS made him say, in taking leave of *Nicholas*, "We were a very happy little company." They were; simple and happy. Did not Mrs. *SIDDONS*, in the costume of *Lady Macbeth*, darn stockings, as she sat at the wing, while waiting to "go on," and bid her husband "give me the dagger"? Well, that was the type of the provincial actress, a genius it may be, but a thrifty housewife withal, who, in those days of small salaries, had to consider the most trifling matters of housekeeping.

Mr. SAM SOTHERN, as *Captain de Fenix*, will forcibly remind everyone of the "in the sixties" period of *Lord Dundreary*; while *Tom Wrench*, who, as actor, is little more than a "super," but who as author is destined to make a big success, must surely have his original in the late TOM ROBERTSON, author of *Caste*. And, indeed, has not the play written by *Tom Wrench* just the idea, as far as one is permitted to know anything about it, of *Caste*? Or perhaps the character may be a reminiscence of Mr. PINERO's own theatrical career.

The part of the Vice-Chancellor is the piece's weakness. That this relentless old father (of a very hackneyed theatrical type, by the way) should suddenly relent on catching sight of a property sword and jewel used by EDMUND KEAN, is as ridiculous as it is ineffective. We should like to forget this episode, and to see the part entirely re-written for Mr. BOUICCAULT, when the present utterly inadequate motive would disappear. Miss *IRENE VANBRUGH*, the heroine, is charming; Mr. *FRED THORNE* deserves special mention as the waiter-greengrocer, as does also Mr. *E. M. ROBSON* as the funny little low comedian.

Should the promise of *Trelawny* prove as good as its performance, then may the manager of the Court, Mr. ARTHUR CHUDLEIGH, hum to himself the ancient refrain, adapted,

"And shall *Trelawny* die? (bis)
No; not for many hundred nights!
I see no reason why!"

And so the Chudleigh ARTHUR may rest peaceably on the Pinero ARTHUR's well-dusted laurels. *Prosit!*

AN ACOUSTIC TERROR.

[*Le Ménestrel*, a musical journal published in Paris, says that a Roumanian pianoforte-maker has invented a piano of such strenuousness, that its tones can be heard at a distance of over six miles.]

THANK Heav'n, it is seven miles and more
From London to Roumania,
Else there were painful times in store
For our unguarded crania!

Roumania, with the emphasis
On *mania*, now has gone sick, whence
All folks whose ear is not amiss
Have promptly fled in consequence.

If grand piano drowns big gun
In noisy strenuousness,
While Europe's still at peace, we'll shun
This musical monstrosity.

CHIEF FEATURES IN ANOTHER SOUTH AFRICAN HARLEQUINADE.—KRUGER's re-appearance in the character of genial "JOEY," the Inimitable Clown, with HER MAJESTY's High Commissioner as Pantaloon. Harlequin Mr. RHODES, and Columbine the Hon. Sir W. F. HELY-HUTCHINSON. Policeman (unavoidably absent on account of engagements elsewhere) the Colonial Secretary.



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

"CONFESS NOW. HAVE YOU EVER HIT A HAYSTACK, EVEN?" "WELL, OF COURSE I HAVE." "WHAT DID YOU AIM AT?"

THE MODERN WOMAN'S VADE MECUM.

Question. Do you agree with a certain female lecturer, that it is the duty of the fair sex to captivate the other?

Answer. Certainly, as cleverness need not be divorced from fascination.

Q. You do not object, then, to brains in the abstract?

A. No; but as some men have a horror of the blue-stocking, I would cover fine heads with pretty toques.

Q. And if a woman has literary tastes, what would you advise?

A. That part of her reading should be devoted to the fashion journals, and she should not sacrifice her toilette to her intellect.

Q. What is your opinion about latch-keys, visits to the music-halls, and cigarettes?

A. That, from a man's point of view, they are played out, and consequently should be abandoned by man's would-be help-mate.

Q. What do you think of glasses?

A. That, when necessary, they should take the shape of a pince-nez, as it is more becoming than spectacles.

Q. Then, before marriage, what should be your treatment of man?

A. I should do all I can in my power to please him.

Q. And after the nuptial knot has been tied, what then?

A. That, as Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING would observe, is quite another story.

A Belgravian Conundrum.

Q. When could a reverend incumbent in the vicinity of Belgrave Square be considered as having treated cannibalistically a member of a well-known firm of music-sellers?

A. When he has "Eaton Chapel."



* ["The Zulu Chief, DINUZULU, who has just been taken back to Zululand after some years of exile in St. Helena, has now been reinstated, to rank as a hereditary chief."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

IN THE STUDIO OF THE IMPRESSIONIST.

Artist. Well, what do you think of my picture?

Critic. Capital! But what is it about?

A. Well, I should be glad to hear your opinion. There is nothing like a fresh mind.

C. Well, it *may* be a battle? Or is it a portrait of your grandmother?

A. Try again. Very creditable for a first attempt, but try again.

C. Or it may be a Spanish bull-fight, or the last eclipse of the sun. Or perhaps it's shrimping at Margate?

A. I dare say you are right. But the title is an after-consideration. But tell me, do you think I could improve it?

C. Well, yes; you might turn it upside down, and repaint it.

[Scene closes in upon the artist giving the suggestion favourable consideration.]

A Crusher.

Country Manager (to Mr. AGRIPPA SNAP, the great London critic, who has come down to see the production of a piece on trial). And what do you think, Sir, of our theatre and our players?

Agrippa Snap (loftily). Well, frankly, Mr. FLATSON, your green-room's better than your company.

SINGULAR SPORTING FACT.—The stag in the famous hunt at the Crystal Palace is chased by Wulff hounds.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Wagg
or
Tomnibole

This humorous little Creature is very shy and modest. It lives on salt-water and blue-books and what it doesn't know isn't worth a dead star-fish. When questions is on it has a nice little way of rubbing things in. It is always there

The Jingonite
or
Yankitürk

This odd little Animal did not grow here you would think it had to hear it talk. When it starts saving the Empire and singing Rule Britannia very loud they only look at the ceiling and talk about the weather and how long this is likely to last

The Hyah-Hyah
or
Fisklekfrank

This popular Animal wants to know where everything comes from - then he scribbles all over it. I believe it would label its grandmother. If it can get anybody to meddle with fiskle things it is quite happy and cheers like working. It has got a cheer that is so loud that I expect it will be quite out of order soon

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Tuesday, February 8. —A big House in the Commons for opening of new Session. Much buzz and excitement before SPEAKER took the Chair. Thereafter a frost. Talk beforehand of lively times; Government to be assaulted on all sides. No harm likely to come of thumping, however diligent, when delivered through the many folds of Ministerial majority. Still there would be a scrimmage; some pleasant rush of excitement.

Nothing of the sort; only series of long speeches, *réchauffés* of what had been said day after day through the recess. Interest early collapsed. Benches steadily emptied. Those who had come to fight remained to yawn. Impossible to keep thing going even up to midnight. Before its stroke boomed across the Thames (sympathetically yawning at the moment), debate adjourned.

But, as some one has remarked, Thank Heaven we have a House of Lords! Tonight that Chamber vindicated its ancient renown. A scene of splendid dignity redressed the balance established by dull verbosity of the Commons. Incidentally House summoned for opening of new Session. Actually it gathered in unusual number to witness the elevation of the LORD CHANCELLOR to the Earldom. Yes, that gallant knight, Sir HARDINGE STANLEY, Lord HALSBURY, was now a Viscount and Earl of Great Britain by the name and title of Viscount TIVERTON, Earl of HALSBURY.

Opening scene discovered the belted Earl (belt not drawn very tight) seated, in black silk robe and full-bottomed wig, on

abashed Woolsack. The MARKISS having announced his new estate, the Earl, drawing himself up to fullest height, walked with stately step adown the gilded chamber. Hesitated a brief moment as to what he should do with his purse. Not an ordinary thing, in which you might carry a sovereign or two, if you had them; but a big, black, gold-embroidered bag, convenient for country visits from Saturday-to-Monday. At first seemed inclined to leave it on the Woolsack. Glancing round, observing several Bishops in close contiguity, concluded he would take purse with him. So walked off with it.



Nurse Halsbury and the Infant Earldom.

After five minutes' absence returned, centre of glittering escort. Black Rod spurred and sworded; Duke of NORFOLK in Earl Marshal's robes; Lord ANCASTER Hereditary Grand Chamberlain, with candlestick and pair of snuffers; Garter King-at-Arms with lion and unicorn fighting all over his back; Earl of COVENTRY and Earl of JERSEY acting as sponsors for the young Earl. Amid breathless silence procession slowly wended its way to the Throne. Arrived there, new Earl, audibly prompted by Black Rod, plumped on knees before empty Throne, on which for a moment he rested the long roll of parchment containing patent of his new peerage. Springing lightly to his feet, Viscount TIVERTON, Earl of HALSBURY, faced about and, holding the scroll gingerly in both arms as if he were conveying it to the baptismal font, procession moved towards the Bar. The scarlet robes slashed with ermine descending to his feet, the full-bottomed wig enshrining a countenance of almost motherly kindness, and the solicitude with which he held in outstretched arms the long, lean body of the scroll, more than ever suggestive of a christening.

Through the hushed silence was distinctly heard the shrill whisper of a breathlessly interested child looking on from under the gallery: "Mummy, do you think it'll cry?"

Procession, strolling in and out between table and cross benches, reached bench below gangway by Bar. Here the three Earls, the new one in the middle, dropped on to the seat, the LORD CHANCELLOR still tenderly dandling in his arms the patent of his infant earldom. Situation seemed suggestive of a cup of tea; perhaps, in the

circumstances, with a dash of rum in it. Would Black Rod go and get it? or would Garter King-at-Arms bring it in?

Whilst the ladies sympathetically looked on, wondering how far the tea would go round, the three Earls, turning their heads in the direction of the empty Wool-sack, raised their hats and bent their heads in salutation. Quite uncanny to see them do this, not once, but thrice.

"Thou canst not say I did it," SARK murmured, thinking of another historic scene where a chair, empty to ordinary eyes, was for *Macbeth's* filled with a strange visitant. "Never shake thy gory locks at me."

Having gravely saluted the empty air, the three Earls rose and, again led by Black Rod, with Garter King-at-Arms in attendance, the Earl Marshal and the Hereditary Great Chamberlain marching behind, the procession wended its way past the table to the Duke's Bench above the gangway. Here the LORD CHANCELLOR dropped on the Bench. Alone he did it the sponsor Earls not presuming to sit in ducal places. The flesh of the onlookers audibly crept as the LORD CHANCELLOR again "seeing things," bowed his head to the empty Throne. This done, he rose, stood at the table and took the oath, perhaps modestly conscious of how stately a part he had played in a dignified ceremony.

Business done.—New Session opened.

Thursday.—After closing time to-night, WILFRID LAWSON went home a saddened man. When SPEAKER took the Chair, things looked particularly bright. Sir WILFRID's eye twinkled as, looking down the notices of motion, he came on one by Government Whip proposing to nominate the Kitchen Committee.

"WALROND may propose," Sir WILFRID contentedly murmured, "but LAWSON disposes."

Debate on Address in full, if slow swing. Nothing more certain than that it would be carried over midnight. After that solemn stroke had sounded, the strongest Ministry of modern times could not carry the simplest proposal if the most obscure private Member objected. Sir WILFRID was master of the situation. The Kitchen Committee must either give pledge to alter an anomalous and illegal condition of things under which drink is sold at the Lobby bars, the House being unlicensed, or there should be no Kitchen Committee.

Hours slowly drifted by, weighted with dreary drip of ceaseless talk. Distress in Ireland; Slavery in Zanzibar; HOWARD VINCENT on Foreign Tariffs; a dozen other topics in reserve if these left any margin of time before the fatal stroke of midnight. Everything seemed safe. But WILFRID LAWSON is too old a campaigner to leave opening for accident. At a quarter to twelve he mounted his watch-tower. RITCHIE on his legs making mince-meat of HOWARD VINCENT's fictions and fallacies; seemed safe to bring sitting up to midnight. But catching WALROND's eye, President of Local Government Board abruptly brought speech to conclusion. What was left of HOWARD VINCENT asked leave to withdraw his amendment.

Fingers of the clock still tarried at four minutes off midnight. WALROND promptly moved appointment of Kitchen Committee; WILFRID LAWSON

felt all was lost save honour. TANNER disinterestedly came to his help; began speech which, had it been continued over midnight, would have retrieved fortunes of day by postponing appointment of Committee. House always glad to hear an expert on any topic. TANNER just got into stride on the drink question when Closure was moved and game was up. WILFRID LAWSON, with bowed head, heard the Committee appointed.

It takes a long time to tell. But the scene, dramatic finish to a dreary sitting, flashed through in four minutes.

Business done.—Chiefly talk.

Friday Night.—A nice little comedy filled the boards to-night. "A domestic



Britannia according to Mr. Michael Davitt.

comedy," PRINCE ARTHUR called it, though he, not belonging to the domestic circle, played the brightest part. *Dramatis personæ:* JOHN SHORT REDMOND, the true patriot and only friend of Ireland; JOHN CODLIN DILLON, claiming the same part; SQUIRE OF MALWOOD struggling with the emotion of absorbing love, unbounded affection for Home Rule, distressed at seeing its chances spoiled by petty jealousies of two professional supporters; PRINCE ARTHUR, the amused looker-on, with his bag of salt, out of which he rubbed in refreshment for the wounds dealt each other by the three friends to whom nothing was common save passionate love for Ireland; lastly, though his name was not on the original bill, FLAVIN, MICHAEL JOSEPH, Member for North Kerry, in business at Tralee, descended in direct line from FLAVIUS O'FLAVIN, King of Ireland.

When JOHN SHORT REDMOND had poured cheap scorn on the political party that ruined themselves for the sake of Home Rule; when JOHN CODLIN DILLON had threatened them with perpetual exile from power unless they submissively followed the chariot wheels of Home Rule; when the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD had made pathetically patient rejoinder; when PRINCE ARTHUR rubbed in the last handful of salt, wanting to know if it was the policy of

English Liberals again to put Home Rule first—then was heard from a modest back bench the voice of the fiery FLAVIN.

"It will have to be their policy!" shouted the son of many kings.

It was the briefest, but, in immediate effect, the most striking speech of the evening.

Business done.—JOHN DILLON gives the Liberal Party notice.

A SIMPLE CHILD OF THE GHETTO.

In a bashful account of a brilliant career, confided by Mr. ZANGWILL to *The Bookman*, he mentions that he once edited a comic paper, *Ariel*. It is added, "One of the *Punch* staff recently told him (Mr. ZANGWILL) that it was the only comic paper they took seriously, and which they used to read so as to avoid repeating its jokes." "They were not always successful," Mr. ZANGWILL slyly remarks. It is a pretty conceit, the *Punch* staff taking a comic paper seriously, "and which" they read so as to avoid repeating its jokes. Mr. ZANGWILL, of course, does not mean, as might be inferred, that the jokes were so bad that to read them sufficed to ban repetition. What he desires to convey is that this serious comic paper monopolised the wit and wisdom of the week, and that Mr. *Punch's* young men, having their accustomed space to fill, were in the habit of sitting down in a row, reading *Ariel*, grateful if it left anything, however immaterial, for them to say. A funny picture; but the funniest thing of all, that no one on the *Punch* staff ever heard of the serious comic paper till its existence was brought to notice by this modest passage from Mr. ZANGWILL's autobiography.

The Very New School.

Uncle Jos. Well, my boy, I suppose you don't mind going back to school?

Nephew (in the Sixth Form). Not in the least, my dear uncle. I shall be rejoiced to return to my studies. But I confess that I am somewhat exercised in my mind as to the possible characters of the new boys, whom I shall have to employ as fags!

[Uncle Jos does not extract the sovereign which he was fingering in his trousers pocket.

RECENTLY USED IN COOKING THE WAR CORRESPONDENT'S GOOSE.—The Herbert Kitchener.

Q. Why is the lady bikist of an amorous disposition?

A. Because she is a sigh-cling creature.



Two of Mr. Punch's Pages.



'ARRY AMONG THE LONG TAILS.

HE MAKES THE ACQUAINTANCE OF A COURSEING JUDGE, BUT THEY DO NOT "HIT IT OFF," SOMEHOW.

ARS BREVIS!

THE *St. James's Gazette* states that Mr ENGELHARDT, a Chicago painter, "throws off marvellously clever paintings at the rate of nine minutes for large canvasses, and three minutes for small ones," working in this way from ten to seventeen hours each day. As a result of his brilliant example, we may hope shortly to read in our papers such paragraphs as the following:—

An interesting lecture on "Modern Art" was delivered last week by Professor SIAPDASH, R.A. In the course of his remarks, the Professor took occasion to protest against the excessive speed with which some painters complete their work. His views on this point were somewhat reactionary, and he caused a good deal of dissent among his audience when he maintained that no artist should produce more than a couple of hundred finished pictures each week. As Professor SIAPDASH is one of the Hanging Committee, it is possible that his opinion is influenced by the fact that rather more than two million canvasses were sent in to Burlington House last year.

We hear that Signor PRESTISSIMO, the celebrated Italian sculptor, is extremely busy just now, and finds some difficulty in keeping pace with his numerous commis-

sions. He is not, however, a slow worker. We were fortunate enough to spend a couple of hours in his studio the other day, during which time Signor PRESTISSIMO completed six life-size statues, four beautifully-modelled groups, seven designs for friezes, and twenty-one small busts. But his experience is that the sculptor who works at this rate is ill-advised if he attempts to keep it up for more than fifteen or sixteen hours each day. General attention will be directed to his colossal figure of "Hercules," which is shortly to be exhibited, as it is understood that Signor PRESTISSIMO spent no less than twenty minutes in perfecting it.

The state of the literary market is dull at present, the number of new books published last week being only one hundred and forty thousand. Probably there will be no great stir of activity until the Autumn publishing season comes round again. By far the most noticeable volume of the past week was *The Growth of Mankind*, a comprehensive work in ten volumes. Such a work comes as a timely reproach to the facile scribblers of the present day, who may affect to despise the author of this masterpiece, because it absorbed his full industry for no less than a month. But the careful student of *The Growth of Mankind* will recognise with delight the polished accuracy of style and the profundity of

knowledge which characterise it, and will not deem the month misspent, even though the whole of it was devoted to the composition of this one masterpiece.

Does the Poet-laureate earn his official income? That question is often asked by the public, and it is satisfactory to be able to answer in the affirmative. On Monday of last week, for instance, the Poet-laureate wrote four ballads, of about five hundred lines each. Tuesday and Wednesday he devoted to the composition of an epic poem in ten cantos. On Thursday he produced a translation of the *Iliad*, on Friday an original blank-verse tragedy. Saturday he regards as a holiday, and he wrote nothing on that day beyond a Nuptial Ode of a few hundred lines. Of course, many younger bards can finish their songs at a speed far greater, but for a middle-aged man, the above seems to us to be a very fair week's work.

It is said that the new "Instantaneous Literary Supply Company" will be started next month. Commodious premises in Oxford Street have been secured, and the company will be prepared to prepare any kind of literature for their customers "while they wait." A talented staff has been engaged, who will be able to produce literature of all kinds at the maximum speed and the minimum price.

Mr SEMIBREVE, the eminent composer, asks us to state that he resents being unduly hurried with his work. He wishes Festival Committees to understand that he cannot provide a new oratorio unless at least two days' notice is given.

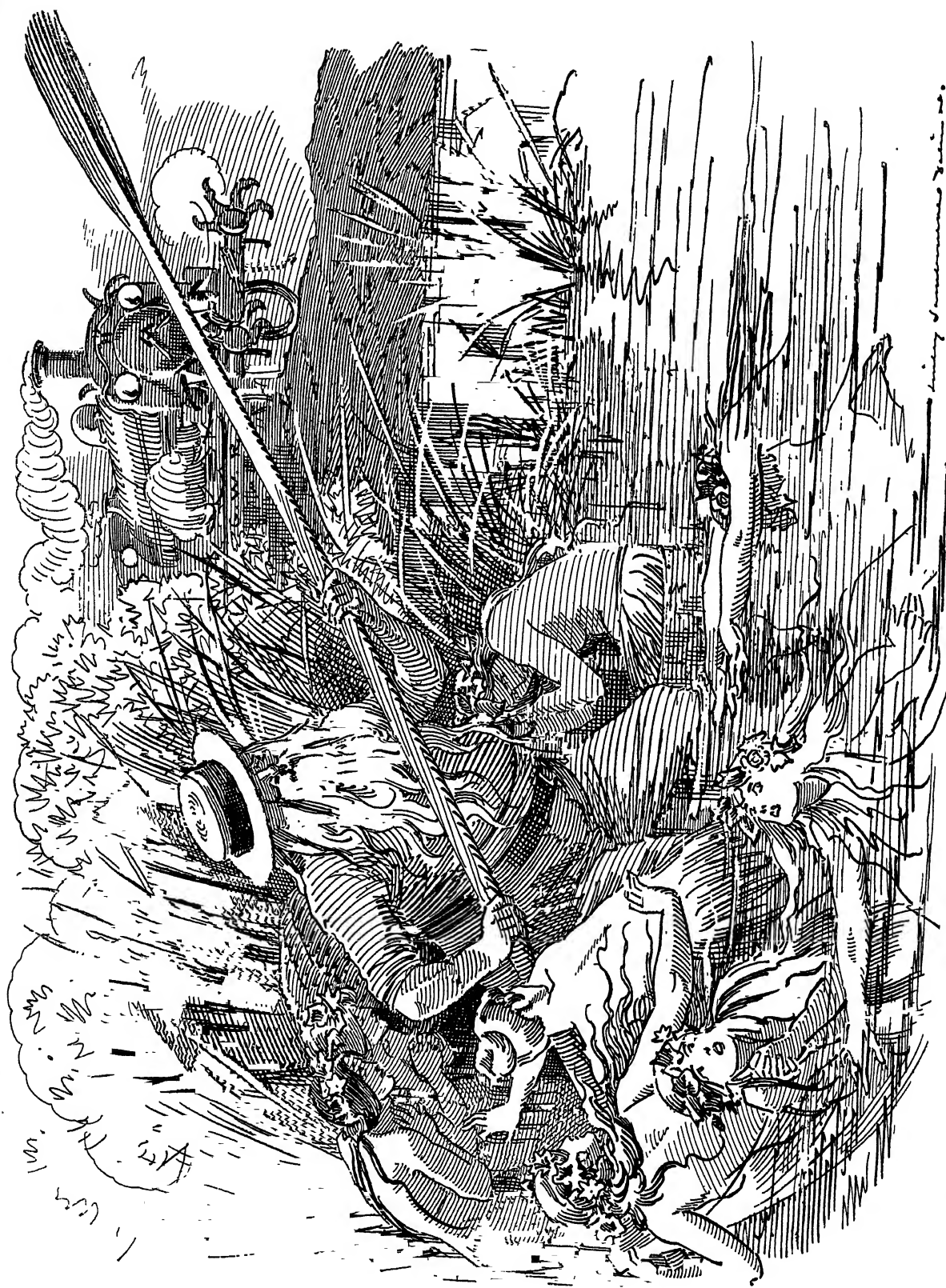
Of a popular actress it was recently said, "she acts like a charm." Yes; but what sort of "charm"? and then, what kind of effect has that "charm"? Circe exercised her charms on Ulysses' friends.



[REJECTED!

(Defeated—by Half an inch.)]

"So many boys are offering themselves for the Navy, that the Admiralty have increased the standard of chest measurement by half an inch." *Standard.*]



Father Thames (to Henley Naiads). "DON'T BE ALARMED, MY DEARS. IF HE COMES WITHIN OUR REACH, I'LL SOON SETTLE HIS BUSINESS!"

["The G. W. R. Company must have known that their contemplated line from Marlow to Henley would raise a storm of opposition against any interference with the Thames at spots so sacred to all oursmen."—*Vide "A Correspondent" in "Times," February 14.*]

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

THE PLAINT OF DYING HUMOUR.

(After C. S. C.)

["It is reported that Sir LEWIS MORRIS" (M.A., Author of *The Epic of Hades, Songs Unsung, Songs without Notes, &c.*, retired candidate for Carmarthen Boroughs, and J.P.) "has complained that laughter is dying out."—*Daily Paper*.]

I KNOW not what the cause should be
That Humour melts my heart no more;
That nothing now induces me
To roar.

In days of old my waistcoat heaved
Conjointly with my heaving chest
As soon as ever I perceived
A jest;

The simple pun, the patent wheeze,
Would take me in the diaphragm;
But now I hardly care for these
A cent.

I almost fear—I know not why—
That Laughter's fount has been mislaid;
I could not giggle, not if I
Was paid.

And yet my health is very fair;
I harbour no religious doubts;
And am but sixty-four or there-
-abouts.

Time was when I and others laughed;
When many an apoplectic fit
Was traced directly to a shaft
Of wit;

For such would find the harness-joint,
And pierce the vulnerable spot,
Whether they chanced to have a point
Or not.

I've been, myself, severely blamed
For causing careless men to choke,
Though (wittingly) I never framed
A joke.

You know the "Welsh Harp," Hendon
way?

Well, I had one—it came from Wales;
On this it was my pride to play
The scales.

Occasionally I would strike
Such notes as never yet were heard;
Or even sing without them, like
A bird.

I sang for joy with either lung;
I draw applause from youngish maids;
And had a small success among
The shades.

And once, when I was straitly pressed
To go and stand for Parliament,
I ceased my singing (by request)
And went.

I went and canvassed. Celtic fire
Flamed in my eye and scorched the lid;
And when they asked me to retire,
I did.

I settled down again and played
The same old harp with all my might;
And subsequently I was made
A knight.

But when the ever-verdant bays
Alighted on another's head,
Somehow I deemed that Humour's days
Were dead.

And yet, who knows? Some Orpheus now
May strike his rib-compelling lyre
Till man and tree and pensive cow
Perspire!



Tenor (singing). "OH, 'APPY, 'APPY, 'APPY BE THY DREAMS—"
Professor. "STOP, STOP! WHY DON'T YOU SOUND THE H!"
Tenor. "IT DON'T GO NO 'IGHER THAN G!"

Suppose, for instance, I should hum
The sort of things I hummed of yore,
And take my jocund harp and strum
Some more:—

The Spirit of Laughter—if I'm right—
Though sadly worn is still alive;
And, under these conditions, might
Revive!

THIRTY YEARS HENCE.

(Echoes from a Twentieth Century Theatre.)

FANCY people wearing gowns without atmospheric extenders in 1898! How ridiculous they must have appeared!

And that funny, shapeless sack used to be called a Russian jacket!

How could they have put on those huge hats, all muslin and feathers?

And think of any one having twelve buttons to one's gloves!

You may be sure they *did* wear jewelled dog-collars round their necks.

Look at their hair! Why, it's a regular bird's nest, with a bob at the top!

Imagine any one muffling up one's face with a veil nowadays!

Grandpapa used to put that stove pipe, silky-looking thing on his head and call it a "topper."

Taking tea at five and dining at eight, what hours!

Oh, dear! what a funny idea to nail soup plates to the walls and cover the floors with rugs!

How could they have managed to read with that antediluvian electric light?

Those rolled-up things were called umbrellas.

And yet there was something picturesquely quaint about the general discomfort of the period.

LOGIC.—"It must be obvious," said the Lady Lecturer, "that the girl is infinitely superior to the boy. The man who is cheerful we describe as *buoyant*; but the brave and courageous man is *gallant*."

[Resumes her seat amidst loud applause.]



SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.

(As practised amongst our poor gulls, &c.)

Shooting Fiend (to Inquiring Stranger), "OW DO I GET 'EM IF THEY FALLS INTO THE SEA? LOR' BLESS Y', WHY, I DON' WANT 'EM. ALL I WANTS IS THE FUN O' FETCHIN' OF 'EM DOWN!"

"MUCH ADO" AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

As Mr. LOWELL observed, or quoted, "The man who never makes a mistake will never make anything," and on this ground *à propos* of the recent production of *Much Ado* at the St. James's Theatre, I venture to think that Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER, as PAT MULLIGAN put it, "has a greater future before him than ever he had behind him." Could scenery, for the most part excellent, and sumptuous costumes of fair share towards making a success, then, for what is lacking in the merits both of stage management and of acting, full compensation would have been made in this revival, which cannot fail to be compared by playgoers, those uncompromising "old hands," with a representation of the same play, not so very long ago, at another theatre. Such comparisons are, as we are aware, "oderous," and to be altogether avoided. That Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER looks the *Benedick*, "a young Lord of Padua," would be undeniable, if that unfledged bachelor were of the same age, or even younger than that other "young Lord of Padua," *Signor Claudio*, whom he disdainfully terms "boy," just as do those two reverend seniors, *Leonato*, the father, and *Antonio*, uncle of *Hero*. *Benedick*, it may be fairly assumed, is older than the two Princes, *Don Pedro* and *Don John*, and, beyond all question, than *Claudio*. He is

the link between the elders and the youths; he is *Benedick* in the very prime of his manhood, and fully eight years older than *Beatrice*, who had resolved to die an old maid unless she, like *Benedick*, should live to be married. In point of age, *Beatrice* is to *Hero*, as *Benedick* to *Claudio*. *Beatrice* is not a *Miss Hoyden*, nor is *Benedick* a "touch-and-go" *Charles Hurcourt*; *Miss JULIA NEILSON* would be quite unfitted for *Miss Hoyden*, while Mr. ALEXANDER carries in his face just so much of cynical expression as would make the character of the careless young roysterer quite unsuitable to him, though it ought to be a natural gift on



"I am trusted with a muzzle. . . If I had my mouth, I would bite." (Act I, sc. 3.)

ADMIRABLE CREIGHTON.

["The Bishop of LONDON, in distributing the certificates to competitors for the County Council Scholarships at Queen's Hall, declared that if he could get his own way he would abolish the teaching of grammar in schools entirely . . . because it was the subject farthest from real life."—*Daily Mail*.]

DR. CREIGHTON, what ho! good old Bishop, well said! This time, Sir, you hit the right nail on the head. Why waste precious time learning goodness knows what, I fully agree with you, grammar is rot.

But, right reverend Sir, I go further than you, I don't see the use of arithmetic, too; And geography, history, science—I feel There's something about them distinctly unreal.

Then strictly I'd carry your principles out, And spend all my school-time in "mucking about": Thus gaining experience and shrewd common-sense, And saving the pater a needless expense.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

LIKE an earlier and even more distinguished excursionist, Mr. CONAN DOYLE did not "go down into Egypt" for nothing. He brought back with him materials for a story, published by SMITH, ELDER, under the title *The Tragedy of the Korosko*. The materials are exceedingly simple. A party of COOK's tourists set forth on the familiar journey up the Nile. They are seized by a party of Dervishes, carried off into captivity, and rescued by a detachment of the Indian Camel Corps. Out of these somewhat commonplace materials, Mr. DOYLE has fashioned a story of breathless interest, lightened by many touches of character, and framed in the carefully-studied atmosphere of the Nubian desert. The story will not rank among his supremest efforts. But it is full of life and colour, a pleasant companion for a restful hour. It is an exceedingly difficult task to write a volume chiefly composed of the sayings of children. Beyond the fond family circle a little of this kind of wit and wisdom goes a long way. In *The Professor's Children* (LONGMANS), Miss E. H. FOWLER has, my Baronite tells me, adventured this task and has accomplished it. The dainty book is a close sympathetic study of the child-mind, and the narrative is full of those quaint fancies which find birth in its virgin soil.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

which he should have traded when contemplating the part of *Benedick*. With another two months' careful study and intelligent rehearsal, Mr. ALEXANDER might have given us an ideal *Benedick*, and a perfectly stage-managed representation of the play, which, as it is, seems to justify its title of *Much Ado about Nothing*. When Mr. ALEXANDER comes to the serious dramatic situation where he breaks with the Prince and challenges *Claudio*, how excellent he is! He would have done well had he turned back and studied the character from this one standpoint. The two scenes in the garden, where, first, *Benedick* overhears *Don Pedro*, *Claudio* and *Leonato* talking about the love of *Beatrice* for him, and, secondly, where *Beatrice* (apparently in a sort of bathing costume) overhears the discourse of *Hero* and *Margaret* about the love of *Benedick* for her, show such a lack of resourceful stage management as brings out all the glaring improbabilities of the situations, and thus reduces comedy to mere farce. The present arrangement may be supported by every sort of old-fashioned precedent and stage tradition, but Mr. ALEXANDER would have done better had he determined to "reform it altogether."

Mr. FRED TERRY is a merry *Don Pedro*, with just such princely dignity as is sufficient to mark the distinction of his rank. But how loud the three laugh and talk when *Benedick* has them in full view! How



COLD COMFORT.

"OH, TOM, HOW LUCKY YOU HAVE YOUR MACKINTOSH ON!"

they "give themselves away" by the affected gravity of their exit!

MR. NUTCOMBE GOULD is a stately friar, a little too lavish of informal and eccentric blessings.

MISS FAY DAVIS seems to be thrown away on *Hero*, or *Hero* thrown away on Miss FAY DAVIS: a knotty point not to be decided off-hand. The low comic parts of clown *Dogberry* and pantaloon *Verges* are—well, I may here make a comparison, putting it in the form of a question, and asking if there be any playgoer who may remember being taken, when he was quite a boy, at a genuinely critical age, to see KEELEY as *Dogberry* and BUCKSTONE as *Verges*?* Oh, the impenetrable stolid stupidity of that *Dogberry*! and the obsequious admiration of that deaf old *Verges*! *Pussoms*, Mr. W. H. VERNON is a noble and dignified *Leonato*, failing only once, and that is when, during "the chapel scene," he asks in a light-hearted way if anybody would oblige him with a sword, just to put an end to his life. And the *Antonio* of Mr. BEVERIDGE is excellent, conveying the idea that he is a great traveller, and has just returned from a little tour in Ireland, where he has caught just the least taste in life of the brogue, and is ready at the shortest notice to whip out a shillelagh and cry "Wigs on the Green!" before *Claudio* and *Don Pedro*

know where they are. Capital! In my 'umble opinion, it would be very difficult to find a better representative of that melodramatic villain, *Don John*, than is Mr. H. B. IRVING. But Oh, Mr. IRVING, junior, beware of adding syllables and dropping the



Benedick (to Beatrice). "I will go with thee to thy uncle's." (Act V., sc. 3.)

voice! beware of mannerism, for this *Don John* is but a twin brother to that part of a quite modern up-to-date villain wherein you so recently distinguished yourself, at this theatre, on these very boards! On the whole, the revival will excite curiosity, which will be allayed by the time the next novelty is ready for production.

"WILL THEY COME?"

The following advertisement is cut from the *Liverpool Daily Post* :—

"IF MARY JANE BROWN, who in the year 1871 lived in Shakspeare Street, or her Representatives, if dead, will apply to the Undersigned, she or they may hear something to their advantage."

There is something particularly uncanny in this business-like calling of the spirits from the vasty deep. Why are MARY JANE BROWN's representatives to apply only "if dead"? No particular sartorial directions are given; but it is reasonable to suppose that if they apply they will turn up in their shrouds. That will be a nice experience for the office boy in the service of the advertising solicitors. He should immediately apply for a rise in his wages.

Tertium Quid.

(A new way with the Peers.)

ONCE thus the option ran :—

"Mend 'em or end 'em."

Now ASQUITH's milder plan
Is *Referendum*.

A VERY IMPORTANT "M.P."—He is to be found in Nyasaland. His name is MPSENI, said to be able to put 30,000 warriors in the field. What M.P. can absolutely command so many voters?

A CURATE for half a century was last week spoken of in the *D. T.* as something wonderful. But what is a curate for fifty years compared with a "Perpetual Curate"?

* I cannot, however, find, in the *Henry Irving Shakespeare*, any record of KEELEY and BUCKSTONE having played *Dogberry* and *Verges* together between 1846 and 1853.



"MUMMY DEAR, CAN'T WE PLAY AND BE JOLLY TOGETHER? YOU ARE SO—SO DREADFULLY GROWN-UP!"

LUDWIG IN LONDON.

PICCALILLI.

HONOURED MISTER,—In Berlin the stranger visits first the remarkablest street called *Die Linden*, or more solemnly *Unter den Linden*, under the limes. Therefore in visiting London's *Sehenswürdigkeiten* I go first to piccalilli—ah no, you write the names of streets and places with a big letter—Piccalilli, the Limes of London. I remember the name because I have seen it on a bottle of the english "Piccalilli Pickles." When I learn a strange language I notice and remember everything.

I go from the boardinghouse near the Naturalhistory Museum, which the young barrister now says was made in Germany. I think that this is false, *falsch*, but perhaps he means that the architekt was a German, which is very probable as the building is like a german one. Besides the german architekt's are the best in the world. I believe that one of them at the present time restores and improves the Parthenon in Athen. But I can not understand why a german architekt should make a building which looks like Stilton cheese. From there I go in the omnibus to Heidpark Corner.

The entrance of your park is like the Brandenburger Thor in Berlin, but not so large and not so handsome. In the park there is no beautiful, wide alley like the Charlottenburger Chaussee in our Animalgarden, and what is still badder—ah no, more bad—one can not go in the park in a omnibus, or even in a "keb. Of course there are no tramways, because you have them not in London. I walk not willing, so till now I see not the Heidpark. As regards Piccalilli, I like not the street at all. Ah, *Mister Punch*, you should see our Limes in Berlin! I mean not the limetrees, which are an awful scrubby lot of trees. I mean the street, which is the beautifulest street in Berlin, and in the world. It is quite straight, it is quite flat, and it is more than 180 foot wide. *Prachtvoll!* Your Piccalilli is not straight, it is

not flat, it is about sixty foot wide, it is not even the same width all along, and the houses only on one side are all different. *Abscheulich!*

There is only one thing in it which pleases me, and that is what I see at first when I step out of the omnibus. It is the *Bildsäule*, picturecolumn—that is, statue—of the Duke of WEL-LINGTON, who was the general of the english army commanded by Feldherr VON BLUCHER when the latter conquered NAPOLEON. I see immediately that it is a awfully fine statue, and afterwards I discover the reason. It was made by a German. *Natürlich!* The german artists are the best in the world. I know not if you have any good carvers in England, but of course they are not so clever. It pleases me that the Englishmen must employ not only german waiters, but also german carvers. "*Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles!*"

As I speak of statues, I may say I have seen the statue of BOADICEA, the first Queen of England. I admired that statue, and at first I thought it was also made by a German, because it is so beautiful and warlike. The young barrister admires it not. He says it is "a rotten thing made of plaster." If it is made only of plaster of course it must soon rot. In Berlin all the statues are made of marble or bronze.

I walk a little along Piccalilli. I am quite astounded that I see not there, or in any street, even one lieutenant. In Berlin, as in every german town, one sees officers everywhere. I know that the ridiculous english army is very little, and that there are now so many generals with the soldiers in India that there can be no more english generals anywhere else, but I had thought I should see leastways lieutenants in London. But no. The young barrister says "All those Johnnys go about in Mufftea." I can not find this word in my dictionary, so it must be a town or province somewhere, perhaps in India, where the tea grows. But even if all the lieutenants called JOHNNY are travelling in the province of Mufftea, where are the lieutenants not called JOHNNY? I know not.

Obediently, LUDWIG.



“FINANCIAL RELATIONS.”

Chorus of Long-lost Brothers.

S-ND-RS-N, H-LY, L-CKY (*singing*):—

“IT’S THE MOST DISTRESSFUL COUNTRY THAT EVER YOU DID SEE!
WE WANT SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS FROM THE SAXON TREASURER!”



AT THE POST.

First Gentleman Rider. "WHO IS THE SWELL ON THE LAME HORSE?"

Second G. R. "OH—FORGET HIS NAME—HE'S THE SON OF THE GREAT FURNITURE MAN, DON'TOHERKNOW."

First G. R. "GOES AS IF HE HAD A CASTER OFF, EH?"

LAST THREE WEEKS!

SIR EVERETT MILLAIS was an instance of an "early master," for, at eleven years old, Master MILLAIS was admitted student of the Royal Academy.

And how interesting in this collection are the gradual upward steps of an Art Pilgrim's Progress. Here is seen how he was allured on the way by a Pre-Raphaelite Temptress, from whose fascinations escaping, he became stronger than ever, knowing thenceforth what to avoid. Who could believe the "*Cymon and Iphigenia*" of 1848 to be by the same hand that gave us "*Stella*" twenty years afterwards. Even two years made a vast difference, witness the "*Conclusion of Peace*" (1856), with its capillary aureole of ripe corn, and arms and hands belonging to anybody and everybody, in the picture; also the now famous "*Vale of Rest*" (1858). Yet with all his masculinity, what sentimental book-of-beauty kind of lady in fancy-dress armour is his "*Joan of Arc*" (1865). But how grand, how life-like, are most of his portraits! His "*Sir Henry Thompson*," his "*Sir Richard Quain*," his "*Tennyson*," his "*Mrs. Beddington*," and "*Mrs. Bischoffsheim*," and his three lovely ladies at cards waiting for "a fourth" to be partner to one of them. Then there's "Master Bubbles," used to adorn the House of Pears. Lastly, the old warrior, the "*Yeoman of the Guard*," perhaps the most memorable of the whole collection. The exhibition closes March 12, which is advice gratis to those who would be sorry to have allowed such an opportunity to escape them.

Picturesque London, by that eminent Dickensian student, *Per se* FITZGERALD, will (of course) be followed up by *Picturesque London*. If not, why not, as P. F. is the man to do it?



"Why don't the Authorities take a hint from the Advertisers, and illuminate the statues at night-time with the "pop-up" electric-lights? Experiment with the Griffin first."

THE CHAIR OF NEWSPAPERS.

ACTING on the suggestion of Mr. JOHN MORLEY, *Mr. Punch*, as soon as he founds his new "Settlement," will appoint a gentleman to the Chair of Newspapers. The Professor must be prepared at any moment to deliver a course of lectures on any subject. The following is offered as a sample of syllabus:—

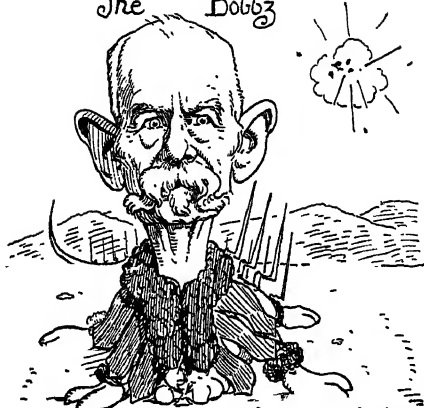
1. The Road to Chitral.—Who made it?—Who said he had made it?—Who did not know whether he had made it?—Who was silent about somebody else having made it? When and how he found out that he had made it himself?
2. Financial Relations of Ireland.—Incidence of taxation.—Amount of taxation per head of population.—Consumption of alcohol per head of population.—Royal Commission.—Blue Books.—Conclusions.
3. The Cesarewitch.—Racing.—General history.—Chariot-racing in Rome.—The *quadriga*, *meta*, *currus*.—Racing in England.—Newmarket.—Cesarewitch.—Probable starters and prices.—Straight tips from the stables.
4. The Legend of Talienwan.—Origin of the myth.—*Times* correspondent.—Growth.—Decay.—Lord SALISBURY.
5. Hotels.—Management.—How to make them pay.—Butchers' bills.—Profits, five hundred per cent.—"Lights," 1s. 6d. a pound.—"What the cats eat."—Position of shareholders.—Conclusions.

"'THE happy man is content with his lot,' and," continued the Cynic, "requires a lot to make him contented."

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Bobbzy



This tiny little Animal is all pluck and is full of beans, but he does not try to spread himself like some do. Directly an enemy shows his nose he has a neat little way of pulling it off. All soldiers like him though he took them very long walks sometimes. He has got such a lot of medals he has to leave most of them in the cloakroom.

The Mark



This clever little Animal is a terror to fight. He covers himself up in silk and horsehair every day and then he runs along passages and pops into all sorts of different cases one after another and draws a nice little screw out of them too. There isn't no need to be hanged while you can get him (I think this is nicer drawn than most of my pictures - I do hope he'll like it)

The Jappypote
Lytervaysha

This little Animal writes such nice poetry. He is sound at all swarries with his chest smothered all over with stars and krissanthemums and rising suns and other ornaments. He has heard the East is calling so he doesn't like London there is not enough hoyris and dymios and things about. They say he is growing a pig-tail - he feels so orientle

TEETOTAL CAMPAIGNERS,

WHAT'S this I hear at all! "All intoxicants"—that's the language for good liquor—"stopped during the Egyptian campaign" (a word that's so like champagne, good luck to it!) by order of General GATAORE, and "only coffee allowed on the march to Abu Dis"—("A bu-titul idea, truly!" as my old friend Maurice O'Shaughnessy might have said), and then "the troops stopped at Ghegni for tea"!!! Is it a mothers' meeting I'm reading about? What 'ud they do on St. Patrick's Day? Oh murder! just to think of the difference in our time in the Peninsula, and under the Iron Duke more betoken!

True, we had hard times occasionally, with hard biscuit and harder beef, but there was always a drop of "the cratur" to soften us. Ah! the sweet cratur she is! All spirit, yet plenty of body! And how the mischief could we have drunk the toast of "to the greatest Irishmen that ever lived, St. Patrick and Lord WELLINGTON," if we had had but a cup of tea to drink it in, like bread-and-butter misses at a boarding-school? Just cast your eye over the bill of fare in the true story of Charles O'Malley told by CHARLES LEVER! Why, just before Fuentes d'Onoro—"the night before LARRY was stretched"—didn't we enjoy the height of good livin', and of good teedin', and good drinkin'? "Sherry, champagne, London porter, Malaga, and even, I believe, Harvey's sauce, were hobnobbed in; while hot punch, in tea cups"—that's the way we used our tea-cups—"or tin vessels, was unsparingly distributed on all sides." Mark the word "unsparingly." And now? Ah! "Blessed times on my life! I wish we had them back again!" with a butt of the "King of Spain's sherry!" What's the service coming to? Sir, the service is going to tea-pot.

Yours, MAJOR MONSOON.

The Coneydoil
Shur'lacombs

This big friendly Creature is very strong and sagacious. If he finds a footprint he can tell you what colored hair it has and whether it is a libral or a conservative—which is very clever I think. He plays all games and always makes a hundred. He likes to run through the Strand with his tail in pairs—all of them strong and healthy—then he collects it all together and it runs for a long time by itself.

Job's Comforter.

Mr. Flatfoot (to disconsolate owner of suburban lake, where, in a hard winter, hundreds of pounds are netted). Well, never mind, Mr. EDGE, an American friend tells me that we're certain to have capital skating in July or August.

LADIES OF THE PRESS" AT THE EMPIRE.

THE Empire is worthy of its reputation in the new ballet of "The Press." Here, thanks to the inventive powers of Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS, we have a review of the Fourth Estate (some say it should be called the Fifth) from the time of CAXTON to the end of the nineteenth century. In the initial tableau the first printing-machine is destroyed by office "devils," much to the regret of the master of the chapel. However, all things are set right by the arrival of a most charming representative of the Liberty of Journalism, who dances off the senior pressman through the centuries to Fleet Street in 1898. Here CAXTON "assists" at the wooing of a typewriter by a young gentleman selling "specials," and finds most of the offices of the leading papers within eye-shot. But the Liberty of the Press has something better to show her guest. CAXTON is carried into the Hall of the Periodicals, over the door of which appears the comforting legend that "the pen is mightier than the sword." Then comes one of the prettiest ballets of modern times. Dailies, weeklies, illustrateds, fashions, and sporting and dramatics in turn. Every paper of any importance having an office in London is seen to the best advantage. Never was there a more beautiful sight, and never a greater triumph for woman journalism. As a climax Mr. Punch himself appears, hale and hearty, and clad in court dress. With the *Times* he supports the old gentleman with the scythe, and shows that the world could not get on without them. It may be confidently predicted that for months and months to come the papers on the stage of the Empire will keep the "paper" out of the auditorium.

UNDOUBTED DOCK LABOURERS.—Gentry confronted with a verdict of "guilty" by the jury.



Brown (after an hour's digging for the ferret). "CALL THIS RABBIT SHOOTIN'? I CALL IT LANDSCAPE GARDENING!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, February 14.

—As a rule, nothing so dreary in House of Commons as a full-dress debate. One fatal condition is that the talk shall last a certain period—four days, three days, or, in merciful conditions of this week, two days. That limits possibilities of dreariness. But it suffices to invest performance with air of unreality. The stars in either party firmament will shine only at a particular hour. When their turn comes they blaze away at prodigious length. Intervals of dinner hour and the like are filled up by Members whom no one cares to hear. This is one of the things they certainly manage better in the Lords.

This Chitral debate was foredoomed by circumstances attending its commencement. Through recess Opposition been girding at Government, charging them with ill-considered policy leading to disastrous war. "Only wait till Parliament meets. Then, in spite of our numerical weakness, we will crush this foolish, iniquitous Government between the upper and nether millstone." Attack naturally expected on opening night of Session. But whole week frittered away in talk round impracticable amendments moved by inconsiderable private Members. To-night, when battle actually opens, Members already worn out. Tired of the whole business. Disposed to let off easy the worst Government in the world, if they may only go off to dinner or to bed.

"I happened, when a boy," says the Member for Sark, dropping into autobiography, as is his use when bored, "to get my earliest instruction in a

fighting school. The chief business in the morning classes was to arrange one or two bouts of fisticuffs in the dinner hour. But they always came off at earliest possible moment. Wasn't the custom for one boy, small or big, to go up to another on a Tuesday, and tell him that on the following Monday he would punch his head. The meeting was arranged for the earliest moment after noon, and invariably came off. That much more cheery than the alternative proposal in favour with our Captains, who, longing to be at 'em, put off the pinking for a week, whilst they truculently study a Blue Book which adds nothing to the broad facts long ago established."

Business done. — LAWSON WALTON, mildest-mannered pirate at the Bar, moves amendment to Address, attacking Ministerial policy on North-West Frontier of India.

Tuesday.—Athwart the depressing atmosphere of the pumped-up indignation about Chitral flashes a gleam of light. Through the recess, and at opening of debate, Opposition accused Members of being responsible for what MACLEAN, a level-headed man who knows his India, describes as the most inglorious war the British army has ever been engaged in, an unprovoked contest, the consequence of an utterly futile policy. Ministers, less eager to defend their policy than to evade responsibility, say it is all due to their predecessors. It was Lord ROSEBERY's Government that first went to Chitral. Successors compelled to follow in their footsteps.



"Grand Cross."

Fons et origo of all the trouble on the Frontier?!

In course of disputation somebody threw out suggestion that the real criminal is Lord Cross. In 1889, when he was at India Office, he officially approved project for opening a direct route to Chitral from the Peshawur frontier. Hounds away on this new trail with yelp of ecstatic delight. Not many Members of present House have personal recollection of GRAND CROSS whilst he was yet with us. From time to time,

decessor responsible for a feckless policy, a futile war. It was all GRAND CROSS.

Business done.—Vote of Censure on the Government in respect of Chitral business shows considerable falling off in normal majority. For the amendment 208, against 311. Majority dropped nearly forty.

"What do you think of that, TOBY," PRINCE ARTHUR said, a little nervously, as we walked home together.



CHATTING WITH THE DECEASED!

(Scene from the Westminster Version of "The Cat and the Cherub.")

The learned Doctor Wee-To contrives to give it an appearance of life while the "street-god" (J-hn R-dm-nd) is about!

even now, his presence in the Peers' Gallery elevates and inspires the Commons. Members who do not recognise him by name look up and feel comforted and strengthened by contemplation of his supremely well-informed countenance.

As SARK says, "No mortal could be so wise as GRAND CROSS looks."

Of late years has fallen out of front rank of fighting politicians; believe he is something in present Ministry. Bet you a *Dod* not one out of ten men moderately well up in public affairs could name his office. Now, suddenly, out of this dull chaos of talk his name is heard again. He is the culprit. The loss of treasure, the check to British prestige, the mourning in a multitude of once happy households, all traceable to him.

Impossible to say which more delighted at this unexpected turn, HENRY FOWLER or GEORGE HAMPTON. With difficulty they restrain impulse to fling themselves across table to meet in friendly embrace. Not this Government or its pre-

"Well, since you ask me, I should say it is a friendly verdict of 'Not guilty, but for goodness' sake don't do it any more.'"

House of Lords, Thursday.—Every one glad to see the MARKISS in his place to-night. Looks as if he had never brought down the entrance gate of his park as if it were the doors of the gate of the city of Gaza, and so passed on,

Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness;
But, trailing clouds of brickdust, do we come
To Hatfield, which is our home.

The Member for Sark insists that there is more in the matter than meets the eye. What the curious story is meant to convey is a commentary on present situation in the Cabinet. In debate on Address, the MARKISS made some deprecatory remarks about people who want to fight everybody and take everything. This, kind friends insist, was a sly hit at his dearly-beloved colleague, the COLONIAL SECRETARY. DON JOSE not the man to lie low and say nuffin' when any one assails him. Determined to read the MARKISS a lesson. Accordingly (so

SARK has heard) he on Tuesday night managed to disguise himself in coachman's uniform, took the reins and coachman's seat, and drove the unsuspecting MARKISS homeward. Arrived at the gateway, he, by deft touch of whip and rein, succeeded in leaving the MARKISS and the hinder portion of the carriage stuck in the gateway, whilst he drove on unhurt and triumphant.

"A very remarkable story," I said, dubiously. "What does it perpend?"

"Which thing is an allegory," said SARK, impatiently. "Don't you see it was intended to convey to MARKISS a gentle intimation that if, in driving the Unionist coach, he flattered himself he could gain the whip-hand of DON JOSE, he would soon find the coach broken up, himself left behind with the wreck, whilst DON JOSE gaily drove off, unhampered and unhurt."

"Ah! I see," I said. Not sure that I do, but it's no use arguing with SARK.

Business done.—In Commons, JOHN DILLON's amendment to Address demanding endowment of Roman Catholic University in Ireland, negatived. Almost brought tears to the eyes to observe the anxiety in various quarters on both sides of House to see the proposal carried into effect. PRINCE ARTHUR, JOHN MORLEY, CARSON, Q.C., and COURTNEY (in excellent speech) from various points of view supported the amendment. Only they united in beseeching DILLON to withdraw it.

"Some other time," they said, mopping damp eyes. "Some other time."

Friday night.—Irish Members renewed their attack on War Office in matter of frozen meat. Since Session opened their nightly habit has been to come down secreting about their persons joints of frozen meat, which they shy at POWELL WILLIAMS on Treasury Bench. (This of course in Parliamentary sense.) Has borne the ordeal with exemplary patience. But the Financial Secretary will turn at last. To-night being struck in the abdomen with a chunk of Australian mutton flung by Captain DONELAN, he lifted up his voice in loud lamentation.

"I begin to think," he said, ducking his head as half a sirloin of American beef came his way, "that the Financial Secretary to the War Office ought to be a butcher."

Something in the idea. A monotony about the Treasury Bench with its row of gentlemen in morning dress. POWELL WILLIAMS with his coat off, his sleeves turned up displaying his manly forearm, a blue apron turned back over his sturdy knees, a steel at his belted waist, and a knife in his greasy hand, would make a picturesque adjunct to the comeliness of HER MAJESTY'S Ministry.

Business done.—Address agreed to.

A RECORD RAIN OF GOLD.

Mr. Punch sincerely congratulates Alderman Sir GEORGE FAUDEL-PHILLIPS on the fact that the great sum of £667,000 was collected at the Mansion House during his Mayoralty, for distribution to the poor, needy and suffering in all parts of the Empire. Evidently Sir GEORGE FAUDEL was the right man in the right place to give fillips to the charitable disposition of his fellow-citizens. And there are those who would abolish the Corporation!

A LITERARY PURSUIT.—Chasing a newspaper in a high wind.



"YES, SIR, THE WATER'S IN GRAND ORDER, BUT THE FISH ARE NO UP YET. NOO WAD BE A FINE TIME TAE GIE SOME O' YER LONDON FRIENS A DAY OR TWA'S FISHING!"

LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ.

["Vive la France!"—Dr. Tanner.]

We may not be a model race
By other people's rude report,
Our quivers do not fill apace,
Fecundity is not our forte;
But fling what dirt they will upon her
Our France is still the soul of honour!

We may not have a high respect
For virtue's arbitrary rules;
We may not actively reflect
The influence of Sunday Schools;
But oh! we love the Christian rite
Of jumping on the Israelite!

We may not be distinguished much
In point of penetrable wit,
For our peculiar sort is such
That few can really fathom it;
But even Teutons recognise
The genial fun of our Assize!

This is the way that we commence:—
We first assume the prisoner's guilt

Until he prove his innocence
Up to—or slightly past—the hilt;
A single *alibi* should do,
But custom rather leans to two.
And though the prosecution fail,
We have the option, just the same,
Of clapping people into gaol
To keep our honour free from shame;
We always do like this, you know,
In dealing with a *bordereau*.
French leave (a liberal kind of scope)
To gallant witnesses we grant,
To ventilate the loyal hope
That France may still remain extant;
The Bench will also let the crowd
Say "Good old Army!" quite aloud!
Facing, in fact, a martial camp,
No learned counsel dares collide
With men of military stamp
Appearing on the judge's side;
If they prefer to speak, they may;
If not, they look the other way.
And when the jury, men of sense,
And loth to find an early tomb,

Return with swift incontinence
To tell the predetermined doom—
Oh! then the sacred courts become
A blessed pandemonium!
Liberty Hall we name the spot!
There stands Fraternity in arms;
There Justice deals the Equal lot;
There Freedom spreads her ample
charms:
There men may gather at a glance
The Triple Motto made in France!
What though perfidious Albion mock
The laws of our enlightened land?
Sons of a brutal Saxon stock,
What can they ever understand?
Give us your Celt, your Dr. TANNER,
He has the true Parisian manner!

"— ACCORDING TO ST. KRUGER."

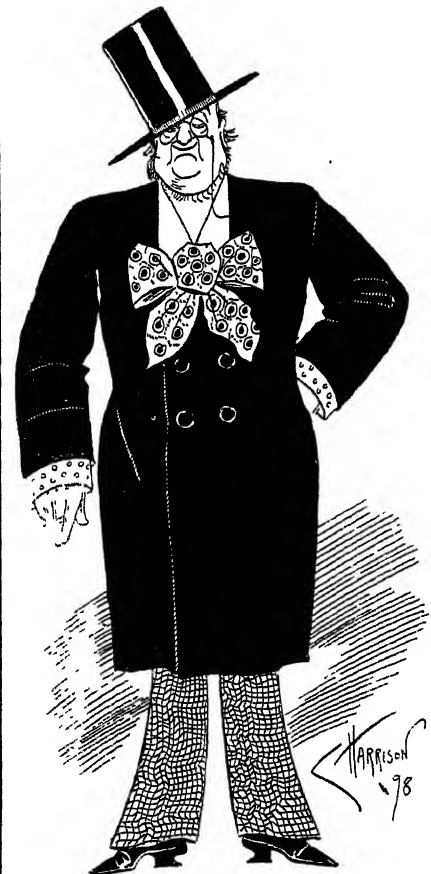
ANY judge giving independent decision
will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour
of the—Volksraad (vice Law resigned).

The Volksraad is supreme, *i.e.*, as long as
it acts in accordance with my wishes.

Any judge venturing to differ from me
will be summarily dismissed.

No verdict ever to be allowed in favour of
an Outlander.

Chief Justice KOTZE, in consideration of
his long and meritorious services, to be
invested with the Order of the Boot.



PROBABLE EFFECT OF THE FRENCH ADULATION OF SIR WILLIAM.

["Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has suddenly leapt
to fame in France. If the opinion of foreigners
represents the judgment of posterity, then Sir
WILLIAM is sure of having his memory kept green.
In his onslaught on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN the French
Press finds wit, wisdom, and statesmanship."]

Daily Mail.]



Father Nile (employing a mummified 'chestnut'). "WELL, I'LL BE 'DAMMED'!"

[“The Khedive in Council has approved a contract just concluded with Messrs. JOHN AIRD & Co. for the construction of two great dams for the storage and control of the waters of the Nile.”—*Times*, Feb. 22.]

LENTEN ENTERTAINMENTS.

—ASSISTING at a morning performance and sitting behind a matinée hat.

Wading through an "advanced" novel from cover to cover.

Performing a regulation pleasure trip in defiance of wind and weather.

Listening to the speeches at a public dinner when a ponderous nobody occupies the chair.

Riding to hounds on an uncertain mount over a dangerous country.

Making a first attempt to master the mystery of keeping one's equilibrium on a bicycle.

Dining with a bore to meet a bounder at a third-rate club.

Setting fire to the kitchen chimney of one's house, and hearing an engine coming to the rescue.

Spending a morning in making, under orders, miscellaneous purchases at one of the many stores.

Knocking off an article of three thousand words with neuralgia in one's head and the printer's boy at the door.

Taking part in a wedding or a funeral—the latter for choice.

Calling on twenty "at home days," and having to drink a cup of tea in every other house.

Sitting for a photograph to appear in a publication to be called "Celebrated N-bodies."

Catching the influenza, or any of the long list of ailments passing for that ubiquitous disease.

And last, but not least, being ill oneself, to have to listen calmly to the descriptions of the symptoms of one's friends.

AN OARSMAN'S DIARY.

Monday.—The *Sportsman* says: "The Eight shows considerable improvement, JACKSON, the new heavy-weight, having come on very much during the past week. The order of the crew may now be taken as definitely settled." Good! Cut out extract and send it home. Am tubbed in the afternoon. Coach says my beginning is much better, but must try to swing more. Row a full course in the Eight. My slide comes off in the first minute, and we have to go back to the start. President much annoyed. Says so. I said I had tried my best to keep slide on. He says I must better my best. No further mishaps. Get pumped before we've gone half-way. Coach shouts, "More work, six." Just get to the finish. Dead tired paddling home. Dinner. Bed at 9.30.

Tuesday.—Very stiff this morning. More tubbing, with elaborate explanations of proper method of working. Short course in the Eight. Stroke keeps splashing me at every stroke. Tell him so afterwards jocularly. He says, "How can I clear the water if you ram your hands down into the bottom of the boat?" He never can see a joke. Coach says he thinks I'm improving slowly—which isn't too cheerful. Have got two raw places on hands and my knees are badly chapped. President asks me why on earth I can't use those legs of mine better? No reply ready, so say nothing, but smile. He doesn't smile. Dull day.

Wednesday.—President and coach whisper together before the Eight starts. Ominous. Hear rumour that OWEN may be sent for. Try not to believe it. If OWEN



Brown (as Hamlet) to Jones (as Charles the Second). "NORMOUS AMOUNT OF TASTE DISPLAYED HERE TO-NIGHT!"

does come they can't mean to row him at No. 6. He's too light for that. Another full course, in last minute of which, just as stroke begins to spurt, I catch a crab and bring the row to a premature end. Everybody angry, instead of being thankful at not having had to row on. My rigger badly twisted. Boat rolls awfully as we paddle home. President furious, coach gloomy. They whisper again together after the Eight comes in. Don't like it a bit.

Thursday.—Letter from home begging me not to overdo it. On arriving at river find OWEN there. Evident constraint in his greeting. Eight goes out for short paddle. On returning, President says he won't want me next journey, as he wants

to try OWEN. Eight goes out again with OWEN at No. 6. He's rowing atrociously, but coach has nothing but praise for him. There's no fairness in the world.

Friday.—Letter from President saying he has had to make up his mind to row OWEN instead of me. Thanks me for trying so hard, and adds that he's sorry he's had to relieve me of my seat, but his duty compelled him. Write home saying I've resolved to take their advice. Shall give up rowing and take to golf.

Saturday.—The *Field* says: "The substitution of OWEN for JACKSON has already caused a great improvement." Wish I knew who wrote that rubbish. I think crew are going as badly as possible. No matter. A time will come.



DIREFUL DAMAGE.

Loose Horse, with habit skirt, bolting amongst Hounds.

M. F. H. (in his agony). "WILL NOBODY STOP THAT CONFOUNDED CLOTHES-HORSE?"

OUR LITERARY PARAGRAPHS.

(Special and exclusive.)

ON Thursday next the whole of the civilised world will thrill with delight unspeakable. On Thursday will an event take place sufficient to make the date memorable in the history of our era. On Thursday, in a word, many thousands of impatient readers will be enabled at last to obtain a new volume of poems written by Mr. BARDLET! Lest we be thought to exceed in enthusiasm, we cannot dare as yet to speak of *Chirpings and Twitterings* in the terms it deserves. But, having had the unique privilege of studying the proof-sheets, we cannot forbear to say that poems more lofty in diction, more beautiful in thought, or more exquisite in style, are not to be found in the English language. Not SHAKESPEARE himself could have penned a gem so perfect as the "Ballade of Blackbeetles" contained in this volume. The appearance of *Chirpings and Twitterings* will mark the beginning of a new epoch in English literature.

The days of Grub Street are gone for good. It is an open secret that the majority of our authors nowadays are simply rolling in wealth. As an instance, we may mention that the enterprising proprietor of the *Family Coalscuttle* is paying Miss SKRIBLER no less than half-a-guinea for the short stories (each amounting only to about four thousand words) which she is contributing to that popular magazine. Miss SKRIBLER has just finished a sketch, based on her own experience, of the requirements of a nursery governess. Extending only to three or four lines, it is a masterpiece of concentrated pathos, and doubtless will obtain for her the position she covets. We understand that, after much consideration, she has decided to grant the privilege of publishing this gem to the *Times*, and it may be looked for in the advertisement columns of that journal in the course of next week.

It will interest all readers of Mr. BROWN's novels to learn that this favourite author will spend next Saturday to Monday at Gravesend. As the scene of his next romance is laid there, he intends, with his usual care for detail, to obtain his "local

colour" by a visit to the neighbourhood. It will be remembered that he has already immortalised Exmoor and the Doone valley by his last novel. It is stated that some obscure author of the name of BLACKMORE once wrote a tale or a poem dealing with the same locality.

What a pleasant relief it is to turn from the morbid sentiment of the older poets to brief, brisk ballads of noble deeds! Such are to be found in the magnificent and unrivalled pages of *Mainly Midshipmen*, Mr. OLDBAR's latest volume. They will surely stir the blood and quicken the pulse of every true and patriotic Englishman. Nothing could be more convincing than the "Ballad of the Imperence," which describes how a British fishing-boat fought and captured a fleet of the Spanish and French navies, consisting of sixty-two men-of-war. How feeble a poem seems TENNYSON's *Revenge* by the side of this consummate masterpiece!

PARIS HERSELF AGAIN!

SCENE—*The Boulevards. TIME—After a quarter of a century of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity: An excited crowd assembled.*

First Republican (with indescribable enthusiasm). Long live the Army!

Second R. (confirmatory). Bravo, bravissimo!

Third R. (going one better). Long live the Generals!

Fourth R. (following suit). Yes, yes, well said!

Fifth R. (in an ecstasy). Long live the glorious Jury!

Sixth R. (not to be outdone). Hip, hip, hip, hip, hip!

Seventh R. (with passionate devotion). Long live the gallant Judge!

Eighth R. (equal to the occasion). Oh, joy! oh, gay! oh, tra-la-la!

Ninth R. (in accents of thunder). Long live the victorious verdict!

Tenth R. (accepting the situation). Ah! Glorious! Magnificent!

Eleventh R. (in a frightened whisper). Long live the Republic!

[The entire population go for "the traitor," and the curtain falls as he runs for his life.]

THE LATEST THING IN CRIME.

A DIALOGUE OF THE PRESENT DAY.

SCENE—Mrs. FEATHERSTON'S Drawing-room. Mrs. THISTLEDOWN discovered calling.

Mrs. Thistledown (taking up a Novel on a side-table). "The Romance of a Plumber," by PAUL POSHLEY. My dear FLOSSIE, you don't mean to tell me you read that man?

Mrs. Featherston. I haven't had time to do more than dip into it as yet. But why, IDA? Oughtn't I to read him?

IDA. Well, from something Mr. PINCENEY told me the other day—but really it's too bad to repeat such things. One never knows, there may be nothing in it.

Flossie. Still, you might just as well tell me, IDA! Of course I should never dream—

IDA. After all, I don't suppose there's any secret about it. It seems, from what Mr. PINCENEY says, that this Mr. POSHLEY—you must promise not to say I told you—

Flossie. Of course—of course. But do go on, IDA. What does Mr. POSHLEY do?

IDA. Well, it appears he splits his infinitives.

Flossie (horrified). Oh, not really! But how cruel of him! Why, I met him at the DRAGNETTS' only last week, and he didn't look at all that kind of person!

IDA. I'm afraid there's no doubt about it. It's perfectly notorious. And of course any one who once takes to that—

Flossie. Yes, indeed. Quite hopeless. At least, I suppose so. Isn't it?

IDA. Mr. PINCENEY seemed to think so.

Flossie. How sad! But can't anything be done, IDA? Isn't there any law to punish him? By the bye, how do you split—what is it?—infinitives?

IDA. My dear, I thought you knew. I really didn't like to ask any questions.

Flossie. Well, whatever it is, I shall tell MUDIES not to send me anything more of his. I don't think one ought to encourage such persons.

For Architects.

Q. Why should the House of Lords always uphold the decisions of the Ecclesiastical Courts?

A. Because it is only natural that the Court of Arches should be supported by its Piers.

WHAT TOMMY WANTS.

(From various Points of View.)

THREE hundred a year for a quarter of a century, and a retiring two-thirds pension.

The conscription to drive him into the ranks, and a law to keep him there.

No wine, no beer, and no recreation.

The police to touch their helmets when he passes them, and the best rooms in the first hotels to be kept for his exclusive use.

Songs about his prowess in the piping times of peace, and newspaper articles about his daring in the field of battle.

A full-dress debate in the House of Commons.

Entire reorganisation with any number of new regulations.

To be treated like a man of sense up to the standard of a double first or a senior wrangler.

To be considered merely as a fighting machine with the intelligence of an average child of six.

To be sent all over the world to do anything.

To be kept at home to do nothing.
(Possibly his own point of view.) Not to be bothered any more, but to be left severely alone.

PROVERB RE-ADJUSTED FOR FRENCH USE SINCE ZOLA TRIAL.—"Labori non omnia vincit."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Knight-errant visiting a West End Emporium for the purpose of purchasing a Wedding Gift, is unable to accomplish his purpose.

WHAT shall I give to show my mind
Has never changed like yours?

What shall I give with ardour blind,
With love that still endures?

This writing-case, or dressing-bag,
That set of dinner plate,

Yon epergne fashioned on a stag
That's looking for a mate?

Or will you have a looking-glass,
Wherein to greet your face,

That must all other maids' surpass
In plenitude of grace?

Or shall I send some porcelain rare
That hails from far Nankin?

Or statuette of damsel fair
In garment passing thin?

A clock! 'Twould surely tell the time
With quick unerring beat—

It marks the hours, and in its chime
The hours old days repeat.

There is a necklace fit for Her
Who rules our native land;

I'd buy it without more demur
Did you but by me stand!

Oh! little one! Oh! cruel one!

What can I choose for you,
And never speak of what is done,
Nor yet of pledge untrue?



ARTISTIC SYMPATHY.

Susan. "LOR, MISS ELLA, I WONDER YOU 'VE THE 'EART TO PLAY, AND YOU JUST IN YOUR BLACKS FOR YOUR POOR UNCLE!"

Miss Ella. "DON'T BE SILLY, SUSAN! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M ONLY PLAYING ON THE BLACK NOTES!"

If all this shop were mine, I'd say,
"Take all, and I'll be rich,
So that I still could Love obey,
And shrine you in my niche."

But now I can't—you've changed your troth.

A wasted knave am I.
I wish you joy—nay, joy to both,
And bitter thoughts defy.
What can I give you, jewels, ore,
The choicest in the mart?—
No, nothing! for in Nevermore
I gave you once my heart!

JOHN BULL AT HOME.

Mrs. B. (doing her best). Cheer up, JOHN! Things are really fairly satisfactory.

J. B. (dolefully). You mean well, dear, but it's of no use.

Mrs. B. (encouragingly). But the fleet is strong and the army improving.

J. B. (with a heavy sigh). What are they? They won't help me to bear my loss.

Mrs. B. (enthusiastically). But the country was never so rich and so prosperous.

J. B. (shaking his head). Prosperity and wealth are good in their way. But a poor consolation for my loss, my dreadful loss.

Mrs. B. (losing her patience). What is this dreadful loss?

J. B. The cricket contest in Australia!
[Tears and curtain.]



Tourist (at small Irish inn, miles from anywhere). "LOOK HERE, WHAT DOES THIS MEAN? I LEFT MY BOOTS OUT LAST NIGHT, AND THEY HAVEN'T BEEN TOUCHED."
Landlord (with honest pride). "THRUVE FOR YE, SORR! AN' BEGORR, IF YE'D LEFT YOUR GOWLD WATCH AN' CHAIN OUT, DIV'L A SOWL WUD 'A TOUCHED THEM NAYTHER!"

THE REVIEWS OF REVIEWERS.

IN the current number of the *Author*, Sir WALTER BESANT expresses a fear that "the reputation of the reviewer and the influence of the review" are likely "to decay and die altogether." That this calamity may be averted, Mr. *Punch* has selected a few of the best models for the benefit of the budding critic, who cannot do better than follow one or other of these examples. He has, let us suppose, a novel entitled *Cabbage and Caterpillar* before him for judgment; how is he to word his opinion of it? If his notice is to appear in an old-fashioned journal, he may prefer the

lished reputation, and is not difficult to write. *Ex. gr.* :—

"ARISTOTLE lays down, we believe, the remarkably sound principle that the end of a volume should invariably be placed after the beginning, and it is noteworthy that PLATO, by offering no confutation of this theory, tacitly admits its truth. With the help of this profound dictum, therefore, we turn to examine the latest ephemeral production of the moment, a novel with the title of *Cabbage and Caterpillar*. *Genitivus qualitatis cum epitheto*, as VERGIL so touchingly remarks, and we discern the applicability of the line to the character of John James Jones, who figures as the hero of this narrative. How far his conduct

conforms to the dramatic unities of time and place is another matter. But while there is much that is weak, there is also much that is strong in this volume; and while we regret that its author has not seen fit to exercise his talent upon a more suitable theme, we can state with equal confidence that no more appropriate subject could possibly have been found. In short, our verdict may be tersely summed up in that admirable epigram of MOLIERE's, '*Avez-vous le crayon? Non, mais j'ai le papier.*'"

This kind of review impresses your readers, and can hurt nobody's feelings. This last point should always be remembered by the youthful critic. Never "slate" a book, for its writer may one day review a volume of your own. When in doubt, keep it vague. At times, however, you may venture upon eulogy. This is best done in a literary weekly, when you can employ the Cultured Style. It is a little more difficult to manage than the Pompous, but you can win a reputation by it for "rare distinction in criticism." A specimen is appended.

"'Twere scarce of a need obtrudent to pass pat judgment on a work so masterful, so purely rare, as *Cabbage and Caterpillar*. Fain would the critic allow the true disciple to taste a sweet delight, to purchase it hereafter, mere and unkempt, from the second-hand book-stall; so, surely, his the greater rapture. Yet, if 'tis needful to dare abroad its fame, rather than, as were meet, to hide it from the public gross and gluttonous, the task is lightly accomplished. To say that it is magnificent were to insult it strangely, so far its beauties do transcend all modes of speech. Herein you shall find wit, herein pathos, herein all else that makes towards perfection. Gracious and fair as some June blossom is the style; the beautiful secret of beautiful prose irks not, elusive, the author of *Cabbage and Caterpillar*. To say more were something otiose, to hint less were flatly wrong."

When you have written sufficient notices in this style, you will collect them and republish them in volume form, after which your fame as a critic will rapidly increase.

The Egotistic Style is very popular just now, and may be safely recommended. Its special advantage is that it relieves you from the troublesome necessity of reading a single page of the volume. *Ex. gr.* :—

"I picked up *Cabbage and Caterpillar* directly after lunch yesterday; and I may as well mention that my fare had consisted of chops, a pint of lager beer, and cheese. Isn't it strange how one has chops for lunch nine days out of ten? Gone are the old times, when one gladly added raspberry puffs, Turkish delight and sherbet to the meal. I wonder, dear reader, whether, like myself, you always preferred pink sherbet to the ordinary kind? I sigh still when I see it in the confectioners' shops, so distant and dim are the days becoming when I, too, quaffed pink sherbet. Well, age has its consolations; best of all, it brings us tobacco, that soothing gift of the gods. Personally, I incline to the cigarette rather than to pipe or cigar; the taste for things Turkish lingers in me still, it seems. So, as I was saying, I sat down in my second-best arm-chair, lit a cigarette, and picked up *Cabbage and Caterpillar*. Unfortunately, my space is now exhausted, so I can only add that it is a novel of one volume, containing 312 pages, and is bound in green cloth."



PLAIN ENGLISH.

JOHN BULL. "'SCUSE ME, M'SOO! WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON MY GROUND?"

FRENCH EXPLORER. "MON OHER, JE N'Y SUIS PAS." (*Aside.*) "MAIS, J'Y RESTE!!"

JOHN BULL. "YOU MAYN'T BE THERE. *BUT OUT YOU GO!!*"



A TOO-FEEBLE EXPLETIVE.

MacSymon. "I SAW YOU WERE CARRYING FOR THE PROFESSOR YESTERDAY, SANDY. HOW DOES HE PLAY?"

Sandy. "EH, YON MAN 'LL NEVER BE A GOWFFER DIV YE KEN WHAT HE SAYS WHEN HE FOOZLES A BA'?"

MacSymon. "NO. WHAT DOES HE SAY?"

Sandy. "'TUT-TUT!'"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Who's Who? is an annual that, like the poor, we seem to have always had with us. The edition just out (ADAM & CHARLES BLACK) is, in fact, its fiftieth year. Last year, by the original and well-directed energy of a new editor, Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN, it was transformed into one of the liveliest serials of the kind. It is, in truth, so complete as to enable my Baronite to dispense with several works of contributory information. An especially interesting and valuable item is the private addresses in town and country of one's friends and correspondents. In briefest space it gives all that need be known about a man—the date of his birth, whom he married, where he was educated, what he has done, how he amuses himself in leisure moments, and where he lives. Its nearly 7,000 biographies are supplemented by much useful miscellaneous information.

Mr. BRAM STOKER, having lately harried the world, in *Dracula*, with one of the most blood-curdling novels of the age, makes amends by giving us what my Baronite declares is one of the prettiest. *Miss Betty* (PEARSON) is a story of the days of WALPOLE. BRAM, in making studies for his background, has happily caught something of the flavour of the literary style of the age. *Miss Betty* is a charming girl, and wins her affianced from evil ways by a device it would not be fair to disclose in anticipation of the safely-promised pleasure of reading the book.

Art is long, especially when turned in the direction of book-making. Life is short; books to be reviewed are multitudinous; and available space in *Mr. Punch's* columns is exceedingly small. But my Baronite rarely resists the temptation to take up a novel bearing the brand HUTCHINSON. They are a publishing firm of comparatively new standing. But they must have a taster of uncommonly quick, true instinct. Certainly they have of late introduced to the public some promising new hands. MARY E. MANN, the authoress of *The Cedar Star*, was never before heard of in these parts. But she is bound to go far. To begin with she has, what is not a common virtue among women who write books, an excellent literary style. She can draw a character, real live man, boy or girl, in a few strokes, is inventive of plot and abundant in incident. *Betty Gervois* and the Rev. William Carlyon,

commonly called *Bill*, are (especially *Bill*) creations that remind one pleasantly of THACKERAY.

"I am emphatically of opinion," wrote that thorough Briton, JOHN EVERETT MITCHELL, in his outspoken *Thoughts on our Art of To-day*, "that the best Art of modern times is as good as any of its kind that has gone before, and furthermore that the best Art in England can hold its own against the world."

Nobly and bravely spoken, stout Sir JOHN! and thanks to Mr. SPIELMANN for quoting these words in his latest publication (BLACKWOOD) entitled *Millais and his Work*. Where indeed would be the modern value of TITIAN and VELASQUEZ without the collaboration of those other two great masters, who give to all pictures the finishing touches, Messieurs Time and Varnish? Without fear or favour is Mr. SPIELMANN'S work written, and it will be heartily welcomed by all readers as at once interesting and instructive.

Bravo, Miss BRADDON! Most interesting is your latest novel, *Rough Justice* (SIMPKIN & Co.), and unsatisfactory in one point only, and that no unimportant one, seeing that, just when your million readers are expecting the condign punishment of the real culprit, who is an out-and-out villain, you quietly let the wretch go free. There may be, however, a cynicism underlying this apparently inexplicable tenderness, as you give him in marriage to a lady of title with money, who is as devoted to him as was Mrs. Micawber to her spouse, and so, when this rascally husband becomes a Member of Parliament, she will watch him from the Ladies' Gallery, will meet him at tea on the Terrace, wait for him to go home to dinner, and, in short, never lose sight of him for an instant. So the Baron is of opinion that, you, my dear Miss BRADDON, as the authoress of this scoundrel's being, couldn't have done better for him had you hauled him up before judge and jury, and treated him to a public execution, or had you started him for Klondyke, and got him murdered en route.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



Softly. "YES, I WAS B-B-ORN WITH A S-S-S-SILVER S-S-SPOON IN MY M-M-M-OUTH."

Kitty. "OH, MR. SOFTLY, IS THAT WHY YOU STUTTER?"



"BE IT TRUE AS YOUR NEVVY B'AIN'T A-GOIN' TO MARRY THAT MISS GILES ARTER ALL?
 "WELL, YOU SEE, I 'VISED 'UN TO GIE UP MATRIMONY, AN' TAKE TO A TRADE."

DARBY JONES ON THE GRAND MILITARY.

THE Grand Military Meeting is a gathering which fully justifies the addition of 25,000 or even more Recruits to the British Army. I confess that whenever I attend this Very Particular "Come-Together" (I use the expression of a Bard not known to that Fame which only attended the Immortal SHAKESPEARE some centuries after his Lamented Departure into the Land where he had to meet the Plagiarised)—I repeat, whenever I attend this "V. P. C.-T." I am struck by the perfectly amazing Army Corps of Matrons, Maids and Ministers (another softening expression of mine), who assemble, regiment by regiment, in more or less appropriate uniform, in the Members' Inclosure and the Pad-dock. The dash of the Lancer, the swagger of the Dragoon, the "well-I-don't-wear-a-helmet" air of the Horse Gunners, the step-and-fetch-it attitude of the Liners, who never fail to take our Messages of Peace or War across the Seas, the quasi-rollick of the Marines, the amiability of the Ambulance Corps, and the Superb Hospitality of the Household Brigade, are all to be noted—reflected in the Great Garrison of the Amazons, who are always on duty under the romantic command of Field-Marshal JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

But oh! *mon rédacteur*, how these uniform-included Amazons must smile when they see an exquisite Carbineer come a cropper, or an elegant Grenadier popped into the brook, just as you or I would combine the necessary soda with the sustaining Cognac! I am afraid, Sir, that I am ribald because I have often joined in feminine laughter, which has not recog-

nised the fact that smashed ribs and broken collar-bones are no more appreciated nowadays by the Chevalier-Sufferers than they were in the days of *Ivanhoe* and *Brian de Bois Gualbert*. "To predict casualties would perhaps be a certainty," as my friend Count von STICKTOFF, who always rides in the uniform of the 23rd Pomeranian Mounted Police at the Wies-

baden Steeplechase, says; but in the Open Course on Friday the Bard, unbowed down by misfortune at Lingfield, may point a moral as follows:—

You may get the place with *Chaise*,
 Then you're aisy to think of B. P.,
 And C. P. may your tipsters amaze,
 But the pick of the basket is C.

Having propounded this Conundrum, and watch it as closely as a Teetotal Policeman does a *licensed* house,

I remain, honoured Sir,
 Your own satellite, DARBY JONES.

ALICE IN HOSPITAL LAND.

MR. PUNCH has a very sincere pleasure, heightened by old memories and personal association, in appealing to all other children and lovers of children to support the fund now being raised for the endowment of an "Alice in Wonderland" cot at the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital. He can think of no more appropriate way of recording gratitude for all that LEWIS CARROLL's books have been to children, young or old; for hours of health made happier, for suffering made more light to bear. Mr. Punch notes with satisfaction that ALICE, the actual original ALICE (now disguised as Mrs. HARGREAVES) is on the General Committee. He hopes that this new month the donations may come dropping in like March Hares. Mr. J. T. BLACK (Messrs. A. and C. BLACK), Soho Square, is Hon. Treasurer and holds the Hat, marked "This style, 10s. 6d."; but smaller (or even larger) contributions towards the necessary £1,000 will be gratefully received, either by him or by the *St. James's Gazette*, Dorset Street, Whitefriars, E.C.



"HE LOVES ME—LOVES ME NOT!"

them. Which is the wolf, which the lamb, which the calf, and which the young fatling, are matters of detail that can be settled as soon as the truce is broken. But there is no doubt about SAUNDERSON.

He was up to-night as spokesman of the really United Irishmen, wanting to know from PRINCE ARTHUR when he is going to appoint the Commission on Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland? If he has not made up his mind on that point, then at least let him give a day to discuss the business.

PRINCE ARTHUR almost melted to tears

turn. Supplementary Estimates the first Order of Day. Votes raising in succession question of English and Scotch Education and of policy in South Africa. Just when House thought it was going to get into Committee and do a little work, JOHN DILLON moves adjournment in order to discuss as matter of urgent public importance recent row with police at Westport. So public business set on one side whilst Irish Members rowed round in faint echo of good old times, when PRINCE ARTHUR was Chief Secretary and PARNELL led a united party.

Members got up steam; Chief Secretary shouted contradiction across floor of House; DILLON made angry rejoinder. Climax reached when veiled but unmistakable allusion was made by Brother G. to WILLIAM O'BRIEN's tr—s. Plot well conceived and played with spirit. But, after all, farce a little hollow. House glad when it was over and work began.

Business done.—On Supplementary Vote for Colonial Service, DON JOSE explains how much better they manage things in France, leaving the Colonial Secretary with a free hand.

Friday.—Estimates, involving far-reaching reform of Army, introduced by BROADRICK in speech of conspicuous lucidity. In old times the Colonels and the Generals, horse and foot, would on such incentive have deployed, making a cheerful night of it. Now modestly retired to the rear whilst those eminent strategists, Field-Marshal Sir CHARLES DILKE, V.C., and Adjutant-General ARNOLD-FORSTER, D.S.O., put matters right.

Pretty to see the Duke of CONNAUGHT listening from Peers' Gallery with rapt attention to ARNOLD-FORSTER. As for four sergeants in uniform in the back Gallery, they were so impressed that, as first syllable of his commanding voice fell on their ear, they with one accord rose to salute. Wanted, they explained, to remain "at attention" whilst he declaimed the Order of the Day. The lay mind of the Crown messenger in attendance on the Gallery implacably dense.

"Oh," they said, "you can pay attention just as well sitting down. You see, that's the way people listen here."

Business done.—Army Estimates introduced.

MODERN SCHOOL OF ADVERTISEMENT.

SWEETHEART.—Never despair. Expect you on Saturday. Of course you will come on your new Chainless Cycle, which you have had fitted with LOOPUM's licensed detachable, double tube, non-slipping, pneumatic tyres at the Wheel Works, Westminster.

DARLING MABEL.—I shall never make soup again without using a tin of Brevine, the new Extract of Mutton. Ask your grocer for it.—Yours ever, NELLIE.

"If she be not fair for me, what care I how fair she be."—Use Gildine, the new preparation for changing black, brown, or red hair into the most glorious golden tresses. One bottle will make you fair for ever. Sold everywhere.

"Don't be angry, father."—"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." For 3s. 6d. we will send you one of our Matchless Melodions, two for 7s. No home can be happy without one. Plays any melody, restores harmony in the household, and soothes the angry parent. Write at once, JANGEL & Co.

FRED.—Return home, all will be forgiven; but don't forget to bring with you a bottle of "Cherriwine," the new tonic and preventative for influenza. Only 1s. 9d. per imperial pint, or 21s. per dozen!



NANSEN STARLED AT LAST (BY THE PARLIAMENTARY WALRUSES).

["Dr. NANSEN visited the House of Commons on Monday evening, February 21, and met some old acquaintances."]

at the menagerie arrangement alluded to above. With faltering voice and hesitating manner he hinted that Ireland had already done pretty well. Brother GERALD's little Bill assigned to the distressful country a trifle over £700,000 a year. (Here the voice of the lamb was heard bleating that the whole of this went to the wolf—meaning the landlord.) PRINCE ARTHUR brightened up a little at this evidence of continued existence of the old Adam and went on more firmly to declare that he really could not, at the moment, promise any more.

United Irishmen subsequently met in Committee Room No. 15; some disposition shown to give expression to their disappointment with PRINCE ARTHUR's response by dropping the Chairman out of the window. Discovery made that that wary old campaigner had had the windows screwed up, Committee adjourned.

Business done.—First private Members' night of the Session celebrated by a count-out at a quarter to eight.

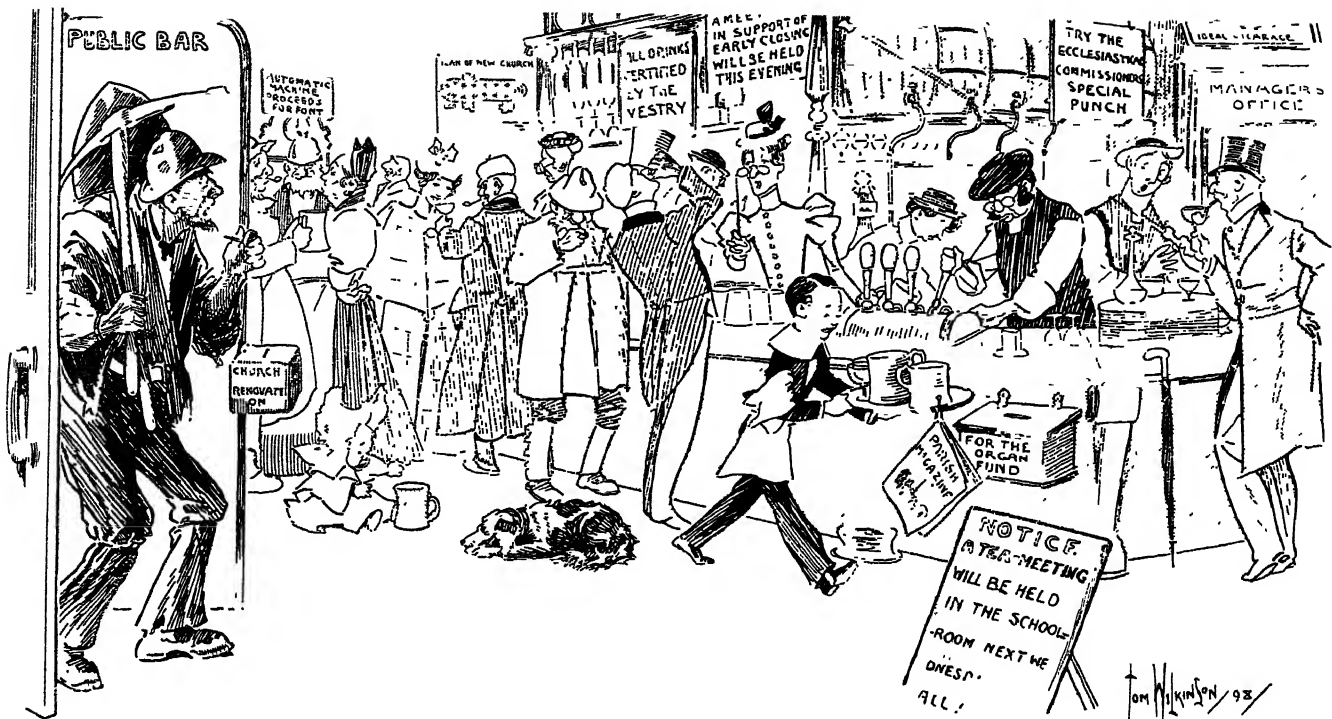
Thursday.—Whatever Ireland may be in other relations, no question that in Parliamentary matters it is the predominant Party. Really seemed that to-day the other members of the firm might have a

Easy to see what it all meant. On Monday, as mentioned, Irish Members and Chief Secretary publicly embraced. Sang together the well-known hymn—

Then blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love,
And kiss again with tears.

Forty-eight hours' reflection shown the Irish Members that would never do. All very well in House of Commons and with English audience. Not the sort of thing to go down in Ireland. Necessary, with least possible waste of time, to get up public row with Chief Secretary. Westport incident opportune; so motion for adjournment agreed upon, and little plot successfully carried out.

Brother GERALD for his part nothing loth to take a hand at the game. He, too, feels a little uneasy after Monday's performance. Irish landlords inclined to look with suspicion on Chief Secretary who strokes the tangles of JOHN DILLON's hair and toys with TIM HEALY in the shade. Accordingly Brother G. threw himself into the fray with something uncommonly like a whoop of delight. JOHN DILLON roared in quite his ancient style. Nationalist



["The Rev. Vicar designate of * * * mentioned at a Church Council meeting, that he, with others, would possibly start a public-house in the parish, as at some time or another, such an institution would certainly be opened. His idea was to carry on the place through a Manager, who would have no interest in the business beyond receiving his fixed salary. By this means it was hoped that drunkenness in the parish would be greatly lessened, and social intercourse increased. The profits would be devoted to some good cause in the parish."—*Daily Paper.*]

MIGHT WE SUGGEST THAT, DURING THE TEMPORARY HOLIDAY OF THE MANAGER, THE BUSINESS COULD POSSIBLY BE GIVEN A FILLIP BY A VISIT FROM THE ARCHDEACON, AND SUNDRY CLERICS OF THE DIOCESE, WHO MIGHT DISPENSE REFRESHMENTS TO GREAT FINANCIAL ADVANTAGE. OF COURSE ANY ASSISTANCE OFFERED BY LADIES INTERESTED IN CHURCH PHILANTHROPY WOULD, UNDOUBTEDLY, BE GREATLY APPRECIATED.

IS IT GOOD ENOUGH?

(A Forecast suggested by the Army Estimates.)

SCENE — *The more or less happy recruiting-ground in rear of the National Gallery. Sergeant discovered attempting to persuade Nibbler.*

Serg. I tell you that our army will now be one of the finest in the world. It costs more than any other, and should be perfection.

Nib. Yes, that may be; but I don't see my way to join it.

Serg. Why not? Think of all the advantages! Allowed to wear a splendid uniform!

Nib. Yes, and not get served in the coffee-room of a third-rate hotel.

Serg. But think how well you will look in the eyes of the fair sex !

Nib. Can do that just as well in mufti.

Serg. And then there's a pleasant life of change! No house-rent, no rates, no taxes, no anxieties! Come, come, you will be happy all the day!

Nib. A matter of taste. The omnibus horses have much the same sort of existence, but I am not sure that their lives are models of peaceful happiness.

Serg. You surely don't compare yourself to them! Why, you would receive a shilling a day!

Nib. Not much when prices are so high.

Serg. And think of belonging to an army, now of immense strength!

Nib. Strong enough on paper, but where are you to obtain the necessary number of recruits?

Serg. From your class—the flower of manhood and the proud production of the School Board!

Nib. No blarney for me! You know as well as I do that you can't get men anywhere.



"On there! Pass along!" (*Exeunt.*)
Antony and Cleopatra, Act III., Sc. 1.

Serg. It may be so, but I will not admit it. However, to help to remove the false impression, you might join the colours yourself.

Nib. No thanks. I have an engagement that will occupy all my time for the next five years.

Serg. Come, come, that is merely an excuse. Tell me why you won't join?

Nib. Because, my good sergeant, in spite of the chance of a shilling a day clear, I can find work and wages more attractive elsewhere!

A TYPICAL CASE.

(In Three Moods.)

AH! yes, with BALFOUR I agree,
 We Moderates are much too slow,
 There's danger in stupidity,
 But apathy's our greater foe.

The polling day? I quite forgot,
I've taken off my overcoat;
A beastly evening, is it not?
Our man's quite safe—I needn't vote.

What! "Progs." returned on every hand!
I read the news with consternation,
And like (who was it?) now I stand
Astounded at my Moderation.

Q. WHAT is the difference between a traveller and a popular vegetable?

A. One has been abroad and the other's a broad bean. [*Exit Quenier rapidly.*]



SCENE IN THE L. C. CIRCUS.

Joey. ME AND MR. SALISBURY WERE GOING TO SIT ON YOU; BUT WE SHA'N'T NOW!

THE REASON WHY.

(By a New Woman.)

A PLAIN old maid was I,
With spectacles on nose;
I wound my double-ply
And knitted nephews' hose.

And all my brothers' wives,
And sisters who had spouses,
They led such busy lives
With servants, babes, and houses,

That, when they came to talk
About their own affairs,—
How Baby learnt to walk,
But Tommy fell down stairs;

Of social obligations,
Of dinners and of balls;
Of duty invitations,
And necessary calls;—

I knitted nephews' hose,
And wound my double-ply,
And felt rejoiced I chose
A spin. to live and die.

I owned a peevish cat,
'Twas seldom heard to purr;
It occupied the mat,
And moulted all its fur.

My parrot's ways were worse;
He ruffled in his rage,
And loud and deep he'd curse
When friends approached his cage.

But talk of bird or cat—
Bored would my sisters look!
And yet I had to chat
For hours of babe or cook.

And when MAB had the mumps,
Or FREDDY had the fever,
Or Baby got the jumps
And Mother had to leave her,

Why, then to me they'd send,
"Please come at once, dear PRUE,
I've so much to attend,—
You've nothing else to do!"

For everybody asks
The help of those who'll aid
In doing others' tasks,
Unhonoured, and unpaid.

In sudden wrath I rose—
It should no longer be!
I burnt my nephews' hose,
The parrot I set free,

I boarded out the cat,
I vowed a solemn vow
That I'd revolt, and that
I'd live my life! So now—

A modern spinster I
With latch-key for my Chubb;
I roll my cigarette,
And cycle to my club;

For I have come to see
Each modern innovation
Can well put in the plea
"Done under provocation."

New duties mine, new aims,
New books, new thoughts, new scopes,
New friends, new spheres, new claims,
New power for good, new hopes.

And so my brothers' wives,
And sisters who have spouses,
Must manage their own lives,
Their children, and their houses;

And this is why they toss
Their heads, and, with acumen,
When they're found out, turn cross,
And dub me "The New Woman."



Jink. "MY dear MACFUDDLE, IT'S THE VERY THING YOU WANT! CHARMING HOUSE—LOVELY SPOT! CHEAP, TOO. BUT ONE GREAT DRAWBACK. YOU CAN'T GET ANY WATER THERE!" MacFuddle. "OH, THAT DOESN'T MATTER!"

A POLYGLOTT MEREDITH.

(We understand that MR. GEORGE MEREDITH'S novels are to be translated into the leading European languages. We beg to offer the following as a German sample.)

ENDLICH aber schwebte der jüngste Schmetterling mit prachtvollen Gummischuhen und neuen chemisettes wie ein König bekleidet in die Luft. Da gab es ein Geschrei.

"Wohin, wohin?" murmelte die schöne Diane, eine echtmeredithische Engländerin, dessen traurige Geschichte der Zukunft gewidmet sanft oder laut nach Belieben in alle unseren Bibliotheken klingt.

"Wohin?" lächelte sie.
"Wolken sind herrlich," flüsterte er.
"Ich auch sollte Flügel haben," fing die Dame an.

"Hast aber keine," erwiderte gleich das beflügelte Thierchen.

"Netze sind billig," schrie das ärgerliche Frauenzimmer.

"Aber viel billiger lauten die Witze eines Weibes."

Das waren die letzten Worte des armen Schmetterlings: Patsch! da lag er im Netzwerk nieder. Nimmermehr wird er die duftigen Blumen in der Morgenstille begrüßen. Farblos sind seine dem Verderben geweihte einst himmelstrahlende Flügel. Also starb er. Aber die Dame. Sie auch hat ihre Sorgen. Sehnsucht macht Sorgen, aber die Katze liegt stets schnurrend auf dem Sofa. So bleibt es in ihrem Tagebuch aufgeschrieben und die Worte sind noch heute wahr.

BLADES OF A FEATHER.—University Crews.



TRIALS OF A NOVICE.

Unsympathetic Bystander. "TAKING 'IM BACK TO 'IS CAB, GUV'NOR?"

MERE MOONSHINE.

[Some hints for novelists, to be used after July 30, when, according to Professor WALTERMATH, the "second moon" will become visible. *Vide* letter in *Daily News*, March 1.]

I.

"FAITHLESS and unkind!" cried DULCINEA, repulsing her lover with a gesture of haughty disdain. "Cruel and treacherous! Nay, never can I be the bride of a man who lightly breaks his word as thou hast done!"

"Say not so, my love!" protested ALONZO, looking greatly bewildered. "Of a certainty I could never be so base as to neglect aught that I had promised my dear DULCINEA! Kindly have the goodness to explain—"

"Explain? Hath the remembrance of thy vow so soon escaped thee? Didst thou not agree to meet me at midnight beneath yonder oak when the moon was full? Ay, since; owing to my father's displeasure, I can but see thee by stealth, thou didst declare that it must be when the moon was full, the better to gaze upon my face!"

"True indeed," ALONZO replied. "I made a note of our compact at the time. And, on the night of full moon, I was at the appointed spot. But it was *thou* who didst fail, DULCINEA!"

"Untruthful!" sobbed DULCINEA. "Of all false deceivers—"

"Not a bit of it," retorted the other. "At the night and hour appointed I was there, and tarried two hours for thee in vain—it was raining hard, too. Methought the weather, or else the vigilance of thy sire, kept thee within the castle."

DULCINEA gazed at him incredulously. "Then thou wert there only in thy dreams!" she said, indignantly. "Punctual to the appointed hour came I to that oak-tree, and waited vainly for the faithless ALONZO!" And she wept afresh.

"Alack, sorrow hath turned thy brain," said ALONZO, sadly. "I was beneath that tree, but DULCINEA came not! Why, 'tis only two nights past—"

"Two nights? ALONZO, thou art distraught! 'Twas full moon a fortnight ago!"

"Therein I can prove thee wrong," ALONZO replied, producing a pocket-calendar from his doublet. "Here thou mayst read that—why," he broke off suddenly, rushing forward and clasp- ing the astonished DULCINEA in his arms, "why, now I understand! How gross my folly in forgetting it! We resolved to meet when

the moon was full, but we did not say *which* moon; and nowadays there are two of them!"

"My sweet ALONZO!" cried DULCINEA, embracing him fondly. "That explains all! For when one moon is new the other is already at its full. Pardon thy foolish DULCINEA! For the future, we must needs be more precise. And now thou must fly, for if my stern father should find thee here, terrible would be the consequences."

ALONZO sighed. "Canst thou not quit him for good? Methinks that did I come hither with two swift steeds on some dark night, we might fly together!"

"Nay," replied DULCINEA, sadly. "That were impossible. Thou dost forget that now there are two moons, and consequently, no dark nights. But hark! What is that?"

Even as she spoke a dozen armed men, with her father, the Baron D'AGINCOURT, at their head, leapt from behind the bushes upon the hapless ALONZO.

"Ha!" shouted the Baron in triumph, "so I have thee at last, villain! Bind him tightly, my trusty followers, and dispose of him as I have instructed you! No more wilt thou come trespassing here, I warrant! Heed not his kicking; bind him tightly, I tell you. Ill is it for thee, thou varlet, that thou hast disobeyed the Baron D'AGINCOURT! And cease those silly noises, DULCINEA. Get thee to bed, girl! This fellow will trouble thee no more!"

But the lovely DULCINEA gave one despairing shriek and fell to the ground in a swoon, as her father's men carried off the gagged and fettered form of her dear ALONZO.

II.

On the following morning the Baron D'AGINCOURT sat at his breakfast in a very good temper. Suddenly an idea struck him, and, calling a servant, he bade him summon his daughter.

DULCINEA appeared, pale and distraught, her eyes red with weeping.

"Good morning," said the Baron, with an evil smile. "Pray be seated. Thou hast not breakfasted, I think? This bacon is excellent, I assure thee."

"Father!" cried the unhappy girl, falling on her knees before him, "tell me—tell me quickly—what hast thou done with ALONZO?"

"Tut, tut!" said the Baron, impatiently. "ALONZO? Why,

he's disposed of all right, fret not thyself about him. As a matter of fact, he's dead—comfortably dead and drowned."

"*You lie!*" said a voice—and lo! in the doorway stood ALONZO himself!

The Baron fell back in his seat and gazed at him in terror. "'Tis a spook!" he gasped. "A nasty, horrid spook!"

"Nay," said ALONZO, "'tis no spook! Fear not, DULCINEA, thine ALONZO is alive and well!"

"But I gave the plainest orders," expostulated the Baron. "They were to take thee to the beach and there tie thee to a stake which is covered at high water, so thou wouldst be slowly but surely drowned. The knaves have played me false!"

ALONZO confronted him with a look of triumph. "Blame not thy minions," he said, "for they fulfilled thy commands faithfully. They tied me to the stake so thoughtfully selected—only one fact hadst thou forgotten. For now there are two moons, influencing the ocean equally, but in contrary directions, and, as a consequence, *there are no tides!* At daybreak a friendly fisherman cut me free, and now have I come here—for my Revenge!"

With a crash the Baron fell upon the floor. "Foiled!" he muttered. "Foiled again! A murrain upon that second moon! I yield, ALONZO. Take DULCINEA, with her father's blessing—and be off!"

OUR BOYS.

(By a Father of Ten.)

I.

OF late years I have been much distressed to notice the great and increasing number of men who remain unmarried; and when visiting my friends, I hear on all sides the despairing cry, "What are we to do with our boys? Nowadays women *won't* marry them!" As one who has successfully settled ten dowerless sons, I claim to speak with some authority on this subject, and I venture to hope that my words may be of use and comfort to distracted fathers.

I propose to deal with the question in two articles. In the first I shall discuss generally the relation of the husband to the wife: in the second I shall offer some practical hints on the training of boys with a view to the improvement of their matrimonial prospects.

At the outset, let me say this: it is absolutely necessary to realise once and for all this vital truth, that *man's place is the Home*. Here lies the *crux* of the whole question, and the sooner the fact is understood and accepted, the sooner we shall be spared the pain of seeing our bonny boys neglected and souring into a loveless age of nervous, fussy old bachelorhood. I insist the more upon this, because I know fathers who still cling to what I may call the superstition of an antiquated creed, that home is the *woman's sphere!* Blind to the spirit of the Age, they thrust their sons into such professions as are still open to them, and expect them to compete with woman in her own domain—medicine, the Bar, the Church. The result, of course, is a foregone conclusion. Who expects a man to compete with women in work that requires brain?

There are others again, who send their sons into the professions, not because they ever expect them to make a livelihood thereby, but simply to fit them for matrimony. "What," they ask, "what does a woman look for in a husband? A pretty doll? A plaything? A drawing-room ornament? No, she wants more than that: she wants some one who, if he cannot actually give her advice, can at least talk intelligently about her affairs." At the first blush, there is something plausible in this, and it conjures up so pretty a picture of conjugal co-operation and confidence that one could almost wish it were true. But a very small experience of the world suffices to explode the theory. Women *don't* consult their husbands on business. On any point beyond his immediate domain, women have the heartiest contempt for a man's opinion. And rightly so. What would a father say if his wife advised him how to feed the baby?

No! this is not what a woman looks for in a husband. She wants not an inferior copy, but the *complement* of herself. To the feminine mind nothing is more detestable than the blue-stockings man who tries to talk business or politics, and apes the woman. When a wife comes home tired from the City, she does not wish to discuss stocks and shares; she has been doing nothing else all day; she wants change, amusement, relaxation, and a husband, if he would not drive her out to the club, should be ready to sing and play to her, or entertain her with light pleasant chat. Similarly, when she goes off to town in the morning, she should



Aunt Emily. "I HAVE JUST HAD MY PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN, EVA. I HAVE ONE DONE EVERY YEAR, YOU KNOW."
Eva. "GOODNESS, AUNTIE! YOU MUST HAVE HUNDREDS!"

feel confident that the house will be well ordered in her absence; that the children will be sent off to school, the servants apportioned their tasks, and the babies put to bed before her return; that at six o'clock her slippers will be toasting at the fire, while some one with a bright smile and a cheery word will be waiting to welcome her home.

JEAMES ON THE "CHRONICLE."

March 4, 1898.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Hi am not aweer whether you have taken connisance of the late County Council Eleckshuns but speakin pussonally hi have been compelled out of defrence to my Lady's wishes to accompny her in that connectshun into the low nay-broods of the East Hend. And not to hany great puppos, for hi regret to say the Master as been badly beat. But you may imadgin my disgust when my attenshun was called to the fol-lowin passage in the *Daily Chronicle*: not that hi hever reads that horgan, bein a radical print, but the cook sees it and my heye fell upon it, has it were, promiscuous:—

"We have a solid East against an almost solid West"—that's hus—"the City that works and suffers against the City that idles and amuses itself. Well, what could these wire-pullers expect—this selfish horde of idle dames who descended on districts which they will never permit their footmen to pollute (sick) till they want something more for their husbands or their cousins or their aunts?"

Sir, the hitalics are my hown. Unless the pusson as wrote the above was suffrin at the time from inhebrication, hi must attribute his vulgar horror of taste to hover-elation. In hany case he has my pity mingled with contempt. Yours respectkly, JEAMES.



"MUMMY, LET ME HAVE SOME WATER TO CHWISTEN MY DOLLY WIV."

"NO, DARLING, IT'S WRONG TO MAKE FUN OF HOLY THINGS."

"WELL, LET ME VACCINATE HER. I'M SURE SHE'S OLD ENOUGH TO HAVE SOMETHING DONE TO HER!"

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

A LAY OF NEW LONDON.

Originally designed to be sung at the ancient Feast of the Great Twin Brethren, Gog and Magog, in the event of their submersion.

I.

Ho, trumpets, sound a tootle!
Ho, Plicemen, clear the ways!
The Mayors are out, they ride about
To meet the public gaze.
From Wandsworth's oozy reaches,
From Brixton Hill and Bow,
From Holborn (High) and Peckham Rye,
They come to join the show;
They come from proud St. George's,
From the park-like burg of Fin,
From Bishopsgate Without the wall,
And Bishopsgate Within!
Each Mayor has donned a mantle
Wrought of the rabbit's hide,
Their gee-gees paw the pavement,
The horsemen sit outside;
They have pinned on every shirting
A coloured card that gives
The neighbourhoods of which they are
The representatives.

II.

Full in the van rides JOSEPH,
In nodding ostrich plumes,
From out his button's aperture
A purple orchid blooms;

Behind the facial window
That breaks its potent spell,
Looks forth the dry and "single" eye
Of the Mayor of Camberwell;
And with him goes his club-mate,
Strapped on by both his feet,
Bold JESSE of the Devonshire,
Mayor of St. James's Street.

III.

As toward the ark of Noë
Creation walked in pairs,
So in congenial couples
Move the ensuing Mayors:
Just in the wake of JOSEPH
A Chatsworth charger comes,
With patient nerve ignoring
The titillative drums;
To suit his rider's balance
A steady course he keeps,
For on his back the Chosen
Of Piccadilly sleeps.

IV.

Sleeps soundly though beside him
In tortuous caracoles
Prances the Mayor of Wapping,
The gallant Captain BOWLES;
Though near him, hot with spurring,
And recklessly arrayed
In Bosphorescent orders,
Careers the Sheffield blade:
He brings the breath of battle,
BARTLETT, the patriot Mayor,

Adopted by the dwellers
About Trafalgar Square.

V.

Hard by, upon an Arab,
A quite superior blood,
His nimble nostrils spurning
The scent of City mud,
See where the young NATHANIEL,
Our country's only guide,
New Mayor of Carlton Gardens,
Politely deigns to ride.

VI.

On, on they come in squadrons,
Thick as the "evening midge";
There's fleet-of-foot Sir RICHARD,
Elect of Lillie Bridge:
There's M-FLE, Mayor of Sh-lbr-d's,
Curbing his racer's stride,
And JOHNNY B., of Battersea,
The people's joy and pride.
And at the end of all things,
To make the tale complete,
Whips in the noble Marquis,
The Mayor of Downing Street.

I woke, it was a vision,
Night-Mayors and nothing more;
And lo! the Great Twin Brethren
Stood beaming as before.

SUITABLE SONG FOR LENT. — "Come
Back to 'Erring."



“GIVING HIM A LIFT.”

FARMER BUTL (to JOHN CHINAMAN). “YOU STICK TO ME, JOHNNIE. WE’LL GO TO MARKET TOGETHER, AND I’LL SEE THAT NO ONE;
‘BESTS’ YOU!”

[“The concessions made by the Chinese Government to British commerce are considerable and valuable.”—*Mr. Curzon’s speech, March 2.*]



"A GOOD WIT WILL MAKE USE OF ANYTHING."

Shakespeare, *Henry the Fourth*.

SCENE—A Pit Village. TIME—Saturday Night.

Barber (to bibulous Customer). "NOW, SIR, IF YOU DON'T HOLD YOUR HEAD BACK, I CAN'T SHAVE YOU!"

Pitman. "A'WELL, HINNEY, JUST CUT ME HAIR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"BECAUSE we act well, men think we feel deeply. But we don't. Sometimes we try to, because we feel that, if we don't, there is something wanting in our lives. But it gets no further than that. The stage life kills the real life; and the real life can never be more than an interlude." Such is the opinion of the actress, *Angela Clifton*, the heroine of *Sunlight and Limelight* (A. D. INNES & Co.), the latest novel written by Mr. FRANCIS GRIBBLE. It is an interesting and amusing story concerning the *vie intime* of rather superior persons in the theatrical profession. Appearing simultaneously with Mr. ARTHUR PINERO's farce at the Court, which apparently treats of the second order of professional actors and actresses, representing them as domestically virtuous, though of quaint and uncultivated manners, Mr. GRIBBLE's novel purports to place before us the *vie la plus intime* of the *artistes du premier rang*. Likewise, he notes the marked distinction between the English and French players; the latter, says he, are Bohemians, a class apart, and "proud o' the title, as the livin' skeleton said," according to Mr. Sam Weller; while the chief object of leading English actors and actresses, though they are at heart true Bohemians, is to be accepted at their own valuation by "Society." Consequently, being rejoiced above measure at any opportunity of putting themselves *en évidence* before "London Society," which "makes special rules for actresses," they accept the invitations of *Lady Brevil*, of Harley Street, whose receptions are to Society, the Arts, and the Players, as is the common ground of Philanthropy to the various antagonistic sects. The conventional trammels of artificially polite "Society" must be most irksome to true "Bohemian girls" who live "unchaperoned lives," and who have "largely dropped the habit of using language to conceal their thoughts," so that when these light-hearted young stagers on the "spindle side" thought "d—n" they said it, and, to quote *Ingoldsby*, "no one seemed a penny the worse." This expletive the men in this story, professional or non-professional, use quite freely; but it is as mere

"sound and fury, signifying nothing." The *dramatis personæ* of Mr. GRIBBLE's story are not among the rank and file of the theatrical profession as are Mr. GEORGE MOORE's characters, in *A Mummer's Wife*, or as they are in JOHN BICKERDYKE's *Daughters of Thespis*, for Mr. GRIBBLE's hero is a modern "actor-manager" who is received into the very best mixed Society, and is "in a fair way towards knighthood." The heroine, who is this actor-manager's leading lady at a London theatre, was one of his companions in the travelling company of which they were both members; and, in a weak moment, he might have married her, had they not "both lived in a world that was quite tolerant of unions less binding than that of marriage, and *Hector* was quite sure that some day, and if it did not come to marriage, it would come to that." *Angela* unfortunately marries a gifted sot of a dramatic author, almost a genius, from whom she is soon separated, and when she does occasionally see him, it is, as a rule, only when he happens to be in want of cash. The poor drunken creature dies, and one of the most powerfully-written scenes in the story is when the young widow and the actor-manager search for the dead man's missing play. The conclusion of the story is common-place, but not the less true to Nature on that account. The fault in the story is, that among all the characters, "there is none that doeth good, no not one." There is no particular moral to be deduced from Mr. GRIBBLE's novel, except, perhaps, that as the hero and heroine are well worthy of one another, it is according to the fitness of things that such a pair, so justly formed to meet by Nature and Art, should be united in the bonds of matrimony by Mr. GRIBBLE.

A diverting book is *Cassock and Comedy* (SKEFFINGTON), by ARTHOL FORBES, professing to show the "humorous side of clerical life," though some of the stories must be credited to the pathetic side of humour, and might well find a place in a Zangwillian romance of Whitechapel. Here and there among the tales the Baron comes across some ancient friends, on which, years ago, the pencils of DU MAURIER and of CHARLES KEENE conferred an immortality, and pleased is he, "as pleased as *Punch*" in fact, to see them as fresh as ever. They are all told in so pleasant a chatty-coffee-cum-cigar fashion as enables the reader to take up the book and enjoy one or more of the stories just when he may have ten minutes allowed him for refreshment.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

LIBEL.

(By a Despairing Editor.)

WHAT can editors do now? Copy must be had somehow,

But whate'er we publish, some one in a fury
Sends a lawyer's letter fine, threatening punishment condign,
And the terrors of a learned judge and jury.

If we happen to review but a simple verse or two,
And we stint our praise, the lawyers of the scribe 'll
Send a youngster with a grin and a note from Lincoln's Inn
To inform us they will prosecute for libel.

If we write a little "par" on a leading concert star,
Says the lady, in a burst of indignation,
"You described my auburn head by the slanderous word *red*—
It has ruined my artistic reputation.
I have lost through you a clear twenty thousand pounds a year—
Pay it up, Sir! or your vulgar diatribe 'll
Cost you dear. If you deduct but a penny, I'll instruct
My solicitors to prosecute for libel."

If at R.A.-time we go to inspect the picture show,
Should our criticisms not give satisfaction,
Every time the postman knocks, lo, he fills our bulging box
With indignant letters threatening an action.
So it happens that, despite our efforts to do right,
Whatsoever we may think, do or describe 'll
Give offence, if not to you, to some other person, who
Will at once proceed to prosecute for libel.

The County Council Election.

(From Our Own Irrepressible One, evidently out on bail.)

Q. Why did the attitude of the Unionist party remind you of an examination at Oxford?

A. Because it was a question of passing in Mods.

[Our Special Detective is now on this Young Man's track.]

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Sullivan



E.T.R.

This little Creature is full of the most lovely tunes and all other kinds of musick. Nobody didn't know how humorous wind-instruments was till he did it. He will get a trombone or a hoboy to talk just for all the world like a retired cornet only funnier - it will make you ake with laughing. He writes the most holy tunes too and makes you fancy you are soving about with other angets in the upper boxes. (I wrote this while gaveness was out of the room - she would say it was awfull irreverent I expect)

The Tass



This little Animal is awfull good at marbles. Nobody cant do it like him. He knows all about the ancients and what kind of boots they wore on Sundays and just how they use to set about and throw roses and make reflections on things in general. They didn't do much else according to him. You can always tell where one of his pictures is by the crowd of artisses round it - all putting their noses against it and then stepping back and striking silly attitudes. He has got such a big voice that as fast as they stick the pictures up, it shakes them all down again

The Aird "Dammyle"



This kind Animal is always so pleased to see you. He is very enterprising and has a funny way of contracting himself and getting into the bed of a River and blocking it all up till it runs over. I should think the whole place will be full of crockedials and irrigators and things. He has such a beautiful beard - it looks as if he would make a very nice prophet, don't you think so

WHAT THE L. C. C. IS NOW EXPECTED TO DO.

(By the Supporters of the Majority.)

To widen all the streets and start a park in Cornhill.

To improve the bridges from the Tower to Battersea, and thoroughly cleanse the Thames from the Nore to Twickenham.

To make new roads from Charing Cross to Hampstead, Putney, Old Jewry, and Shoreditch.

To rebuild and enlarge the National Gallery, Somerset House, the towers of Westminster Abbey, and the Bethnal Green Museum.

To illuminate London with an improved edition of the electric light, and erect automatic watering-pipes to lay the dust in all directions.

To get rid of fog, rain, snow and sleet, with the aid of science or by some other means.

To house the working classes without causing inconvenience to the well-to-do.

To render the theatres and music-halls models of perfection without interfering with the lessees and managers.

To make the Metropolis an ideal city of marble, and, so to speak, precious stones.

And last, and most important of all, to carry out the above programme without any cost to the ratepayers.

Ye Goddesses and Little Fishes.

[The Misses SAYER, "tall, graceful girls, and triplets," took up by patrimony their rights to membership of the Fishmongers' Company.]

VENUS alone took her degree

By rising from the triplets,

But lo! the heritage of sea

Is shared alike by triplets.

And now all fish who swim to fame

In piscine trios say her name!

TIT-FOR-TAT JUSTICE. — At Ramsgate, two boys, found guilty of stealing from smacks, had to receive "six strokes with a birch." Good! Whacks for smacks!

DRIVERS
BENEVOLENT
SOCIAL
ASSOCIATION



THE CABBIES' EXTRA "BOB."

[Lord ROBERTS has been elected Vice-President of the Cab-drivers' Benevolent Association.]

A COMMERCIAL UNIVERSITY.

MR. PUNCH, having heard that a Commercial University is to be started in Leipsic after Easter, is anxious that the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge should place our youths on a fair footing with their German competitors. This could easily be done. It only involves a slight change in the curriculum to the following or similar effect:—

Smalls.—For "Apology" and "Meno" substitute Book-keeping and Shorthand. Latin to be optional, typewriting compulsory.

Meds.—For DEMOSTHENES' *De Corona*, and HOMER'S *Iliad*, substitute General Commercial Correspondence and the Theory of Bargains. In place of ARISTOTLE'S *Poetics*, a special subject must be offered, e.g., hardwares, green-grocery, meat, herring-pickling, hotel management, bogus Dresden china, &c., in which there will be a practical as well as a theoretical subject.

Greats.—Abolish PLATO'S *Republic* and ARISTOTLE'S *Ethics*, and read instead SMITH'S *Ready Reckoner* and *The Complete Shopwalker and Commercial Traveller*. There will be a further examination in the special subject, including the doing-up of parcels with string and sealing-wax, opening of doors to ladies, and general etiquette. By the time a student takes his degree in commerce he will be an accomplished salesman, and Mr. Punch is confident that thus, and thus only, the bogey of foreign competition will be scared away.

'ARRIET read from a daily paper, "Navigation in the Ouse." "I s'pose," said 'ARRY, "as the Members are goin' to 'ave a 'ouse-boat this season. Which 'Ouse? Hupper or lower? Whichever's to steer? The Speaker or Lord 'Igh Chancellor?"



TRUE SYMPATHY.

Mr. Thompson (who has been pouring out all his troubles to his fair companion). "AH, I OFTEN WISH I HAD BEEN A SOLDIER. THEN I SHOULD HAVE GONE TO THE FRONT, AND MY FRIENDS WOULD SAY, 'POOR OLD THOMPSON'S GONE!'"

Mrs. Lavishall. "BUT, SURELY, IT'S NOT TOO LATE TO ENLIST!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 28.—CHARLIE BERESFORD probably only Member who could have lifted to-night's debate out of hopeless rut into which it had fallen. Army Votes up again; agreed at outset that topic is not one to fight round. Blatant cry of "*Vive l'Armée!*" that fills the streets of Paris finds echo at Westminster. Government decided on spending additional million or so in strengthening Army. Only a traitor would whisper discontent. Conclusion foregone. Might just as well have voted the men and money at conclusion of ST. JOHN BRODRICK's speech on Friday night. That of course would not do. Must make at least two nights of it. So here we are—at least twenty-seven of us—listening to FERGUSSON, who, before he was at the Post-Office, was in the Guards. To-night did sentry-go for nearly an hour round estimates.

When BERESFORD "came aboard" decks almost empty. Everybody seemed to have turned in; strolled back in twos and threes and tens as CHARLIE went on with his yarn. When he sat down quite full muster. Subject being the Army Estimates, C. B. presumably interposed in character of marine. Whatever uniform he concealed, Members listened to his breezy talk with

assurance that at least he knew something of subject; had smelt gunpowder when it was blazing on other occasions than royal salute. Speaks more effectively than he did when last with us. Then rather disposed to make set speeches. To-night talked to the House—or, as for economy's sake he sometimes put it, "the 'Ouse."

Special interest attached to occasion, as it might be his last speech in present Parliament. Candidly admitted that, regarding CAWMELL-BANNERMAN as a self-confessed old-fashioned Constitutionalist, he had for a long time been endeavouring to get him hung. "More or less," he added, relenting, as he looked on the kindly countenance of the ex-Secretary of State for War. Actually, it was C. B. himself who stood on the edge of doom. Tomorrow and next day votes at York election will be re-counted. If there has been any blunder, CHARLIE, though he may remain York's darling, will not be its Member.

"I acknowledge," he said, just now, "that I am only a temporary Member."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD had referred to him as the one ewe lamb of the Unionist Party, a precious but frail possession, snatched out of the fire of the bye-elections. "Well, I hope," said CHARLIE, making as though he would butt in a vulnerable place the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD,

sitting immediately opposite, "that after Wednesday he will find I am a vigorous ram."

Business done.—Quite a lot. War Office got the men and got the money too. Four Government Bills advanced a stage, and, the board being clear on stroke of eleven, Members went home.

Tuesday.—Once upon a time PRINCE ARTHUR, talking to me about the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, said, "Since Mr. GLADSTONE left the House HARCOURT is the greatest Parliament man left to us. We on our side of the House gird at him on occasion. But we are all secretly proud of him."

This characteristically generous tribute from a political adversary justified to-night. The Sheffield Knight, prancing his hobby-horse round the lists, chattered for nearly an hour about Russian designs on China. Sound and fury, as usual signifying nothing. CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES, who ought to know better, appropriated another hour of a sitting predestined to be short. If the SQUIRE had followed example of majority of Members he would have left the House. But Leader of the Opposition saw in Sheffield Knight's reckless indiscretion opportunity of accomplishing act of patriotic statesmanship. Both the Knight and the CAPTAIN, tilting at windmills, made various savage thrusts at the MARKISS,



Sir William and the "Vigorous Ram" (Lord C. B-r-sf-rd).

showing how he is a tyro in diplomacy, how much better it would be for the Empire were they installed with plenary power in Downing Street.

Here was an opportunity for a small tactician to make things uncomfortable for Government. The SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, after a preliminary knocking together of two puny heads, thereafter looked far above them, dealing in spirit of lofty statesmanship with the Imperial question to which Sheffield Knight and Seafaring Man had attached themselves. He smiled at midnight entrances with sanguinary telegrams; laughed at scares which make and mar fortunes on the Stock Exchange; expressed full confidence in the Foreign Secretary's intent and action; and only asked that the MARKISS would, with *Prince Hal* confounding *Fulstaff*, "mark now how plain a tale shall put you down."

GEORGE CURZON, compelled by friendly invitation, made a plain statement designed to clear the air of twaddle and fable. Thus, thanks to the Leader of the Opposition, what promised to be an idly spent, if not absolutely mischievous sitting, was transformed into an important occasion.

As GEORGE CURZON put it in one of many finely turned sentences that illumined his speech, the generous and loyal support the Government had received from Leaders of the Opposition in their foreign policy placed graver responsibility upon their shoulders, since they felt they were "acting not merely as the nominees of a Parliamentary majority, but as the trustees of a nation."

Business done.—Second private Members' night of Session. By odd coincidence, second count-out.

Thursday.—Curious how old habits stick to a man. Ordinary way of addressing

Chairman of Ways and Means after a Member has succeeded in catching his eye, is "Mr. LOWTHER." H. M. STANLEY, up just now on Uganda question, fixing the Chairman with falcon eye, says, "Mr. LOWTHER, I presume?" After pause long enough to afford opening for contradiction if it be forthcoming, STANLEY goes on with his speech.

A capital speaker he is, too; delightfully unconventional. Very rarely interposes; always on subject with which he is familiar. Even GEORGE CURZON hasn't been to Uganda. STANLEY only man in House who knows the place and the people. Talked about them and their hardships with slow utterance and grave manner suggestive of a palaver. No one would have been surprised if, when he sat down, he had grunted, after the manner of *Uncas*, Last of the Mohicans, "STANLEY has spoken," wrapped himself up in a blanket, lit a short pipe, and stared into immensity, silent and motionless.

But alack! the veneer of civilisation lies glossy and thick on our late leader of forlorn trails through African jungles. He wears a top hat, frock coat, and is said to have been seen with gloves on; not those little nine-ounce toys that suffuse the prize-ring with playfulness, but DENT's two-buttoned, size 8½.

His politeness almost preternatural. Talking of the railway from Mombasa, he said only a hundred miles had been laid in more than two years.

"One hundred and thirty-two," corrected GEORGE CURZON.

"One hundred and thirty-two. Thank you, Sir," said STANLEY, turning with a low bow in the direction of the voice.

Auctioneer ROBBINS in his prime never did a thing better. One almost expected to hear STANLEY repeat, "132 guineas; going at 132 guineas," and then the rap of the hammer.

Business done.—Uganda vote agreed to.

Friday.—Irish Members receive with mixed feelings rumour persistently current. MACALEESE has brought in Bill making it legal for a man to prefix O or Mac to his family name. Story is that Brother GERALD, more Irish than the Knight of Kerry, will avail himself of the privilege as soon as the Bill receives the Royal Assent. Has an idea that if he were known as THE O'BALFOUR, he would further his heart's desire of being brought into closer and friendlier communication with the mass of the Irish people.

There is something in the idea. Its drawback is, as SARK points out, the easiness of its application to an indefinitely wide circle, and the consequent limitation of personal advantage. If Brother GERALD sets the example at the Irish Office, it will be followed, as a matter of course, by those who come after him. THE MACMORLEY would naturally succeed THE O'BALFOUR, and where would be the distinction?

Business done.—Vote on Account for trifle under fourteen millions agreed to.

ANGLO-FRENCH CONVERSATION BOOK.

(For the use of Parisian Explorers in Africa.)

I AM an officer of the French Republic, and I desire you to remove that flag.

It is impolite to tell me to go to the place you are pleased to indicate.

It is not my business to verify your statement that the flag is wounded, but I must insist that it be hauled down.

I deprecate your threat that you will use violence if I touch it.

I am here because I am France, and France claims this territory.

I do not wish to "get out," for where I rest I desire to remain.

I am not accustomed to the box, and I decline to submit my head to the punching.

I will direct your attention to the fact that I am an officer of high rank, and that you are a simple sergeant.

I am not called in my country "Mounseer," and I reject with all the dignity of my uniform the outrage of a kick.

I will not "sheer off"—I will not budge a step.

You shall pay for this! I shout to you, although you are not, unfortunately, too far off to hear me. England is perfidious. Hip! hip! hip! Long live France!

BRITISH COLONISATION IN THE "FATHERLAND."—Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON, with his friendly army of theatrical occupation, has successfully established an English Hamlet in Germany. Said F. R., turning to Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL and quoting the Bard, "Now could I do it Pat!"—and he did. Sure, Mistress PAT CAMPBELL has so mightily taken the Berliners as the unfortunate Shakspearian heroine, that the name of the character should be changed from Miss O'Phalia to Miss Great Success.

A CUP-TO-LIPTON SONG.—"He always 'got home' in Tea." (New version of Mr. J. L. TOOLE'S "He always came home to Tea.")

A FUR COLLAR NOT RECOMMENDED FOR THE COLD WEATHER.—The Chinchiller.

RUSSIAN MOTTO.—Our port in China will be all the better for keeping.



[“The Midland Railway Company have made a great improvement in Ladies’ Waiting-rooms.”—*Daily Telegraph*.]

WHY NOT GO ONE BETTER, AND HAVE A LITTLE MUSIC, LITERATURE, AND MILD AMUSEMENT?

DARBY JONES ON EQUINE ADVERTISEMENTS.

HONOURABLE SIR,—In an age when the fairest meads and the most remote plantations, to say nothing of mountains, fishing-boats, bathing-machines, and ancient ruins, are adorned by startling placards testifying to the merits of Bolus’s Pills or Salpeau’s Hairwash, it is not surprising that the enterprising advertiser should have conceived the Napoleonic idea of bringing his wares to the notice of the public by means of that noble quadruped the Race-horse. Consequently, of late, we have seen upon our running grounds animals bearing appellations such as we are wont to associate with posters on the hoardings and the places where the names of railway-stations ought to be. The scheme is one of Mammoth Ingenuity. How I have laughed, when picturing the wrath of the Managing Editors of the great dailies, who, without receiving a sixpence for the publicity, cannot prevent their broadsheets from announcing that Mr. JONES’S *Cureall Liniment* has won the Slippery Eel Stakes, or that Mr. SMITH’S *Fillagain Whiskey* ran second for the Chortler Handicap! Let me, however, tell these gentlemen that the System is as yet in its Puling Infancy. I can with my Mental Optics behold the day, when the leading Flyers of the Turf will be owned by our most Pushing Manufacturers, when Mr. SOMEBODY’S *Husker’s Cocoa Nibs*, Mr. OTHERBODY’S *Humatra Coffee*, Mr. WHAT’S *Pinker’s Pills*, Mr. WHY’S *Brickdust Soap*, and Mr. WHEREFORE’S *Bicarbonated Milk*, will be the leading favourites for all the Big Races of the Season—inclusive, of course, of the Derby. Meantime, let us skip to another Derby, the fair North-Midland Town, whence the railway authorities of St. Pancras issue their decrees, and the Cunning Provender Merchants Mammoth Rounds of Beef such as Sir SPENCER PONSONBY-FANE and his brother Old Stagers tackle yearly, during the Canterbury Week. Fired with the light which has burned from the days of SAPPHO down to those of RUDYARD KIP-

LING, I present the following Prophetic Lines to you and yours:—

The *K. of K.’s* is hard to beat,
The *Metal Hunter* may
Force the *Great Conqueror* to retreat,
The *Welshman* bring to bay!
Of *Caroline the Cave* beware,
And note the *Secret Stride*!
Of *Hiems* have especial care;
I’ll couple her with *Pride*!

The ball is at your feet. Kick it through Fortune’s goal, and, while blessing me with your ever-acceptable note of hand, believe that I am, as ever,

Your devoted drone, DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Look out at Lincoln for the *Saint*, the *Hebrew King*, and the *Curious Vessel*.

COPY-STEALING NO ROBBERY.

(A page from an Author’s Diary.)

Monday.—Find that the proprietors of the *Tweadlers’ Illustrated Magazine* owe me a trifle for a contribution. Look them up. Find them represented by a sharp gentleman, who explains that negotiations are in progress for an arrangement. No cash available at present, but “will I call again?” Adopt the suggestion.



“All rights reserved.”

Tuesday.—Rather soon to call again, but, wanting the money, look in at the office of the *T. I. M.* Sharp gentleman still business-like. Arrangements in progress, soon be completed. Suggest that I have a solicitor. Sharp gentleman not in the least disconcerted. Solicitor, he says, will tell me that it would be wise to wait. Glad to see me again whenever I like to call.

Wednesday.—Accept invitation promptly. Called again to-day. Sharp-looking gentleman still in attendance. Quite glad to see me. All things going smoothly. Rather annoyed at delay. Threaten to put proprietors into the Court of Bankruptcy. Gentleman explains that proprietors are a company, limited. Only effect of proceedings would be to destroy the copyright. Don’t mind telling me that there is a prospect of the sale of the copyright. Won’t I look in again?

Thursday.—Once more accepted the invitation. Here I am in the office of the *T. I. M.* Sharp-looking gentleman radiant. The copyright has been sold. So now all will be right. Every one with a claim should present it. Return from the office in excellent spirits.

Friday.—Once more to see the sharp-looking gentleman who represents the *T. I. M.* Present claim, which he says will be dealt with in due course. Will write to me.

Saturday.—Sharp-looking gentleman keeps his promise. I receive a letter from him telling me that the copyright of the *T. I. M.* was sold, but that my claim cannot be dealt with until the demands of the debenture-holders are satisfied. Appears that debentures have been issued to the full amount of the purchase-money. Nothing left for me! Must bid good-bye to my earnings!

Sunday.—Find, from a report of a meeting in to-day’s paper, that an important body are promoting a Bill to give writers a lien upon the assets of a company in priority to the claims of debenture-holders. Bravo! But in the meantime, how am I to live? Think I shall try Monte Carlo. Less risky than writing on spec.



London & Westminster, March 18, 1898.

A LITTLE CHEQUE.

Mr. Gsch-n. "FOR SIGNATURE, MADAM. NAVAL ESTIMATES."

Britannia. "TWENTY-THREE MILLIONS, SEVEN HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT THOUSAND!! A RECORD CHEQUE!"

Mr. G. "TRUE, MY DEAR MADAM; BUT WE LIVE IN RECORD TIMES!"

LETTERS TO THE CELEBRATED.

NO. IX.—TO MR. W. A. L. FLETCHER
CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD; COACH OF THE
CAMBRIDGE CREW.

MY DEAR SIR,—Those who know the spirit and the habits of Englishmen in general, and of *Mr. Punch* in particular, will not have been surprised to find your name at the head of this column. For *Mr. Punch*, representing in this matter the great body of his fellow-countrymen, has never failed to pay honour to one who is, in the best sense of the words, a good sportsman and a fine fellow. And he has always looked with an eye of peculiar kindness and admiration on the prowess of those gallant youngsters from Oxford and from Cambridge, who, braving the icy blasts of winter and the stormy waves of our great tidal river, strive for honour's sake alone to show which set of them, the dark-blued or the light-blued, can propel a racing eight the faster from Putney to Mortlake.

Of these you yourself have in the past been one. Once at stroke, once at No. 7, and twice at No. 6, has the broad expanse of your massive back swung past the judge's flag at Mortlake in winning Oxford crews. Strength, stamina, a perfect balance and control of all your limbs and sinews, an undisturbed serenity of mind, dauntless resolution, and, when the occasion called for it, unquenchable pluck—all these qualities were yours as an active rowing man. It was an inspiring sight at the end of a closely contested race, while some lay helpless and gasped in pale distress, to note your ruddy colour and your cheerful smile. So smiled and so flushed some mighty Viking emerging triumphant from a death-grapple with his foe, while the air resounded with the clash of steel and the shouts of contending men.

And now, the days of your labour at the oar being past, you, an Oxford man, have come to teach Cambridge men, once successful, but now fallen through eight successive defeats from their post of pride, how oars should be handled, boats propelled, and races won. It is no small task. For months and months a coach labours with his men. How anxious and unpleasant is the work of teaching and selection for an eight-oared crew, only those who have themselves endured it can fully know. First one man and then another falls short of the promise of his early efforts, and has to recede into forgetfulness uncheered by a blue coat. Accident or illness robs you of your best pupils, the boat you have ordered with care proves unsuitable, but through all these changes and chances he who is instructing must keep his temper, and smile and do his best. His crew looks to him as the Tenth Legion looked to CÆSAR for guidance and encouragement; and, whoever else may falter or fail, he at least must always keep a calm and unbroken front, and breathe the promise of victory. This is the common task of all coaches. But yours has been no common task. You are not a Cambridge man. To you the success of the Oxford crew has hitherto been a matter for delight. And yet you are now, as a Cambridge coach, doing what in you lies to ensure the triumph of Cambridge over your ancient associates. And this you do, not in the hope of gain, or even in the desire for glory, but impelled by that chivalrous feeling of honourable sportsmanship which has at all times, as I know, distinguished men



Jinks. "I WANT TO BUY A DOG. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY CALL THE BREED, BUT IT IS SOMETHING THE SHAPE OF A GREYHOUND, WITH A SHORT, CURLY TAIL AND ROUGH HAIR. DO YOU KEEP DOGS LIKE THAT?" Fancier. "NO. I DROWNS 'EM!"

who wield an oar, and which, as much as anything else, has placed the contest of Oxford and Cambridge on the Thames high in the affection of our sport-loving people. To row or to race is in itself nothing. But to be a chieftain in a brotherhood of athletes who, for the mere love of sport and manly effort, have striven and battled and endured, who, unsullied by even the suspicion of fraud or meanness, have held aloft, as their most cherished possession, high traditions of honour bequeathed to them by their sires—this, Sir, is something, and for this you have the praise of *Mr. Punch*. All Cambridge men wish you well: it is the secret hope of not a few Oxford men that your efforts in helping

Cambridge to stem, if that be possible, the tide of Oxford victories, may be crowned with success. And for myself, Sir, I remain now, as always, your humble admirer.
THE VAGRANT.

A Political Forecast.

SCENE—A Bar in New York.

First Politician (of the Tammany persuasion). I reckon there'll be more pleasant trips to Eu-rope this year than ever.

Second P. How so?

First P. Ain't Congress just voted fifty million dollars for the defences of the country? (Reflectively.) Snakes! Wish I'd got a monitor or two on sale.



OFF HIS GUARD.

Farmer (just coming up). "YOUNG GENTLEMAN RIDING YOUR BROWN HORSE, MY LORD, HAD NASTY ACCIDENT A FIELD OR TWO BACK. BARBED WIRE—VERY UGLY CUTS!"

My Lord. "TUT—TUT—TUT! DEAR—DEAR—DEAR! NOT THE HORSE, I HOPE!"

ALFRED'S ALFRED.

Being a proleptic report of the Witenagemote (or meeting of wise men) convened for the 18th inst., to discuss a fitting form for the commemoration of the millenary of ALFRED THE GREAT'S demise; the LORD MAYOR presiding, supported by MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, etc.

The Chairman. I call on Mr. AUSTIN for a speech.

The Poet Laureate (rising). My Lord and Athelings, Ealdormen and Thanes!

This is withal an unexpected pleasure!
Yet, when I think on it, you could not well
Have made a better choice, since I am he
Who did you *England's Darling* in a book.
I see before me certain men of mark
(And others) habited in decent black,
Mourning the disappearance of the late
ALFRED deceased, who, I regret to say,
Became a section of the dreadful past
Nine hundred seven and ninety years ago
Precisely. Add another three withal,
And lo! it makes four figures—does it not?

A Voice. It does.

The P. L. I see you follow me; 'tis well.
Now note, I freely grant that there are some
Who claim attention as belonging to
Even remoter ages than our friend's;
As, for example, ALCIBIADES,
CONFUCIUS, POMPEY, EUCLID, OBADIAH,
ADAM and BEDE. But none of all the lot
(And I could name with ease a dozen more)
Has been so intimately mixed as he
With the incipient aspirations of
Our British Navy!

It is not my wish—
Nay, God forbid that I should underrate

The gifts of Mr. GOSCHEN, when I say
That, if BRITANNIA rules the present waves,
To ALFRED is the primal credit due.

Lord Charles Beresford. Hear! hear!

The P. L. I was, in fact, about to add,

Before his lordship made the above remark,
That it was ALFRED who designed the ships,
The long-oared wherries which at Swanage clave
The Danish esk. The esk, you ought to know,
Is not a quadruped with antlers, but
A boat. You have it in Act IV., Scene 2,
Of *England's Darling*. Yea! or rather, Aye!
(The Press will kindly spell it with an e,
Although, of course, it really hasn't one.)
Aye! more than that: he was an all-round man.
A scholar: knew a power of botany
(I taught him pages of it in the book,
Act III., Scene 4), and trained the young idea
In reading, writing and arithmetic,
Being, as one may say, the prototype
Of London's School Board.

Lord Reay.

Heavens!

The P. L. Aye! 'tis sooth!

Withal he rendered into Saxon jargon
The *Consolations* of BOETHIUS!
You may have read 'em? No?

Sir John Lubbock. A glorious work!
One of the Hundred Pleasures of my Life;
God bless him!

The P. L. Eke the same to you, Sir JOHN.
Likewise he started on his own account
The eight-hours movement.

Mr. J. Burns.

Good old ALFRED!

The P. L.

And

Contributed in leisure moments to

The *Chronicle*, before the NORMAN came
And managed our affairs. He too it was
Welded the bond of Church and State.

Lord Cranborne.

Bravo!

The P. L. And, though a fighting patriot—

Mr. Bowles.

Hear! Oh, hear!

The P. L. He granted territory to the Danes,
A graceful and polite concession.

Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett.

Shame!

The P. L. Yon Thane will be so good as to withdraw
His coarse ejaculation.

Sir E. A.-B.

Never!

The P. L.

Well,

Let us continue just the same withal.

And to the point, how best to advertise

The sense of our irreparable loss!

Having regard to his (our Darling's) tact

In naval architecture, there are some

Would have us, at the nation's own expense,

Build an unparalleled torpedo-boat,

And call it ALFRED.

First Lord of the Admiralty.

Ripping!

Mr. Labouchere.

Not at all!

The P. L. Some, mindful of the monarch's pretty taste

For pure vernacular, would like to found

Professorships of Saxon in the more

Congested parts of Ireland.

Mr. Lecky.

Very good.

The P. L. Myself in this connection had a thought,

A passing thought, of some addition to

The Laureate's endowment.

Mr. Bernard Shaw.

Tut! and pooh!

The P. L. I will ignore that callous observation.

Others, again, on insufficient grounds,

Would institute an Alfred Handicap

At Kempton Park.

Lord Rosebery.

I wholly disapprove!

The P. L. And some, untutored in orthography,

Or wanting to be funny, which is worse,

Would have the London County Council open

An Alfred Millinery Depot in

The Works Department.

Lord Onslow.

Oh!

The P. L. And, last, the people,

Lovers of all things beautiful, desire

Some adamant (or plaster) effigy—

A hearth, with toasted cakes, and in the midst

ALFRED, in pensive mood, belaboured by

A British Matron: fit to be erected

Upon a refuge in the narrowest

Portion of Piccadilly.

Lord Roberts (of Kandahar and the Cabmen's Union). I object

The P. L. I cite no more proposals, though there be

More to be had; but merely make remark

That fortune favours us in point of date.

We do not menace France; nor mean to mar

The genial *status quo* by clashing with

Our neighbours' Universal Exposition.

Nor need we hastily decide withal,

Having three years in which to do the thing.

Two we might spend in tentative debate,

And—

[Left speaking.]

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Irate Old Lady. I tell you, your man was disgracefully drunk last night.

Proprietor of Livery Stables. Must be some mistake, Mum. Known the man for twenty years, very steady, sober man. Never had any complaint about him before.

I. O. L. But I tell you he was drunk. Do you think I don't know a drunken man when I see him?

P. L. S. Can't say, Mum. Man was quite sober, I assure you.

I. O. L. (getting more irate than ever). Then, do you mean to say that I'm a liar?

P. L. S. I never said so, Mum.

[Tableau.]

"GRABIES."—A form of acquisitive disease peculiar to the Russian Bear.



THE TEMPTRESS.

Dolly. "HERBERT, DO LET ME HAVE THAT SABLE COLLARETTE."

Herbert. "CAN'T POSSIBLY AFFORD IT, DEAR."

Dolly. "HERBERT, I'LL LISTEN TO YOUR COMEDY."

Herbert. —

Dolly. "HERBERT, I'LL LAUGH AT THE RIGHT PLACES!" [Gets it.]

ENGAGING A SERVANT.

(A Dialogue of the Day.)

Employer (courteously). I am in need of a servant.

Employed (with hauteur). Well, I have no objection to hearing what you have to say, as under certain favourable circumstances I might be induced to accept a situation.

Employer (politely). Can you cook?

Employed (abruptly). That is a detail. What are your terms?

Employer (promptly). From twenty to thirty pounds a year.

Employed (inquiringly). With, of course, everything found—well, that might do. And you would give me a couple of off-days for exercise?

Employer (with a smile). Might manage that, but pardon me, can you cook?

Employed (roughly). You will some day see, perhaps. Needn't bother about that now. Be kind enough to give me your character.

Employer (sweetly). I was about to ask you about yours.

Employed (contemptuously). Indeed! you are slightly premature! The name and address of your last cook. (The necessary information is furnished.) Thanks. After I have heard from her I will let you know whether you will suit. Thanks. That will do. Good morning. [Exeunt severally.]

STATISTICS.—It has been calculated that about seven thousand American poets have discovered that "Maine" rhymes with "Spain." Mr. Punch begs to remind many of the bards that it can also be used in apposition to "sane," and the reverse.



Bernard Partridge fecit

She. "BUT, GEORGE, SUPPOSE PAPA SETTLES MY DOWRY ON ME IN MY OWN RIGHT?"

He. "WELL, MY DEAR GIRL, IT'S—ER—NOTHING TO ME IF HE DOES!"

A SEASONABLE COMPLAINT.

March 14, 1898.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—You are the friend of every one in general, and of the ladies in particular. Well, I have to ask you to be so kind as to request Jupiter Pluvius (I think that is the old gentleman's name) to be less erratic about his arrangements. I am a lady connected with the Press, and it is my duty in an illustrated paper to set the fashion in dress with a view to the variation of the seasons. In the exercise of my professional duties I now appear carrying an umbrella, now waving a torch, now huddled up in a heavy cloak. My customary costume is distinctly classical, and

I make alterations in it to suit "showery," "very fine," "cold," or "foggy." I have a considerable following who watch my garments with a view to copying my example.

And now for my grievance. The old gentleman who arranges matters with the clouds will insist upon "making hay"—he performs the operation without the help of the sun—of all my predictions. I come out clad in winter garments when we have summer heat, and appear in the thinnest robe when it is snowing! And as I have to go to press—you will know what that means—some half-dozen hours before my public appearance, I am continually looking ridiculous. And it is all the fault of Jupiter

Pluvius (mind you verify his name), who can't or won't make up his mind in time for proper publication. Pray make him behave like a reasonable creature. Dear Mr. Punch, you can make everybody do anything. Dear Mr. Punch, make him do this!

Believe me,

Always yours affectionately,

THE GIRL OF THE WEATHER.

Office of the D-ly Gr-ph-c.

THE CONSUL'S RIDE.

["MR. J. V. FABER, Danish Consul for Newcastle, had an exciting experience the other night, having travelled on the footboard of the express train from London to Peterborough."] *Daily Telegraph.*

Immortalised in Verse for the benefit of the Young Reciter.

HE leapt upon the parting train
As swift along it sped,
And while he clung with might and main,
Wished he were safe in bed.
"The way was long, the wind was cold,"
No overcoat he wore,
And tho' he was extremely bold,
He thought it was a bore.
He signalled with his handkerchief,
His handkerchief so white,
But to his great dismay and grief,
None saw his piteous plight.
He rapped upon the window-pane
With pocket-knife in hand,
But all his efforts were in vain
To make them understand.
He tightly clasped the rails of brass
Until his fingers froze.
His gloves were very thin, alas!
Which added to his woes.
Thro' tunnels dark without a stop
The train rushed in and out,
And tho' he felt inclined to drop,
He tried to raise a shout.
The engine throbbed, the whirring wheels
Sang as they rolled along;
The door he hammered with his heels,
But it was built too strong.
Enveloped in thick clouds of smoke,
Upon the step he sat,
Disheartened, cold, and like to choke,
When, goodness! what was that?
The train begins to slacken speed,
Thought he, "Now saved I am,
Now comes the longed-for help I need,
They've sent a telegram."
But no, it was a sad mistake;
The road was in repair,
The driver had applied the brake,
The train it stopped not there.
"To jump or not to jump." The thought
Into his mind did creep,
But when at school he had been taught
To "look before you leap."
Again the train increased its pace,
He crouched upon the car,
'Twere better wind and smoke to face
Than take a step too far.
His watch he had no cause to doubt;
"By all the Gods he swore,"
'Tis seven, and I must hold out,
Full twenty minutes more.
"Ye Gentlemen of England" who
Repose at home at ease,
Pray what experience have you
Of terrors such as these?

The engine ceased to belch out flame,
The lights began to shine;
And that was how the Consul came
To Newcastle-on-Tyne.



“BULL-BAITING.”



Indignant Cabbie. "SHOCKIN' BAD 'ORSE, 'AVE I? AND WOT'S THIS HEXTRA TUPPENCE FOR?—TO BUY A NEW 'UN WITH, EH?"

OUR BOYS.

(By a Father of Ten.)

II.

HAVING determined what it is that a woman desiderates in her husband, I now proceed to consider the best means of producing these qualities—in other words, how we are best to fit our sons for the all-important duties of the husband and the father.

Needlework.—I rank this as the very foremost consideration. Every boy should be clever with his needle. There is nothing annoys a woman so much as to find her boots and gloves buttonless, and I have known more domestic unhappiness created, and more homes ruined from this than from any other cause. I do not say that all men should be expected to do fancy work—this is a matter of individual taste: but I do insist that it is the imperative duty of every father to see that his sons are good plain needlemen. A man who cannot make his wife's pyjamas and his baby's chemise has no right to expect to get married.

Music.—This is an indispensable accomplishment. When a woman takes her husband out in the evening, she naturally likes him to make a good appearance in the drawing-room. Every boy, therefore,—ear or no ear, voice or no voice,—should be taught to sing and play. A slight knowledge of music will be found invaluable when the babies wake up in the night. Nothing tries a wife's temper so severely as a lullaby sung out of tune.

French is a polite acquisition, and a wife always expects her husband to be able to translate a menu. Great care, however, must be exercised in selecting the books to be studied, for there is much in the literature that no woman would like to think that her husband had read.

Athletics.—On no point is the relation of the sexes so much misunderstood as in this connection. There is still quite a general belief that women prefer men who can cycle or play tennis with them, and many a poor boy have I known overtax his strength and ruin his constitution in a vain attempt to keep pace with his sisters and their friends. No doubt there are "gentlemen's women" who amuse themselves by taking boys for a cycle run, but they

don't like them in the marrying sense. I have often heard fathers say, "Dear JACK is getting on quite nicely with his bicycle! It will be so delightful for him when he is married, for he will be able to go with his wife on her cycling tours." I shake my head at these remarks, for, in all my experience, I have never known a wife take her husband touring a second time. When a woman rides, she does not want to wait for her husband at all the hills; she wants to go her own pace—to be free. Muscle was clearly intended to be her monopoly: let not man seek to meddle with it. As I said before, his place is *the Home*. There let him stay. He will be far happier darning the socks and making the strawberry jam than straining after his wife on the dusty high road, knowing that with every turn of the wheel he looks more and more hot, horrid, freckled, and uncomfortable.

These remarks of mine may seem, at first sight, simple and indeed, obvious; but I am convinced that they embody a great and important truth. If parents will carefully study them, they will talk less of the decay of marriage; they will have no difficulty in finding wives for their sons, whom they will live to see settled in happy homes, with bright, merry families growing up about them.

Whither?

["The Anti-Gambling League has resolved for the present to discontinue its attacks on bookmakers."—*Weekly Paper*.]

Oh! where is the Anti-Gambling League,

Oh! where, oh! where is its fun?

Has it died at last of fatal fatigue

Since the Hawke found the pigeon was Dunn?

Gone to Paradise, p'raps, but there are folk who tell
That still in this world is an A.-G. L.!

QUOTH an eminent literary man, in the hearing of 'ARRY, "All GEORGE MEREDITH's poetry might be republished under one title as 'Our Georgics.'"

"Oo's 'Icks'?" asked 'ARRY.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, March 7.—That BOBS could fight the world has long known. That he could write it has lately learned. That he can speak, and speak in House

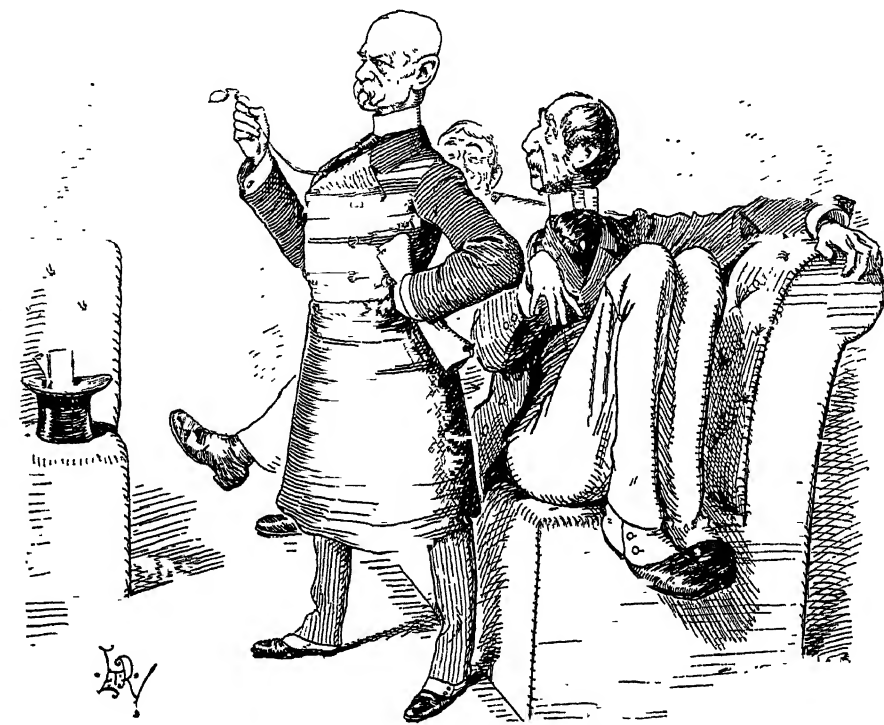
close to seat from which he had risen. But what with contemplation of two hundred thousand fighting-men on the North-West Frontier; what with admiration of ROBERT SANDEMAN in Baluchistan; what with pained reflection on some incidents of Lord RIPON's Viceroyalty; and what with the

ists are in Opposition, faced by Liberals with a majority the smaller the better. Then TOMLINSON's heroic figure swells with patriotic passion. At briefest notice he is good for an hour's talk; more if it be needed to hamper public business fallen for awhile into hands of men of Belial. With Conservative Ministry in, backed by overwhelming majority, TOMLINSON's occupation is gone. The voice of Preston that once through Westminster's halls the sound of discord raised, is now mute as Ireland's harp.

What TOMLINSON acutely feels is that whilst he, a loyal Ministerialist, must perforce remain silent when so much might be said, his colleague, ex-Private HANBURY, has not only got his stripes, but pay amounting to £1,500 a year. More precious still, he enjoys, as to-night, the privilege of occasionally standing at table and in Ministerial capacity making a speech.

Probably it was this crowning incident that wrought TOMLINSON beyond verge of endurance of his vow of silence. Howbeit he broke it. At commencement of sitting House seemed foredoomed to customary Tuesday count-out. But among notices of motion was one raising question of grievances of Government workmen. Workmen in Government employ and elsewhere have votes. Wouldn't do to ignore their claim to be heard. S. WOODS, in charge of motion, had little difficulty in engaging attendance of quorum. Confidently awaited his turn. There are more ways of killing a hen than wringing its neck. Business must needs close at midnight. If talk kept up on preliminary subjects, motion about workmen, inconvenient to a Government that doesn't like to say "No," and can't in this particular case say "Yes," might be shunted.

This was TOMLINSON's opportunity. With cunning of old Parliamentary hand, got himself immeshed in trawling-net dragged by Scotch Members along Moray Firth. Floundered with prodigious per-



Lord "Bobs" strays over the Scientific Frontier.

of Lords, is his latest contribution to the knowledge of mankind. This gilded Chamber is the sepulchre of speech. To-night BOBS broke its silence with pleasant, clear, well-modulated voice, heard without effort in remotest corners. Gestures few, but suited to the turn of sentence they emphasize. A splendid audience both on floor and in galleries. Commons fled hither from their own House, crowding their gallery, thronging the Bar.

"Privy Councillors are cheap to-day," said SARK, looking at the unprecedented muster before the steps of the Throne.

A sight and an occasion that would have unnerved some men of proved pluck. BOBS took it as quietly as if it were merely a sudden attack by Mongols in the Sapari Pass. Early in his place, which he selected on Front Cross Bench, at the remote end from that Prince of WALES frequents. Neither flustered nor forward, awaited the call. "Lord ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR," cried the LORD CHANCELLOR; and lo! BOBS was there.

Engrossing interest of speech varied by watching consternation of COLVILLE OF CULROSS in prospect of BOBS presently riding him down. Before the Front Cross Bench lies an open space bounded in front by the Table, at which the Clerks cluster: on the left, by the bench below Gangway. At corner seat of this bench sat Lord COLVILLE; a happy position, with the speaker of the evening in full view a couple of paces off. For first twenty minutes BOBS followed ordinary Parliamentary practice of sticking

spectacle of Russia, with elbows leaning on the Hindoo Kush, staring rudely at blushing India, BOBS' blood began to boil.

Commenced series of marching and counter-marching that seemed preliminary to a fresh start for KANDAHAR. After various reconnaissances and feints, the object of his march became apparent. He bore straight down on the Gangway, at corner whereof Lord COLVILLE sat. Arrived there, he faced about, his rear-guard pressing heavily on the enemy from Culross. COLVILLE, the gentlest-mannered peer of Parliament, became painfully conscious of his own legs. He *must* put them somewhere, and their most natural position seemed in front of him as he sat. But if he left them there, the steady rearward motion of the invading force would lead to unpleasant consequences. So, with a strategy that would have extorted admiration from the captor of Umbeyla had his back not been turned, COLVILLE slowly swung his limbs round till they were landed in safe quarters in the Gangway.

Thus BOBS, having dislodged the enemy, concluded at the corner seat below the Gangway the speech he had commenced by the Front Cross Bench.

Business done.—Lord ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR, championing the Forward Policy, gets considerably "forrader."

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Haven't seen much of late of the Turbulent TOMLINSON. For statesmen of his particular bent these be evil days. His time comes when good Constitutional-



Ex-Private Hanbury guarding the Treasury.

tinacity. Workmen's friends moved closure; defeated on a division; TOMLINSON tap turned on again; British workman washed clean out of House.

Business done.—Seven hours' miscellaneous talk leading nowhither.

Thursday.—This afternoon's papers flame

intelligence that Russia is going to spend nine and a half millions on building war-ships. This evening, standing at table of House of Commons, an elderly gentleman, decently dressed in black, who looks more like a City merchant than a sea-dog, quietly makes a few proposals with respect to British Navy involving an expenditure on the current year of twenty-five and a half millions.

"Colossal!" Lord High Admiral JOKIM calls it.

"Prodigious!" echoes Dominie Sampson U. KAY-SUTTLEWORTH from Front Bench opposite.

House representing British taxpayer made no particular bones about the business. If the money was wanted for safety and honour of the Empire, there it was, with plenty more where it came from. An epoch night in history of Nation and Navy. Never before in time of peace had such preparation for war been forward. As JOKIM mentioned, twenty-six years ago, standing at the very same place, then, as now, First Lord of the Admiralty, he had proposed Navy Estimates for the year. They footed up to nine and a half millions sterling, and were thought pretty high. To-day, they are twice and a half as much, an increase piled up on steadily growing expenditure during the last ten years.

Actual result is possession of a fleet more than equal to the strength of any probable combination of Foreign Powers. In a fine phrase, JOKIM hit off situation. In addition to the Channel Squadron, we have the Australian Squadron, the Indian Squadron, the Cane Squadron, and the China Squadron, always, in all circumstances, in full force, at their appointed posts. As for the wide water-ways of the Western Hemisphere, "we," said JOKIM, "have squadrons where other nations have isolated ships."

This is magnificent; if need be, it is war. Notable and admirable feature in night's proceedings was total absence of cock-crowing. Just plain business talk.

Business done.—Got into Committee on Navy Estimates.

Friday.—The Member for Sark still



The New Leader of the Welsh Party.
(Mr. Alfred Thompson.)

chuckling over telegram from Governor of Bombay, triumphantly read by GEORGE HAMILTON the other night, twenty-four



ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE "VICAR OF WAKEFIELD."

She. "OH, HOW CHARMING! I JUST LOVE THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD! DON'T YOU, REGGIE?"

He. "AH, YES, OFFLY GOOD—WHAT'S HIS NAME?—UM—IRVING AT—ER—LYCEUM, AND—ER—"(with great effort of memory)—"ELLEN TERRY AS—AS NANCE OLDFIELD."

She. "YES; BUT I MEAN THE BOOK. YOU'VE READ IT, HAVEN'T YOU?"

He. "NO; COULDN'T READ THE BOOK. I'M SO OFFLY BORED BY DICK'NS!"

hours precedent to news that Bombay was in revolt, troops called out.

"In case of rumours of serious unrest among Mahommedans at Bombay," so the telegram ran, "they are untrue."

"In its terse literary style," says SARK, "it reminds me of a message I once received from a local shoemaker, who conceived the idea that a lady member of the household was unduly exigent in the matter of fit. 'Thanking you for parst favours,' wrote my shoemaker, on a crumpled sheet of paper smelling vilely of dubbin, 'I decline to do any more.'"

Business done.—Vote for Men in Navy Estimates carried.

The Dear Things.

He. You know JONES's wife, an old schoolfellow of yours; tell me, is she musical?

She (her dearest friend). I should say decidedly not, or she wouldn't be so fond of hearing the sound of her own voice.

TO OLD NILUS.

A "Labourer's Song," to be chaunted by Messrs. John Aird & Co. (from Beaumont and Fletcher, "The False One," Act III., Sc. 4).

"COME, let us help the reverend Nile,
He's very old (alas! the while).
Let us dig him easie wayes,
And prepare a thousand Playes;
This way let his curling Heads
Fall into our new-made Beds.
How he tumbles here amain!
This way profit comes and gain!"

Very Racy.

Q. When a parent gives his son the "straight tip" about a race, what vegetable does he recall to one's mind?

A. Pa ('s)-snip, of course.

THE MOST CLOSELY-PACKED PART OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The Press Gallery.



SAGACITY.

"ANYTHING WRONG WI' THE SOW, JOHNNIE?"
 "NO. SHE ALWAYS SHAMS SICK O' FAIR DAYS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ZOLA undesignedly, but not the less effectively, has savagely revenged himself for the cowardly indignities done to him by Paris. As the prison doors close behind him, he flings in the face of the city a book ruthlessly recording its baseness, political, financial, social. *Paris*, of which CHATTO AND WINDUS publish a remarkably cheap edition, is not a pleasant book. The only ray of sunlight struggling through the thick cloud of its sordidness is found in the old Legitimists, the *Comtesse de Quinsac* and the *Marquis de Morigny*, seated in loving, hopeless companionship in the faded drawing-room. Even this is a watery beam, not sufficient to lighten the dank darkness. Beside them my Baronite reviews the multitudinous personages of the story, and finds none good, no, not one. Lust, avarice, robbery, blasphemy, murder, anarchy, and other nameless iniquities are, if ZOLA is to be trusted, integral and accustomed parts of the daily life of Paris. It is easy to imagine that the book would be even more terrible read in the native tongue. The translator has managed to invest it with a certain subtle flatness that tends to make its more stupendous passages a little comic. There is one defect that the printer's boy, carrying to and fro the proofs, might be expected to have delivered the reader from. When a French storyteller wants to inhale breath, he mechanically fills up the time by writing *Cependant*. That is well enough in French. Faithfully translated, and spattered about English sentences, it becomes finally irritating. To say that in the 488 pages of Mr. VIZETELLY's translation of *Paris* the intrinsically mean, practically useless, word "however" appears a thousand times, is a studiously moderate computation. THE BARON DE B.-W.

A QUESTION OF RECIPROCITY.—M. VIAND, a French chemist, proposes to impart iron tonics to vegetables. Is this a return for the strengthening qualities given by vegetables to Viand(e)?

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Cavalier is reminded by the uprising of the Golden Crocus of the sums squandered by him in Love and Money on a false Mistress.

FAINTLY, oh! so faintly, the Spring begins to wake;
 She is at hand.
 Faintly, oh! so faintly, the buds are fain to break
 In Crocus Land.
 Gently, oh! so gently, the grass is growing green
 At her command.
 Gently, oh! so gently, the long-lost What-has-been
 Is changed in Crocus Land.

Sweetly, oh! so sweetly, the birds in concert sing,
 And understand
 Sweetly, oh! so sweetly, the joy of coming Spring
 Throughout the land.
 Strongly, oh! so strongly, the sap runs up the tree
 By brave winds fanned.
 Strongly, oh! so strongly, your face comes back to me
 Unchanged in Crocus Land!

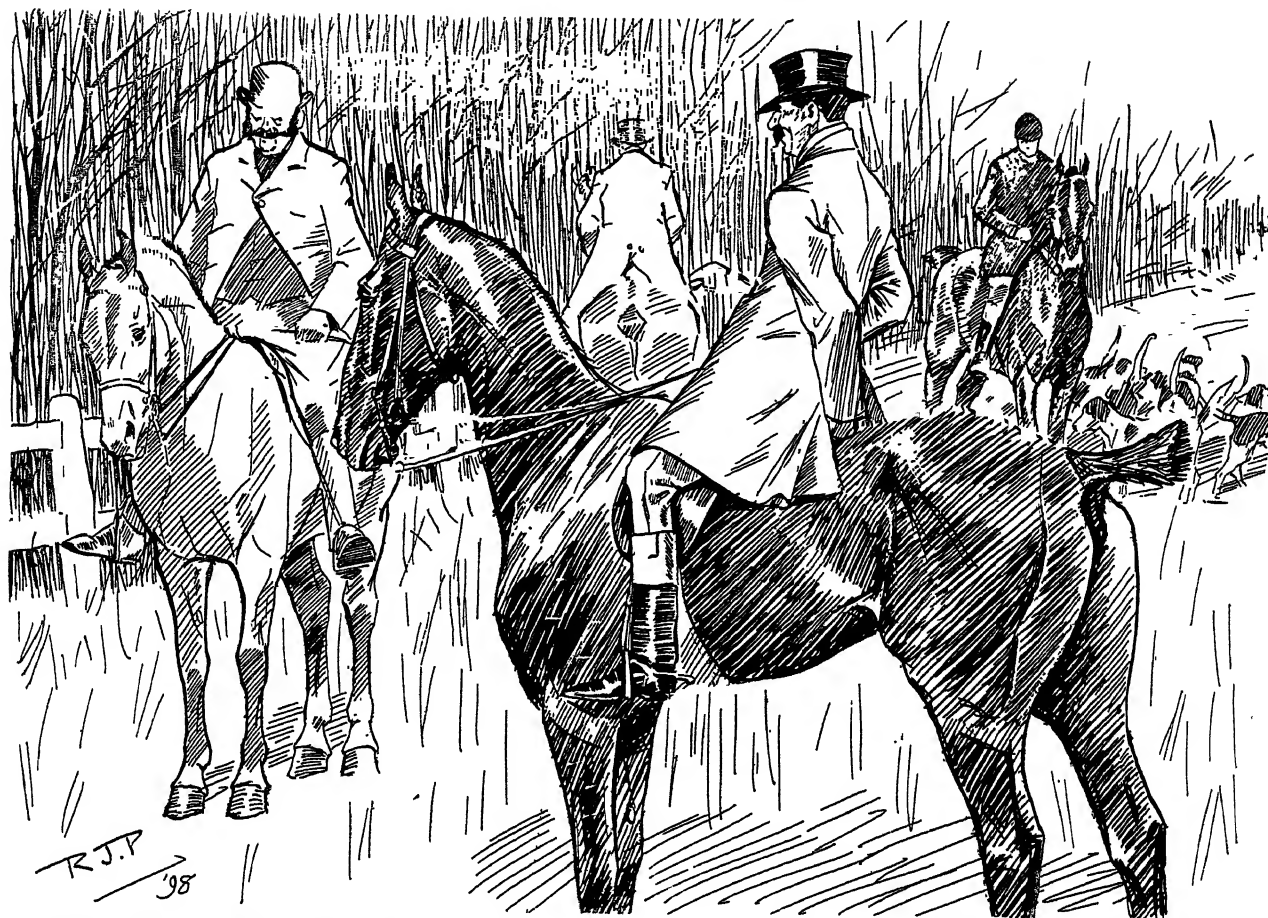
Sadly, oh! so sadly, I look upon the Past,
 Once deodand;
 Sadly, oh! so sadly, e'en though it did not last
 In Crocus Land.
 Humbly, oh! so humbly, the snowdrop rose to smile
 All hand in hand;
 Humbly, oh! so humbly, I, like them, drooped awhile
 Abashed in Crocus Land.

Proudly, oh! so proudly, I made myself your slave,
 Least of your band.
 Proudly, oh! so proudly, you heard me madly rave
 In Lost-Time Land.
 Weakly, oh! so weakly, I pen these fragile lines,
 Myself unmanned.
 Dearly, oh! so dearly, I bought the yellow mines
 That were in Crocus Land.

*You understand,
 Gold raged in Crocus Land!*



Tommy (whose Father has promised to take him abroad when he grows up and gains a Scholarship). "WHEN I GROW BIG, MY FATHER IS GOING TO TAKE ME ROUND THE WORLD IN A SCHOLARSHIP!"



"TAIL LIKE A SHAVING-BRUSH? WELL, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW. IT'S THE ONLY PART OF HIM YOU'RE LIKELY TO SEE WHEN HOUNDS ARE RUNNING!"

A LASTING "BENEFIT."

OF course the NELL GWYN, beg pardon, the NELL FARREN Benefit last Thursday was an immense success. The result, over £8,000, topping all other benefits, has this exceptional character, viz., that the sum of money cannot be frittered away, but, by the generosity of the house of ROTHSCHILD, and by their admirably devised financial arrangements for dealing with this fund, Miss NELLIE FARREN will receive a handsome income during her life-time, and, at her decease, £1,000 of the capital will go to the endowment of a cot for the children of actors and actresses, and another £1,000 will be divided between the Royal General Theatrical and the Actors' Benevolent Fund, the remainder being for her family. Isn't this a distribution just after the heart of that other NELL, the Patroness of Chelsea Hospital? Most sincerely do we congratulate Miss NELLIE FARREN on having trustees and advisers so wise and generous. And now, once more to quote dear old *Rip*, we say, "May she live long and prosper!"

VIVÂ VOCE EXAM. .

(During Boating-term Time when Boating Terms are about.)

Examiner. Translate "*Auri sacra fames.*"

Examinee. "*Sacra fames,*" the confounded anxiety of getting, "*Auri,*" an oar when you've lost it.

Examiner. Supposing you were confronted by a person to whom you write to politely avoid speaking, how would you signify the same in true boatman-like fashion?

Examinee. I should look stern and bow at the same time.

"THE Fifth 'Cursal' Prebendal Stall in St. David's Cathedral" sounds like the name of a place in the cathedral from which the comminatory sentences in the Ash Wednesday service might have been read.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ANY CHARITABLE CELEBRITY IN WANT OF EMPLOYMENT.

(*Might perhaps be useful to Sir S. B-NOR-FT.*)

1. ASSIST in Arctic Expedition and give readings from *The Cricket on the Hearth* at the North Pole.
2. Become an M.P.
3. Be appointed Governor of Crete.
4. Become a member of the L. C. C.
5. Give readings from *Great Expectations* on behalf of the West Indian Sugar Industries.
6. Obtain the office of "Reader" at the Temple.
7. Learn violin and give JOACHIM points.
8. Coach the University crews (both or either) for next year.
9. Go out on a reading expedition of DICKENS's works with view to pacifying the disaffected tribes on the Western Indian frontier.
10. Ditto in the Soudan.
11. Study billiards, and play ROBERTS (not ARTHUR) a 5,000 up for £500 a side, the proceeds to go to any charitable object.
12. Go up in a balloon and come down (handsomely) for any charitable object.
13. Ride the Derby winner. Grand Stand money to be given on this occasion to some benevolent object.
14. Give English readings, of Latin Classics, at public schools. The proceeds to go towards purchasing a Crib.
15. Give readings of the barometer at Crystal Palace.

[*With power to add to their number.*]

ON "GREEK INDEPENDENCE" (*by Our Open-minded and Out-spoken Schoolboy*).—"I'm all for 'Greek Independence!' That is, I mean, 'Independence of Greek.' Let us be independent of Greek! Who wants it anywhere, except he be a churchman or a historian? And even then he can pay for translations."



"BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER."

[“The present friendly understanding happily existing between Great Britain and the United States becomes more and more popular on both sides of the Atlantic.”—*Daily Paper*.]

DARBY JONES ON THE GRAND NATIONAL.

HONOURED SIR,—There are nowadays many High-Priced Contests on the Flat which have in a measure diminished such great Classic Events as the Guineas, the Derby, and the Leger. But no enterprising Manager of a Gate-money Meeting has ever succeeded in tarnishing the hall-marked popularity of the Blue-Ribbon Cross-Country battle at Aintree. There is only one Grand National Steeplechase, just as there is only one Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, one Eton and Harrow cricket match, and one Varsity ditto. There is not a lot of "Fiddle Faddle" with regard to "tests," as has been the case over the substantial trouncings which Messrs. STODDART & Co. have received in the land of the limber kangaroo. No, Sir, an owner lays himself out to win the famous Liverpool prize, and if he be not successful, he must reckon on putting another twelve months between the Present and the Future of his Ambition.

Perhaps the luckiest and pluckiest of cavaliers was Lord MANNERS, when he deliberately announced that he meant to capture the Stakes at first time of asking, and did so, being himself in the pigskin on *Seaman*. He was, I have been informed by noble patrons, known as "Hoppy" at Eton College. He certainly hopped over the twigs in fine style on the occasion referred to. But, on the other hand, there are Ardent riders, who never attain the Wished-for Goal. Year after year they turn up, resolved to put the winning bracket to their names; but the ill-omened jade, Bad-Luck, is the animal on which they are invariably mounted. They are nevertheless a fearless cut-and-come-again tribe, and, after defeat, generally console themselves with the statement, "Well, poor GEORGE FORDHAM didn't carry off the Derby till he had given up all idea of winning it." All Philosophers do not live in tubs; a great many are more familiar with stable-buckets. One thing is certain, that a rider on the Liverpool course can no more take liberties with the obstacles than can President KRUGER with the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. When some of the Sandown Park heroes get on to the Lancashire Arena, they feel, as the lamented "RODDY" OWEN once observed, "like fighting cocks who don't know their spurs from their toes." Oh! it's a grand stretch of country, and some of the Dot-and-gone Negotiators of the same would be none the worse for an ounce or two of Cobbler's Wax on the saddle. Yet again, a first-rate horseman may, after four-fifths of the journey have been accomplished, come a Cruel Cropper through no fault of his, just as he is about to rush into the outstretched Arms of Victory, simply and solely because some exhausted Quadraped may swerve, collapse, and cause the Ruin of itself and its immediate follower. And sometimes, honoured Sir, nocturnal Turtle Soup and Punch, for which, in conjunction with Ocean Liners and Ready-made Garments, Liverpool is so justly celebrated, have something to do with subsequent disaster.

But a truce to disquisitions on Cause and Effect! Let me endeavour to solve the Rebus of the Day; no light matter, I can assure you and my clients. I make no doubt, honoured Sir, that you have read of, in your time, and possibly seen, Prophetesses who under Mesmeric Influence have been privileged to peer into the



BLUE FEVER.

Visitor (after a long discourse on the virtues of Temperance). "I'M GLAD TO SEE A LITTLE BOY HERE WEARING THE BLUE RIBBON. THAT'S A GOOD LITTLE FELLOW! PERSEVERE IN YOUR GOOD—"

Billie Groggins. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M Hoxford!"

Unfolded What-must-be. Suffice it to say, for my lips are padlocked, that I have lately been introduced to one of these Fascinating Personages. Her name, simple but convincing, is MARIA, and I made bold to ask her to elucidate the Liverpool Mystery. As a Minor Poet, I venture to versify her reply:—

Oh, beware of the Nut hard to crack!
That's what MARIA whispered to me!
For a "shop" Lift Afoot you may back.
That's what MARIA whispered to me!
The good Proclamation mayhap you mayn't see,
Or the Barkallour's name in the placed 1, 2, 3,
But the Glove and the Passage should runners-up
be,
While Harry the Puss shows the way to each
"gee."
That's what MARIA whispered to me.

Trusting that MARIA has enabled me to give the right R-word (jokelet copyright together with Title of Ballad), I remain, Sir, Your expectant Vates,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Kindly address your customary Honorarium to the General Post Office, Manchester, as I regret to say that your parsimonious conduct of last year has ruined my reputation at certain Liverpool Hotels.

[We are at a loss to know what D. J. means by his postscript, unless he refers to certain accounts, mainly for champagne and cigars, which we did return to Liverpool, not having authorised him to pledge our credit. Liverpoolians, keep your eye on D. J.!—Ed.]



RESEARCHES IN ANCIENT SPORTS.

A LITTLE SPIN AT A SKATING RINK.

LITERARY TOUTS.

I.—PLAIN WORDS WITH A BLUE.

IN view of the approaching contest between the rival wearers of the cœrulean, a representative of the *Chronic Adviser* extended the privilege of an interview to a delegate from one of the antagonistic factions. It was with No. 22A of the Oxtab crew that he entered into conversation, at the exact moment when that stalwart young figure was stepping into his craft preparatory to indulging in a spin between bridges. It may be of interest to mention that he stands 5.10½ in his shooting-boots, while in his Turkish Bath he weighs 12 stone, 10.3 lbs., the last decimal repeating when his lungs are extended to their full capacity.

"And what are your plans with regard to the great event?" inquired the *Chronic Adviser* man.

"Our primary purpose," replied the young oarsman, with a singularly courteous and unaffected intonation, "is to anticipate our rivals at the winning-post. All other considerations pale before this. As to the exact margin by which we gain the judge's verdict, we are not equally fastidious. No, you are quite wrong about the toast-and-water theory. We have jam for breakfast twice a week and meat on Sundays. I say nothing of iced pudding after a full course on the flood."

"Does not the time hang heavy upon you in your enforced retirement from academical pursuits?"

A frank smile flitted across the open countenance of No. 22A. "Well," he said, "of course we miss that indefinable atmosphere which plays round the presence of the college tutor; but we make shift to survive without it. We have a sharp game of croquet on the back-lawn before breakfast. Then, in the intervals of negotiating the course, we try to improve ourselves by reading the criticisms in your *Chronic Adviser*. Nay, do not blush," he added, reassuringly. "We like to know how others see us. It is so difficult to judge for oneself, in a boat where nearly every

one has his back turned to somebody else. Proximity, again, destroys the perspective. Then we have a little round of Poker or Loo to steady ourselves before dinner; and after dinner our coach, the McFLERTCH, gives us readings from BROWNING. Then we go to sleep."

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*, eh?"

"You have hit it exactly in HOMER's words. But, in reply to the question which you are going to ask, oh! yes, we are on the friendliest terms with our so-called opponents. We often go and stay at one another's houses, borrow one another's flannels, and occasionally exchange coxswains. Ah! to be sure, you want to know about the coxswains—how we manage to keep them so small? Well, between you and me and the tiller, it's gin that does it; gin and blood-letting. Our man goes to bed every night with a leech on each calf, and two on the bulge of his biceps. But of course, if a cox. is in hopeless love, that's the best emaciator. How does HORACE put it? *O quam me macerat Susanna proterva!*" (Murmurs of recognition from the *Chronic Adviser* man.) "But," added No. 22A, "this system has its drawbacks. At times it tends to distract them from their duties. I have known a cox. take his crew through the wrong arch of Hammersmith Bridge simply because he saw his False Love waving a parasol of the wrong tint from the summit of that structure."

"I suppose you are very strict about keeping regulations when actually in the boat?"

"Particularly so during the race. All conversation, even the most pleasantly humorous, is discouraged. I do not, of course, include under this head those interchanges of courtesy which are common between the rival helmsmen when each is trying to bore the other on to the "flats," or one of the adjacent banks. In these circumstances a lot of latitude is allowed—and employed. But they always embrace with tears later on at Mortlake. What I rather mean is that we discountenance the natural tendency of the active members of the crew to comment upon the whereabouts

of the enemy, or the relative magnitude of the crowds as compared with former years."

"I think I am right in saying that you have taken part in this little affair on a previous occasion? What, if it is not rude to ask, are your feelings during the contest?"

"As far as Harrod's Chimney," he replied, with an evident straining after truthfulness, "I remarked to myself what a splendid exercise rowing was for the development of a perfect physique. From there to Thornycroft's I regarded it as an overrated amusement. All along Chiswick Eyot I overheard myself saying the Kings of Israel backward. By Barnes Bridge I remembered that I had forgotten to wind my watch up the night before, and wanted to get out and rectify the omission. From there to the finish my past career went in rapid review before my partially-closed eyes. No, I do not think that the necessity of getting an appetite for the subsequent banquet by good hard work is ever a strongly actuating influence during the race. I say this after taking the *consensus* of a large body of old University oarsmen, many of them bishops and members of the Stock Exchange."

"I would thank you to give me your opinion about staleness. It is, I understand, an undesirable condition."

"Frankly, you are right. And it is peculiarly deplorable on the day of the race. When you see men strip at the stake-boat with evident lassitude, or other signs of *ennui*, it is most discouraging to their well-wishers. Nothing can be more intolerably boring than a four-mile course when your heart is not in the work. The sameness of things, the similarity of one stroke to another, reiterated as they are through an appreciable fraction of an hour, reminds one of that continual dropping which a person in the Pentateuch—was it not?—so strongly deprecated."

"One more word. Do you consider that weight tells in the long run?"

"Mere tonnage, though always a source of dignity, is not so important as is popularly supposed. What you want is more

horse-power to your elbow. Remember that the crew, if they are good watermen, are always *inside* the boat: they do not propel it, so to speak, exoterically. You follow me? Consequently, a child may see that they, as well as the boat, have somehow to be conveyed to their destination. If, therefore, you could get a crew 'whose weight might be neglected,' but possessed of an elephantine power of propulsion, it should go far towards doing a peerless performance. And now," he concluded, "for my colleagues grow restless, and the winged curses of my coach are already audible through the medium of the phonoblast, you will please release me from further inquisition." And jauntily assuming his seat on No. 22A thwart, and waving his lily hand, the Oxtab craft slipped away at the rate of $9\frac{1}{4}$ strokes in the first $15\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, and $35\frac{1}{4}$ for the complete revolution of the stop-chronometer.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Gentleman, well stricken in years, visits a spot where he had, in his youth, a love passage with a fair French lady.

SOMEWHERE down in the good South-West,
Where England kisses her Channel Sea,
Where the wave may tumble with frothy crest,

Or laugh like a lady with rippling glee,
Where the storm-fiend sweeps with a bitter laugh

On the rolling platform, when sunbeams dance,
And scatters the sand from the seaweed chaff,

I stand on the cliff and I look to France!

SOMEWHERE down in the good South-West,
Where the air is fragrant with scent of pine,

That of all scent is richest, best,
The reek of the dripping turpentine!

Think me not vulgar to sing its praise,
Nor at my threnody look askance,
It was dearest to both in the bygone days—
We stood on the cliff and we looked to France!

SOMEWHERE down in the good South-West,
When the fir-trees bend to the throbbing sea,

Truth has the words and Time has the test
Of the vows that were spoken once to me.
I was so happy and you so kind

(Here I can picture your ev'ry glance!)
But Truth, if not Time, is now left behind—
I stand on the cliff and I look to France!

I stand on the cliff and I look to France,
To the country, whence your fair presence came,

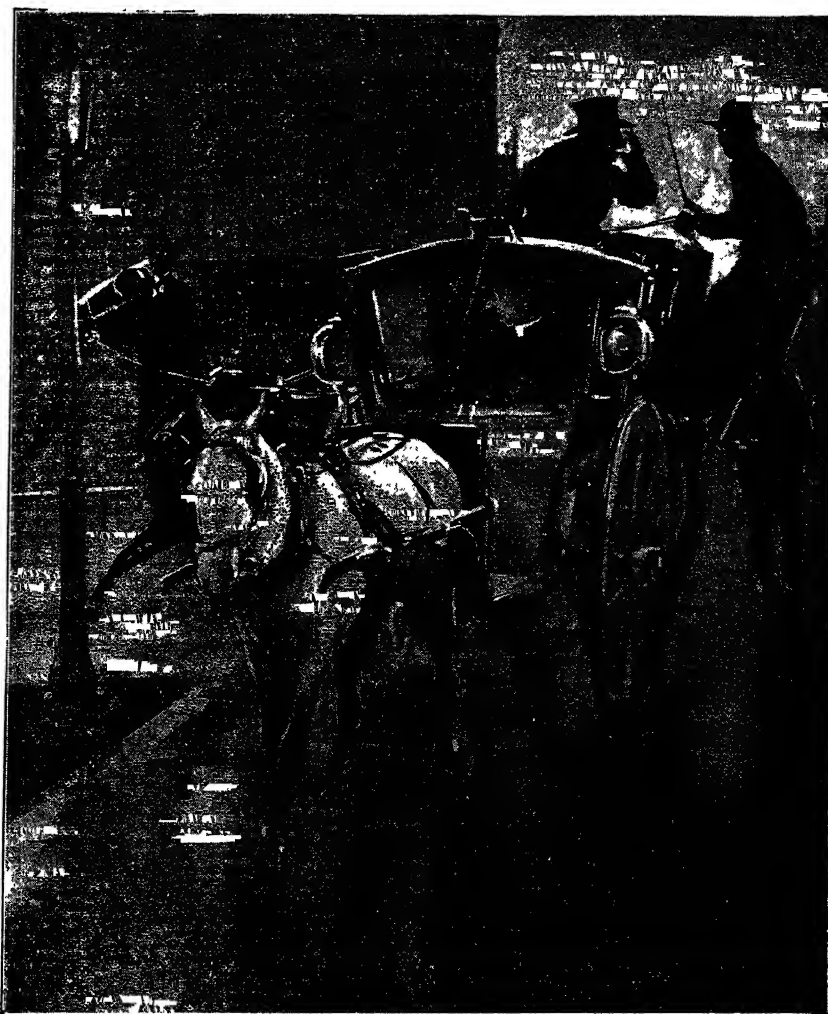
When the throw of a die could give Life's chance
To win all we asked for in Fortune's name.

But the picture is blurred in the good South-West,

I know that I lost my one only chance;—
I'm a grandpapa now without zeal or zest,
And you my equivalent, love, in France!

SUGGESTION FOR THE UNIVERSITIES.—
To confer on distinguished astronomers
"hororary degrees."

HOW TO EFFECTUALLY SILENCE AN
ENEMY.—Why, with a "dum dum" bullet,
of course.



"ESTO PERPETUA."

"'ULLO, SWIPES, WOT'S THE MATTER? GOIN' TO A FUNERAL?"
"NO! GOT THIS BY THE HOUR, AND I'M TIRING OF HIM OUT!"

CONCERNING THE L. C. C.

Before the Election.

Brown. Well met, SMITH; but I am afraid I can't spare you a moment. I have a most important appointment.

Smith. And I, too, BROWN. I suppose you are thinking of the L. C. C. election?

B. Of course. Every ratepayer should regard it as of the greatest moment.

S. But do you think it matters much which party is in power—from a ratepayer's point of view?

B. But principle, SMITH, is everything—I repeat, everything!

S. Certainly; but economy is worthy of consideration.

B. Undoubtedly; but economy can be carried too far. It never should obscure principle.

S. I forget your side, but can you sketch your policy?

B. Well, it is rather complicated, but the broad principle is, do what's right. And you, who are opposed to me, what is your policy?

S. Also a little mysterious, but I think I can safely say, avoid doing wrong.

B. But surely you have a better explanation than that?

S. Well, no. To tell the truth, I have not had time to go into the matter very deeply. But perhaps you have had more leisure?

B. Not at all. My impressions are much the same as yours. But I must be off at once. Can't wait any longer. I am going to the poll.

S. And so am I.

[*Exeunt severally to vote for Twiddledum and Twiddledee.*]

After the Election.

B. Well met, SMITH. So your side won?

S. Did it? I have been so busy that I have scarcely noticed anything. But I can't stay talking to you or any one else, as I have an important engagement. If I don't keep it I shall get into trouble.

B. And so shall I, for I have an appointment, too. By the way, in spite of your side's victory, the expenditure is as heavy as usual.

S. Of course. Always is. Hang the L. C. C.!

B. Certainly, SMITH. Every one can agree on that point. Hang the L. C. C.!

And now good-bye—must be off.

S. And I, too.

[*Exeunt severally to settle with the rate-collector.*]



The Lodger. "OH, MRS. BAKER, JUST TAKE THE CHILL OFF THIS BOTTLE OF CLARET BEFORE YOU DECANT IT, WILL YOU?"

The Landlady (bridling). "YES, SIR, I 'OPE I KNOWS 'OW GENTLEMEN LIKES THEIR WINE. MY PORE 'USBAND—AN ORFICER IN THE ARMY 'E WAS—'E NEVER DRUNK NOTHINK EXCEPTIN' CHAMPAGNE, AN' ALWAYS 'AD IT WARMED FUST!"

THE RACE IN ADVANCE.

(An Article satisfying the Exigencies of the Situation.)

SATURDAY, March 26, opened with the sun shining, the birds singing, and all nature rejoicing in the approach of Spring. The day was dull and bleak, and the wintry wind swept the reaches of the river from shore to shore like the lash of the storm-fiend. The ladies were clad in the lightest raiment; muslin and chiffon ruled supreme; and many a dainty complexion was saved from the sultry rays of the God of Day by the lace-covered *en-tout-cas*. Furs and umbrellas were much in evidence, and the male sex was in large preponder-

ance. Such was the scene on the banks. On the river itself were crowds of every description, from the craft of yesterday to the skiff of the day after to-morrow. Father Thames never looked brighter—he was enjoying his holiday. It was natural, indeed, that the great silent highway should be all but deserted in such weather. What pleasure could be obtained in sleet and snow? The mighty audience that usually acclaimed the rival crews was conspicuous by its absence.

Who does not know the scene of the race? It has been told by a score of tongues, and the contest of 1898 differed in nothing essential from its predecessors. The dark blues led from start to finish, and reduced the trial of strength to a proces-

sion. Yes, it certainly was a triumph for the Cam. A well-fought fight from Putney to Barnes. There was little to choose between the rivals, but as the signal was given all England—nay, all the world—knew that the laurel wreath was to the Athletes of the Azure.

And so it ended. Well may those who love "the House" or can boast of "Uny," cheer to the echo. Well may they shout for Oxford—grand old Oxford. The battle is over, and the dark blue flag once again appears above the other on the piers of the Thames Conservancy. Well may Trinity and the Hall be proud of their achievements. Well may they toast the *Granta* and cheer the A. D. C. Cambridge is herself again. She has wrested back from the grasp of her rival the supremacy of the river. Three cheers, then, for Cambridge, the Queen of the Thames!

And certainly the victory is a popular one. Oxford has always been the favourite of the Londoner. The Cockney loves the deeper hue. Yes, indeed, the result of the contest was applauded to the echo. Those who live within sound of Bow Bells have no ears save for the murmur of the Cam.

One word more. There is no doubt that, on this as on all other occasions, the best men have won. No doubt it may be argued that faulty steering influenced the result. It may be even suggested that the losing eight lost because the crew were badly placed. The stroke should have been elsewhere, to make room for a more deserving colleague. But no, all such ideas are ridiculous. Say what you will, the victory has gone to the better—that better which is also known as the best.

[Covering letter accompanying the above.]
—DEAR EDITOR.—You see, as you are out before the result of the boat-race is known, I have done an article which is capable of a double interpretation. Whichever side comes in first you can point to appropriate applause. Ask your readers to delete for themselves the superfluous passages. The final paragraph will do for either side. You comprehend? Yours to the death,

YOUR BOATING CONTRIBUTOR.

Note from the Editor.—Communication used. The Public, having gone through the preliminary of paying their money, are now invited to exercise the right of making a choice.]

EVOLUTION.

ONCE you timidly would flee
At the very sight of me,

Pretty CHLOE,
Then you learnt my gaze to woo,
As your courage bolder grew,
And your smart apparel, too,
Yet more showy.

Then came rational attire;
Traits you aped that once with ire
You'd disparage;
You, once at my pipe irate,
Learned to smoke yourself of late;
Now you want a separate
Smoking carriage.

Since then, CHLOE, habits free
You affect now that in me
Once annoyed you,
And your progress I disdain,
Would that you your boon could gain—
So at least I in the train
Might avoid you.



THE NEW "STROKE."

RIGHT HON. ARTHUR Balfour. "HOPE YOU'LL BE FIT AGAIN SOON. I'LL DO MY BEST WHILE YOU'RE AWAY."



IN THE MOVEMENT.

Athleta. "I WANT TO SEE ONE OF THOSE WAGNER CYCLES PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT, AND, IF I LIKE IT, I'LL SUBSCRIBE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE reading world, more particularly those interested in political history at the commencement of the century, have reason to be thankful that Lady GREGORY was finally induced to sample out the contents of the "large iron-clamped leather-covered box at Coole." It bore the inscription "Correspondence of the Right Hon. WILLIAM GREGORY, 1813-1835." The Right Hon. WILLIAM, grandfather of Lady GREGORY's husband, was for eighteen of those years Under-Secretary for Ireland. In that capacity he came in personal contact or correspondence with most of the statesmen of the day. His letters to them and theirs to him, hidden away for more than half a century in this old box, throw vivid side-lights on the history of the time. In *Mr. Gregory's Letter-Box* (SMITH, ELDER) we see in considerable detail how bitter was the opposition that barred the way to Catholic Emancipation. It also becomes apparent, the more effectually since it certainly was not Mr. GREGORY's intention to make the disclosure, how at that time Ireland was farmed by, and for, the personal and pecuniary advantage of Englishmen. In these pages my Baronite catches glimpses of Lord TALBOT, the Marquis of WELLESLEY and Lord ANGLESEA, in succession Viceroy; of Mr. CANNING, Mr. GOULBURN, Mr. TAMR, some day to become Lord MELBOURNE; Lord LIVERPOOL, O'CONNELL, SHIEL, and Sir ROBERT PEEL. There is a good deal about this last, dealing with the time when he was Chief Secretary, perhaps the least illuminated portion of PEEL's life. The old leather-box giving up the ghost of its contents, proves afresh how

Whatever records leap to light
He never shall be shamed.

At the Chief Secretary's Lodge, as in after years in Downing Street, Sir ROBERT PEEL was always the same—honest, imperturbable, implacable, moved only by a sense of duty, not to be turned aside from its path either by threats or cajolery.

From Mr. ANTHONY HOPE'S *Simon Dale* (METHUEN) it is made

to appear that His Gracious Majesty CHARLES THE SECOND and his contemporary Gracious Majesty King LOUIS of France were mere amateurs in a repulsive trade which, in this matter-of-fact and highly moral "so-called" nineteenth century, would have landed them (had they not been royalties) and their agents (who would of course have been disowned by their employers) in the dock at Bow Street or in the nearest police-court. *Tempora mutantur*, and it was a reactionary period after the overstrained puritanism of Old NOLL. Mr. ANTHONY HOPE crowds his canvass, but contrives to sustain the reader's interest in his hero, who is a bit of a fool, and in his heroine, who in some respects may call to mind THACKERAY'S *Beatrice*, and Sir WALTER'S *Alice*, in *Woodstock*. Yet the author contrives to touch us by working on our sneaking kindness towards the vulgar orange-girl, Duchess of St. Albans, the very human and soft-hearted NELL GWYNNE, "the Protestant (word unmentionable to ears polite)," as it is historically recorded she styled herself when facing the mob. In this fancy portrait of NELL is the pith of the book. It is the glorification of NELL and not the fortunes of *Simon and Barbara* that will "catch on." There are not a few strikingly melo-dramatic situations, of which the most daringly-devised is when, at their wits' end in a boat, *Simon* parts with a *Louis*, and is thereby reduced to his last guinea. But the prettiest and most touching passage in the whole book is to be found in the commencement of the last chapter; and fully to appreciate this, it is essential to read the whole romance from beginning to end.says

THE BARON DE B.-W.

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"I have had a considerable share in framing my country's laws, which, indeed, is no mean privilege, yet I should esteem it a still greater privilege if I had been permitted to add to the number of her songs."—*Gladstone*.

ONE of the blessings of an advanced civilisation is the "nigger" song. To write an efficient "nigger" song, take the word "coon," repeat it a good many times, combine it with "honey," add the moon and stars, and spell to taste. "Alabama," "Mississippi," "Carolina," "banjo," and about twenty other words may be used as local colouring. My present specimen is put forward in the hope that some inspired musician may Rouse the Great Heart of the Nation through its humble instrumentality.

A "COON" AND "HONEY" SONG.

I.

Oh! honey, all the skeeters is asleep,

Am yo' sleepin'?

Say, honey, all de stars begin to peep,

Am yo' peepin'?

If yo' flash on me, BELINDER, yo're illuminatin' eye,

Yo' will cook me to a cinder, I shall wither up an' die—

Am yo' peepin' thro' de winder? Is yo' gazin' at de sky?

Am yo' sleepin'?

Refrain.

Let me croon, honey, croon

To de moon, honey, moon,

For de moon is a boon to a copper-coloured coon.

I'se a coon, honey, coon,

I'se a coffee-coloured coon,

Oh, honey, honey, honey, tho' I haven't any money,

I'se a Coon!

II.

Oh! honey, don't yo' hear dis nigger sigh?

I'se a sighin'!

Say, honey, as de piccanninies cry,

I'se a cryin'!

Tho' my voice is full o' blubber as an egg is full o' meat,

My lungs is ingj-rubber, dey is tough and hard to beat.

Won't yo' listen to yo're lubber, as he warbles at yo're feet—

I'se a sighin'!

Refrain.

Let me swoon, honey, swoon

'Neath de moon, honey, moon.

For the moon is a boon to a dandy-coloured coon.

I'se a coon, honey, coon,

I'se a cocoa-coloured coon,

Oh, honey, honey, honey, tho' it isn't very funny,

I'se a Coon!



First Combatant. "—! —! —! —! &c." Bystander. "WHY DON'T YER ANSWER 'IM BACK?"
 Second Combatant. "'OW CAN I? 'E'S USED ALL THE BEST WORDS!"

A YARD MEASURE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I gather from the newspapers that there has been considerable commotion with regard to that imposing edifice the Grosvenor Hotel, situated on what has been justly described as one of the finest sites in London. With this quarrel I have nothing to do, being a total abstainer—from company strife; but I do venture to draw your attention, and that of the authorities as may be, to the disreputable yard adjacent, wherein cabs, omnibuses, and other vehicles assemble, to collect and distribute passengers by two important lines of railway. Surrounded by wretched wooden palings resembling those of the primeval village-pound, this inclosure reeks with possible accidents, and is saturated with probable collisions. It is an eye and by-way sore in the midst of West-End traffic, a back-to-date memorial of the infancy of travel, in short, a disgrace to circulating civilisation.

Compare this pernicious pen (no, Sir, I am writing with the best broad-nibbed quill—"pen" having more meanings than one, you'll observe) with the well-arranged court at Charing Cross, or the cleanly and well-arranged approaches to Waterloo, Paddington, Liverpool Street, Euston or St. Pancras, or even round the corner at the fairly-roomy entrance of the L. C. & D. station, and you have the difference between confusion and compact order. In hansom or on foot the voyager hiesing to Victoria Station runs a risk not discounted by the fact that he has in his pocket a weekly periodical assigning £1,000 to his nearest relatives by reason of sudden demise.

I ask, then, Sir, that this open space

round and about the L. B. & S. C. R. should no longer be the playground of the reckless jarvey or the irresponsible 'bus-driver. I demand, in short, that Victoria Station yard should be assimilated to the requirements of the (yet unregistered) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Humanity.

Mr. F. GOODAY (name of bright omen) has lately taken in hand the reins of the ever-enterprising Brighton Railway Company. May we hope that his arrival at London Bridge may mean *auspicious melioris ævi* at Victoria?

I am, dear Mr. Punch,
 Your obedient servant,
 ONE FIVE TIMES NEARLY RUN OVER.
 Accident Club, W.

THE DIARY OF A NINE-DAYS' WONDER.

First Day.—A letter appears in a daily paper, say, calling attention to a case of alleged ill-treatment of a feudatory population by the authorities of the suzerain. The journal (being short of subjects) deals with the matter in a ten-line editorial.

Second Day.—Six letters appear in the daily in support of the original epistle, and the affair is discussed in a leading article. The question is touched upon in more than one of the evening papers.

Third Day.—The entire press, Metropolitan and Provincial, full of the alleged ill-treatment. Special telegraphic intelligence relative to the "outrage" wired by an important news agency. The matter discussed at nine-tenths of the dinner-tables of London.

Fourth Day.—Question in the House followed by Ministerial explanation. Late editions of the evening papers express

dissatisfaction, and arrangements for public meetings in various parts of the kingdom completed.

Fifth Day.—Popular assemblies everywhere. Mass meeting in Hyde Park. All the light musical pieces provided with topical song and encore verses on the subject. The matter engrosses the attention of the nation to the exclusion of everything else.

Sixth Day.—The contents bills full of it. Movement of fleets and armies given, accompanied by press interpretation. The City begins to take notice of the topic, and bulls and bears prepare for a contest.

Seventh Day.—Fall in Consols. All the Bourses in Europe affected. Crisis in the City. Full-dress debate in the House of Lords, and the fate of the Ministry in the balance. All domestic matters neglected, that undivided attention may be given to the consideration of the great topic of the hour.

Eighth Day.—Matter begins to wane in importance. Some of the papers give it only half a column, and others merely a side-headed paragraph of a dozen lines. City regains composure. Topic voted stale at the dinner-tables. Encore verses in the topical songs cancelled.

Ninth Day.—End of the boom. No comment of any sort in the press, with a solitary exception. Sub-editor at the last moment "shovels in" a letter that has been standing over for some days, to the disgust of his chief. Reclamations in the sanctum.

Twenty-four Hours later.—The "alleged ill-treatment of a feudatory population, &c." entirely forgotten, and the British public thinking about something else.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 14.—THE SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE knows what it is to suffer. He has seen old friends and companions dear, like DON JOSE, advanced from his side, where they long took part in guerilla warfare, to be Cabinet Minister, corner stones in the edifice of Conservatism they once with him beleaguered. He has seen himself passed over at a time when many agreed with him in the belief he had fairly won the guerdon of office. He resented that by "going for" the wrong man, pursuing with relentless animosity a colleague of Mr. G.'s, who had no more to do with his just disappointment than had the Member for Sark. That an exception to his ordinary habit. Usually, being of philosophic mind, prone to cynicism, he bears things and grins.

One exception, beyond his belated attack on Lord ROSEBURY, is the spectacle of the two Front Benches supporting each other. That is a trial against which his habitual equanimity is not proof. To-night he broke forth in burst of scolding that startled the House. COLONIAL SECRETARY, his heart touched by the sorrows of St. Vincent and the dolours of Dominica, proposed, out of his great bounty, to relieve them at expense of British taxpayer. That beast of burden has of late grown so injured to giving doles that he might have been expected to plump down this comparatively small sum without a murmur. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE protesting, carried with him into Lobby only 78 Members; 236 voted for doing the handsome thing with other people's money.

Among them hon. and right hon. gentlemen on Front Opposition Bench. When they came back they found the SAGE waiting for them. From convenient contiguity of corner seat below Gangway he turned and rent them. Leaders forsooth! "In order to lead an Opposition, you must head it in the Division Lobby;" whereas, as usual, occupants of Front Opposition Bench back up the Government. The SAGE's esteemed Leaders laughed. Much more genuine was the mirth on opposite benches, whence this fresh evidence of division in the camp of the enemy was fair to see.

Business done.—Progress with Supplementary Estimates.

Tuesday.—"If there's dancing among eggs to be done," said SARK, admiringly watching CAWRELL-BANNERMAN talking round the Home Rule Question, "H. C. B. is the safest man to do it. He's lost the waist of early youth; weighs a stone or so more than goes with perfect grace; but he knows what he's about."

Tail wagging the head after old familiar fashion on Liberal side. House invited to-night to discuss Home Rule Question. On principle that you can't have too much of a good thing it was called "Home Rule all round." The young men of the Party thought such discussion would be a nice way of spending a Tuesday evening. No topic more certain to create fissures in ranks of Liberal Party, into which jeering Ministerialists might thrust the finger of scorn. To a good Liberal that an irresistible attraction. Accordingly, resolution carefully



Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday.

(Sir CH-R-L-S D-LKE and Mr. M'K-NNA.)

drawn up, placed on paper, with inevitable result of attracting flock of amendments.

As soon as conversation started, spluttering in Liberal camp began. Everybody differed from everybody else, whilst Ministerialists rubbed their hands and chortled in their joy. Effect on Front Opposition Bench curious. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who is just recovering from bed of sickness—was, indeed, down here yesterday—suffered sudden relapse that tied him to his own fireside. JOHN MORLEY, who has his views on Home Rule, kept them to himself. Bluff BOB RYAN, rising from the extreme end of the bench, a position indicative of as little responsibility as possible for its counsels, seconded the motion, and was immediately set upon by HATMANE. CAWRELL-BANNERMAN, from the place of the Leader of the Opposition, protested he "spoke only as a Scotch Member." So if any of the eggs were broken they mustn't be charged to the future account of the Liberal Party. On a back bench WITTEN REDMOND posed, big with a speech, delivery of which preluded the pleasant count-out. Near him, scarcely less portentous in his tragic air of self-importance, lounged brother JOHN, who sardonically laughed "Ha! ha!" as successive speakers on Liberal side protested their inalienable devotion to Home Rule for Ireland. "Only not to-day, not to-day."

On the whole, our dear House of Commons in its meanest, most pitiful aspect, not unfrequently assumed when it chanced to touch the pitch of the Irish Question.

Business done.—House counted out at five minutes to nine.

Thursday.—"It is," SARK says, "a minor but very real injustice to Ireland that it's national emblem in the floral department should be the shamrock. The Englishman's rose, the Scotchman's thistle, and, for the matter of that, Taffy's leek, may be worn for a reasonable time in condition of freshness. The first thing the shamrock does when you put it in button-hole or caubeen is to wither, presenting shrivelled-up appearance that is neither decorative nor inspiring."

Something in this, at least as far as London is concerned. In Westmeath the shamrock may remain defiantly fresh through the lengthening March day. At Westminster it straightway shrivels up at touch of the Saxon wind. Only close observation could detect the emblem displayed on the manly bosom of PATRICK O'BRIEN as, just now, drawing himself up to full height, he looked down on PRINCE ARTHUR, and asked him, what about the port that bears his name in the far, far East?

For some time the situation at Port Arthur has perturbed PATRICK. Wherefore nobody knows. That his interest is deep and abiding is testified by repeated questioning of GEORGE CURZON. That adroit young man; superfluously assuming air of innocence, has made reply without giving answer. Time after time P. O'B. has come up to the scratch with inquiry in varied form as to what Russia is doing or wants to do at Port Arthur? The actually wily Under-Secretary has given baffling reply. But he does not know PATRICK O'BRIEN,



THE RECKLESS ONE.

Wife of Injured Cyclist (who, having found considerable difficulty in getting on his bicycle, and none whatever in coming off, has never ventured to attempt more than three miles in the hour).
 "WELL, I DO BELIEVE HE'S HAD A LESSON AT LAST! I WARNED HIM ABOUT 'SCORCHING.' I SAID TO HIM, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO DO WITH THE 'RECORD'?"

who traces his descent direct from WILLIAM O'BRIEN, the early King of Ireland whose untamed crest was a pair of breeches rampant displayed on a hedgerow vert. If the underling will not answer, he will go to the master. So, gracefully recognising in PRINCE ARTHUR "the representative of the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS," he addressed his prize-poem of a question to him.

Alack-a-day! PRINCE ARTHUR declines to walk into PATRICK'S parlour. GEORGE CURZON saunters up and affects to make reply just as if the question had been addressed to him, whilst giggling Saxons chuckle at the discomfiture of the gentleman from Kilkenny.

"It may be St. Patrick's Day," said SARK, sympathetically. "It certainly isn't PATRICK O'BRIEN'S."

Business done.—Light Dues Bill read a second time, after eloquent protest by CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES.

House of Lords, Friday night.—Pretty to see COUNTRY GUY strolling in just now as if there was nothing particular the matter. The matter was that House had met to pass third reading of London University Commission Bill. Measure in charge of his Grace the Lord President of the Council. It was the old, old story:—

Bird, beast and flower proclaim the hour;
 But where is COUNTRY GUY?

"Where?" cried LORD CHANCELLOR, looking anxiously round the House. "Where?" echoed GRAND CROSS, peering behind the Woolsack, as if the Duke, in sportive mood, was playing hide-and-seek.

At length, when things were growing serious, COUNTRY GUY strolled in, with one hand in his pocket, and on his countenance a disposition to yawn. His imperturbability sublime. With unhastened step he reached the Ministerial bench; seated himself in leisurely fashion; slowly rose; moved formal resolution; resumed his seat; and, having done some service to the State, felt he might indulge in personal gratification. So he yawned.

Business done.—House of Commons having voted the men for the Navy, votes the money too.

A HERO OF MATTER OF FACT.

(Extract from *Something better than a Romance*.)

"[At the present rate of decrease the professional burglar and pickpocket will soon disappear.]

Daily Paper.

THE man crept away from the house. The moon was shining brightly, and he did his best to avoid detection. He carried with him a bag containing the results of his expedition in spoons, candlesticks and tea-pots.

"Stop!"

Yes, he was arrested. There was no escape. The constable blew his whistle, and an excited crowd gathered around.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the constable, "I am glad to tell you that I have been successful. He is in our hands. This is a proud day for this city—this country!"

"Let me go," cried the man, struggling to be free.

"Into a palace," returned the Mayor,

courteously removing his cocked hat of office. "Certainly, my dear Sir—all your wants shall receive attention."

"And you shall be photographed, and the statue waiting with a face blank in the market-place shall receive the finishing touch of your portrait." This came from the Lord Lieutenant of the county.

Then there was organised a procession. Headed by flags and bands of music, the hero of the hour was escorted to the Town Hall. The cheering was deafening.

A few hours later a goodly company assembled in the banqueting saloon. There had been a splendid luncheon, and the customary toasts had been drunk with enthusiasm.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Mayor, who presided, "I now come to the speech of the day. The health of our guest—may he live long to enjoy the honours we confer upon him."

Then came a mighty burst of cheering which shook the building to its foundation.

"But I say, gov'nor," whispered the hero to his neighbour, the police-constable who had arrested him, "why are they making all this fuss about me?"

"Don't you know?" was the response.

"Why, go along with you!"

"Stow your chaff. Come, why are they making such a fuss about a poor chap who was doing nothing except trying blessed 'ard to make a living? Why am I the 'ero of the hour?"

"Because you are the only burglar in England!"

And the constable joined in the cheering.

GOING TO THE DOGS.

To the Editor of Punch.

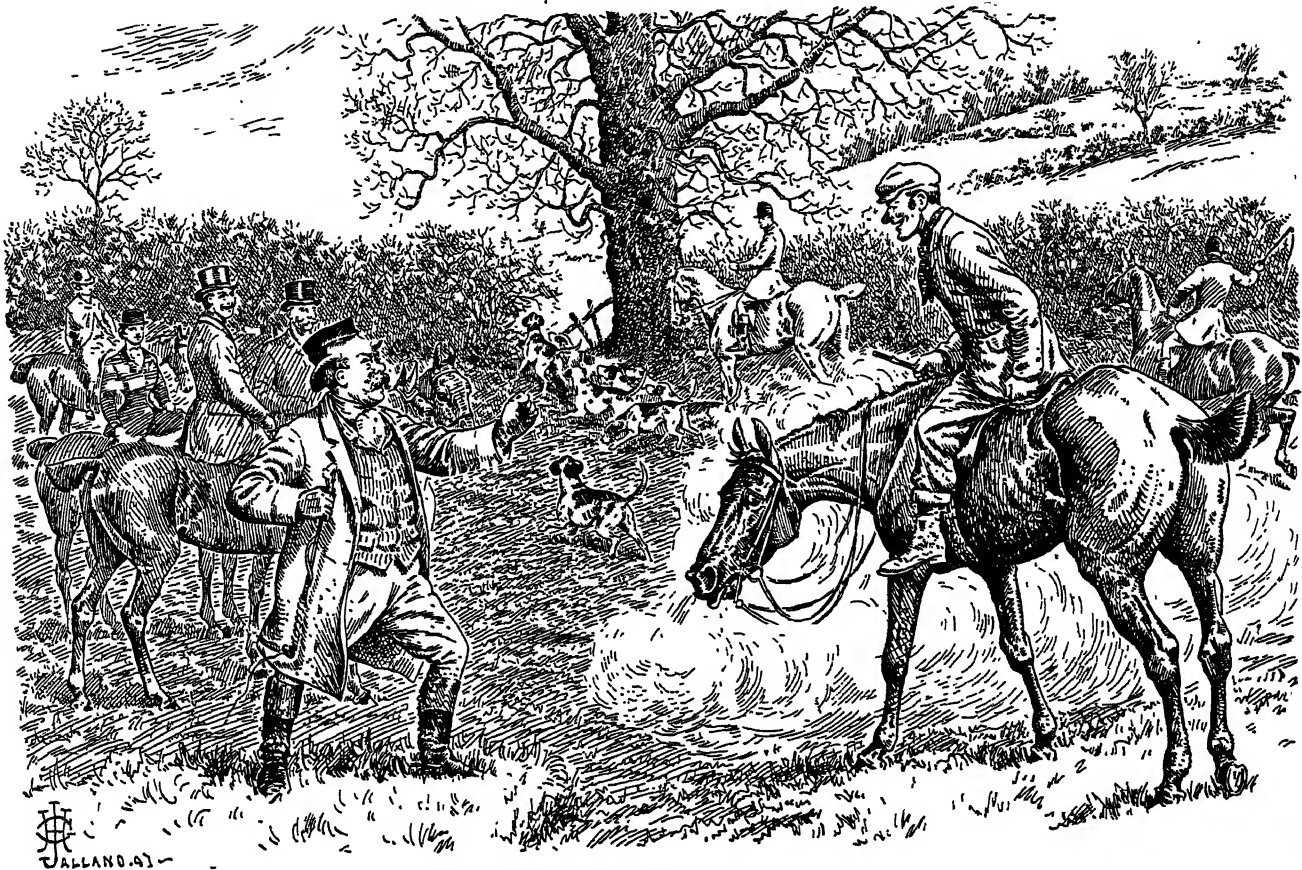
SIR,—A few weeks ago, a dear relative was taken suddenly ill. Our family doctor failed to discover the cause. Eventually he was removed. Amongst his papers we found the following:—

Question. If you may not set a dog at large, what should you do with him?

Answer. Set him at LONG!



One of the doctors at Brantwood considers this sufficient to cause the present mental condition. Another doctor kindly sent us the inclosed sketch; and we are glad to possess it, as we have no portrait. The case is hopeless! SPECTATOR.



INSULT TO INJURY.

Dismounted Sportsman (just come up with Hounds, after a long chase on foot). "HI! CONFOUND YOU! GET OFF MY HORSE, YOU RASCAL!"

Out-of-place Groom. "OH! 'EE'S YOURS, IS HE, GUV'NOR? WELL, I'M SURE YOU'RE WELCOME TO 'IM. THE OLD SCREW 'AS BEEN ON 'IS 'ED THREE TIMES, AND NOW 'EE'S GOING DEAD LAME. THE WUST 'ORSE I EVER RODE!"

THE WAY WITH THE MILITIA.

(A sketch founded upon imagination.)

SCENE — *The Halls of Red Tape. Enter to Eloquent Chief a number of Auxiliary C.O.s.*

First Commanding Officer. My lord, we come here on behalf of the militia to—

Eloquent Chief (interrupting). The militia! Ah! you have touched a sympathetic chord in my breast! Believe me, I have the greatest admiration for the militia—the good old militia!

Second C. O. Then would your lordship kindly—

E. C. (as before). Believe me, I would do anything for the old constitutional force, that grand old army that rallied round the colours five hundred years ago.

Third C. O. You are very kind, but would you—

E. C. (as before). Indeed, indeed, I would do anything, everything. I regard the militia as the backbone of the British Army. It is simply marvellous how much they do, how well they march to the band, how regularly they train for twenty-seven days in the year! The militia is the glory of Britannia, the ruler of the waves.

Fourth C. O. You are most complimentary. But we would ask—

E. C. (as before). Ask anything, everything. I repeat, there was never so gallant a force as the militia. And when the time comes they will win Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, and Tel-el-Kebir, like

their brethren in the service battalions. The old constitutional force is the most magnificent in the world. It is impossible to do too much for it.

Fifth C. O. Well, my lord, will you give our rank and file a helmet?

E. C. (aghast). A helmet! Oh! come, I say, this is asking too much! A helmet—a helmet that no one has ever used before? Oh! that is really going a step too far, it is indeed!

[Scene closes in upon the situation.]



Future R.A. proceeding with his Canvass.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

(By One who has tried them.)

Must really decide where to go for five or six days at Easter. Weather always awful. Usual Springtime. North-east wind, frost, snow and dust. Something like last week. Can't stop in London. One Sunday or Bank Holiday in London mournful enough. But four of them consecutively! Impossible!

Innocent persons go to the south coast of England, thinking that fifty miles nearer the equator one is in quite a different climate. Bournemouth? Bosh! All sandy dust and depressing invalids. Torquay? Twaddle! Probably rain all the time, if not snow. England no good. Scotland or Ireland? Worse!

Must go, as people say vaguely, "abroad." How about Paris? North-east wind, frost, snow and dust, worse than here. Streets windy, theatres draughty, cafés and restaurants suffocating. Brussels? Nothing but rain. Aix-les-Bains? Probably snow. Nice? That might do. No frost or snow, but very likely a north-east wind, and certainly lots of dust. Besides, thirty hours' journey out and thirty hours' journey back, would only leave about sixty hours there. No good. Rome, Seville, Constantinople, Cairo? Still farther. Should have to leave on the return journey before I arrived. Where can I go to at Easter to be warm and comfortable, without so much trouble? I know. To bed!



George S. Elton.

A MATTER OF INTEREST.

Modern Shylock (leaving Money-lending Committee). "I PRAY YOU GIVE ME LEAVE TO GO FROM HENCE—I AM NOT WELL."
The Merchant of Venice, Act IV. Sc. 1.



THE ADVANTAGES OF A CLASSICAL EDUCATION.

Brown narrates one of his best Stories which, from various motives, he translates into the French tongue. A loud guffaw is heard from the Sideboard.

Host (with great presence of mind). "VIR PEDIS EX GALLIÆ EST!"

FLITTINGS.

(Per Ocean Bottle-post.)

*In the South Atlantic,
Three miles off Land (perpendicularly).
Six Bells, Feb. 27, 1898.*

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Yeo-ho and ahoy! If this ever reaches you, it is to tell you that the very good ship *Triton* (this is within a cable's length of her name) has been at sea for just a fortnight, bound for the Cape on her second trip. She bears on board about a thousand souls all told, five horses, a couple of cows, two or three parrots, of third-class behaviour, and a few canaries, which have not as yet taken berths inside the ship's cat.

We left Southampton on an even keel, but there were plenty of French rolls for breakfast next morning in the Bay of Biscay, so we were agrotat (*sic*) for the rest of the day in such seclusion as our cabin granted. The next event of importance was Madeira. Here we had about four hours in which to watch the natives (one of them a one-armed boy) diving for our spare coppers, to breakfast on shore, to do the sights of Funchal, to buy deck-chairs, if not whole drawing-room suites, of wickerwork, to visit Santa Clara and the other suburban resorts, and, most necessary of all, to ascend by the new mountain railway to the church of Nossa Senhora de Monte, and then to descend two thousand feet by *carro*, or toboggan over the cobble-stone pathway. It was a

lot to do, but we did it on our heads—especially the last-named athletic performance. Our steersman, MANUEL, certainly deserved his pint of Madeira at the "Half-way House" for his agility and dexterity in taking us down a decline of one in two, past corkscrew corners, and hordes of beggars.

English money seems to be quite the medium of currency at Funchal, and English is spoken by the enterprising islanders while you wait (or until your last shilling is spent). Even a tea-garden sort of place is dignified by the name of "Earl's Court," to attract and solace the homesick Londoner. Meanwhile, it was market-day on board the ship, and great was the company of merchants with all kinds of wares. These are bundled off neck and crop by 11 A.M., and we settled down to the serious business of the voyage—the election of a Sports and Entertainment Committee, the consumption of six meals a day, the daily sweepstakes and auction on the run, the dissection of everybody's character, and the other inevitable humours and incidents of an ocean trip.

We fetched a compass, or whatever the nautical phrase is, round the Canaries in a sea-fog, for fear of running up against Teneriffe, and since then we haven't sighted land, nor seen a ship, or even a whale or waterspout, nothing more exciting than a few coveys of flying-fish, and, I think, half a dozen porpoises. At the moment of writing, however, I see a solitary albatross, and lose no time in in-

forming your readers of the fact. We crossed the line without feeling the slightest bump. We have passed through the tropics with only one hot night, and our feet, like our thoughts, are now turning towards Fleet Street and home, as we near the Antipodes.

We have had the usual fancy-dress ball with some decidedly impromptu costumes. One of a large theatrical company was quite unrecognisable as Sheffield's Ape, taking the first prize, and has since been busy restoring himself to human form. The captain's clerk appeared in a series of quick-turn changes, such as a comic sailor or a deplorable old lady; while the ship's doctor contributed an awe-inspiring impersonation of Old Moore or somebody in the wizard profession.

The sports and other entertainments have passed off without bloodshed. Our captain, a breezy, jovial Irishman, received the ladies with open arms at the finish of their fifty yards race, and the comedians who performed in "Are you there?" and the other humorous items fully rose, or tumbled, to the occasion, as the case might be. Take it all round, we have had a particularly good time of it. Pleasant company and pleasant weather. Out of reach of letters and telegrams, and face to face with the ocean.

We are now in the teeth of a strong south-easter, and the writing-room is beginning to dance. I therefore hasten to catch the post.

Yours, very much at sea, X. Y. Z.



ACCURACY ABOVE ALL.

! Mrs. Crossley (at a "Private View"). "REALLY, YOU GIRLS HAVE NO MEMORIES AT ALL. OF COURSE IT'S WHAT'S-HIS-NAME RESCUING WHO-DO-YOU-CALL-IT FROM—OH, YOU KNOW—AT THE SIEGE OF THAT PLACE."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Egypt in the Nineteenth Century (SMITH, ELDER) is an attractive-looking book with an excellent map. But the belated reader soon discovers that its author, Mr. CAMERON, lacks the gift of lucidity. He is choke-full of his subject, and is prone to splutter it forth in bewildering fashion. My Baronite, diligently pursuing the thread of the narrative, occasionally found himself in Syria when he thought he was in Egypt, or reading about ISRAHAM PACHA when it really was his father, MEHMET ALI, who was referred to. One thing at least comes out clear from the muddle. It is that of all the services England has incidentally done to humanity by extension of her empire, nothing surpasses the wonder wrought in Egypt. The condition alike of the finances and the fellahen, as compared with what they were in the time of MEHMET ALI or of ISMATI PACHA, exceeds any transformation fabled in the *Arabian Nights*.

Mr. FISHER UNWIN has commenced the publication of a complete set of the Waverley novels under the title "The Century Scott." For my Baronite the type is a little small, but it is beautifully clear, printed on good paper, daintily bound, and all for a shilling. Them as is rich and rides in chaises may plank down half-a-crown, and have it bound in leather.

The commencement of GRANT ALLEN's *Incidental Bishop* (PEARSON Limited) is excellent as an exciting prologue to a story that ought to have been an amusing comedy of farcical errors with a happy solution. *The Incidental Bishop* is anything but this; and the possibility of the tale is destroyed by the glaring character of the improbabilities. Better would it have been had Mr. GRANT ALLEN followed in brevity the example of the late Captain MARRYAT's *Mr. Chucks*, the boatswain, whose story of his own life, as told to young *Peter Simple* (Ch. XIV.) is so closely analogous to that of *The Incidental Bishop*, that, at first sight, it would seem as if the modern author owed his inspiration to the older

one, and had simply substituted *Tom Pringle* for "*Mr. Chucks*," and the missionary for "*Lord A—*." In MARRYAT's novel *Mr. Chucks* puts on his lordship's clothes, his lordship having died at sea, and is welcomed everywhere as "my lord," while, in GRANT ALLEN's, *Tom Pringle* puts on the missionary's clothes, the reverend gentleman dying at sea, and after being received everywhere as an Anglican clergyman, a bishopric is conferred on him. MARRYAT's *Mr. Chucks* is ultimately hauled up at Bow Street, and commences life again on board ship: ALLEN's *Tom Pringle* dies a pseudo-bishop, and his fraud is never discovered. Captain MARRYAT's story has the advantage over Mr. GRANT ALLEN's of being told in seven pages, whereas the latter occupies two hundred and forty-eight, and, with the exception of the prologue about the slave-trader, I must own to a preference for the shorter treatment of the original idea.

It is curious that Captain MARRYAT (of whose collected works a delightfully readable edition has recently been published by DENT & Co.) should, on two occasions in the same novel, have made one of his minor heroes, the *Mr. Chucks* above-mentioned, avail himself of the device of appropriating somebody else's clothes, and then adopting the name of the deceased wearer. The ruling passion of wishing to bear a title and dress as a gentleman was too strong for *Mr. Chucks*, and, in his second attempt, he succeeded! No doubt Captain MARRYAT, as a nautical novelist, excused himself to himself for the repetition of "the means," seeing that, on repetition, they were justified by "the end" achieved. Wanted, a MARRYAT of the present day to give us a racy nautical novel, descriptive of life aboard the huge armour-plated turret ships and such-like modern fighting monsters of the deep. Pity Lord CHARLES BERESFORD hasn't a novelistic twist. One good Marryat-like novel would do more good to the cause that his lordship has at heart than a hundred speeches, be they reported never so widely. THE BARON DE B.-W.

AFFECTIONATE FURNITURE.

SIR,—As a Philosopher it has always struck me that apparently inanimate objects possess affections. Arm-chairs have probably deep-seated feelings. I was struck by this advertisement in the *Times*, "*Notice.—Wall Papers like Old Silks.*" Do they? I trust that the sentiment is reciprocal, and that "Old Silks like Wall Papers." I am aware that "Old Silks" may mean "Old Queen's Counsel," but why should *they* like "Wall Papers"? No, I prefer to take it literally as proving my theory. Inanimate objects have their likes and dislikes. The humble chair does not mind being "sat on." A hat may hang fondly on its own dear little "Peg." An ill-used sofa, oppressed by its burdens, may exclaim with *Falstaff*, "Lord! how this world is given to lying." A book may feel itself a prisoner when it is bound. In this respect, the club entitled "*Ye Sette of Odde Volumes*" will supply many instances. How many an apparently "easy chair" could, an' it chose, write "*The Sorrows of Sat-in!*"

Yours,
X. CATHEDRA.

In the *Daily Telegraph* report of the Grosvenor Hotel inquiry, March 25, we read:

"Mr. Justice BRUCE and a common jury, of whom no less than seven answered to the name of SMITH, had before them yesterday a further development," &c.

What! call this a "*Common Jury*"! A most "*Uncommon Jury*," as, despite the fact that a considerable proportion of the great SMITH tribe are, like the poor, "always with us," it is rare to find in a select company of twelve, seven out of the number, not related in any way to one another, answering to the name of SMITH. It is a record. Pity the case was not before Mr. Justice A. L. SMITH.

LOST!—A Voice, after a severe attack of influenza. Its owner remembers having *dropped his voice* while injudiciously stopping to talk to a friend at the corner of Park Lane. He will be glad to recover it as soon as possible, as it can be of no possible use to any one else. The finder, on forwarding it to "*Vox et Præterea Nil*," at this office, will be handsomely rewarded.

AIRS RESUMPTIVE.

THE WOMAN WITH THE DEAD CERT.

(With the Author's admiring regards to his friend,
MR. STEPHEN PHILLIPS, *Academy Coronet*.)

ENTRANCED by thé soul-captivating light,
Red, green and sapphirine, piercing the
night,
From bulbous bottles in a moonéd row,
Through thé chemist's and druggist's shop-
door, lo!

I passed. Without, a terrier, á dumb thing,
Draws his blind master áttached by a string,
Straining. He was so strong almost I wept,
Wondering how the patient beggar kept
Up. Thinly from a far Teutonic band
Soldiers of the Queen floated down the
Strand.

And lo! along the ardent street,
The usual average of feet,
Braving the clotted traffic's tides
In buttons or elastic sides!
And I was 'ware how one in haste
Went by with both his boots unlaced!
Across the road, outside a bar,
A dull mechanic motor-car
Stood uncomplaining while within
Its driver slowly swallowed gin.
With shame my human fibres shook
At this significant rebuke;
Right in my heart I felt the stab
Dealt by the mute electric cab.

So to the counter warily I drew
And hailed the chemist: "I will trouble
you

For some Miltonian troches, if you please,
Which to the voice give comfortable ease,
When mellifuously it would rehearse
Blank, or, in other phrase, iambic verse."

And even as I spake, oh, lo! I saw
A woman sipping sal volatile, raw,
Out of a test-tube. Her sinister eye,
That shone like á bay-window dreadfully,
Was furnished with an infelicitous cast
Such as I deemed should indicate a past
Disillusioned. A nice, funereal plume
Lent to her hat a quiet touch of gloom.
Partly for ruth no word I found to say,
And partly since a truant troche lay
Athwart my throat. At length the silence
stirred,

As when in thé green dark an early bird
Twitters. Her tale she told without re-
serve;

Keenly I remember her placid nerve.

She had, when life was full of tranquil
hay,

A beloved husband, by profession a
Dynamiter. Most proud indeed was she
Of his infernal ingenuity.

It chanced a public edifice was blown
To bits, with people in it. Cause was
shewn

None; but a paltry furlong thence they
came

Upon the artist's collar, with his name
And blood thereon. But of the rest of him
Not so much as a fragmentary limb
Anywhere found they. Thé Coróner said
That the deceased had merely saved his
head

By an alibi. So in weeds she went,
Doubtful at first, but growing confident
As one that hath a dead cert. By-and-by
After a lustre of celibacy
She married with a publican and drew
Beer at his bar; nor even so much as knew
Who Mrs. ARDEN was.

But on a day,

She serving liquors, lo! there chanced that
way

A lurid reveller of familiar mould,
Dight in á massive chain of Yukon gold;
And on her first husband, before she wist,
Swooned heavily the conscious bigamist!

Anon the police held their man in thrall;
And, ere the second moon's full coronal
Came round, from thé scaffold, clean-shaved
and cropped,

Sated, arranged, deliberate, he dropped,
Leaving a sullied widow; yea, and lone,
That should be; for they whispered he had
gone,

Her second mate, that morning, being wed
With the barmaid. This also was a dead
Cert. Here her welling tears that might
not dry

Fell in the test-tube very bitterly.

Therewith the chemist, having overheard,
Sobbed like á babe. The motor-cab,
referred

To in á previous passage, moved about
Involuntarily; and lo! the shout
Raucous-insistent of the Specials broke
The stilly mud-blue nocturne; and I spoke.
Pitiful words I spoke that filtered through
Her arid feelings as the divine dew
Freshens Sahara. In the mirror she
Ordered her gear. The sal volatile
I paid for, with the troches, nett; and so
Moving with rhythmic step, composed and
slow,

Into the large, elusive night I glide
With that strange woman, my affianced
bride!

AN ECCLESIASTICALLY STRICT M.F.H.
—One who never will allow any "meet"
during Lent.



TIME—2 A.M.

Dr. Choler (down speaking-tube). "WHAT IS IT?"
Voice from below. "THE FIRST OF APRIL!"



"SOMETHING LIKE A MEDICINE."

Doctor. "NOW REMEMBER, MY MAN, THREE OR FOUR DROPS OF THIS MIXTURE THREE TIMES A DAY—AND INFALE."

Patient. "BE I TO TAKE IT IN FOUR OR SIX HALE, GUV'NOR?"

THE SORROWS OF A SOLVER.

Tuesday.—Notice in to-day's *Upper Ten* that a "special prize" of £50 is offered for the solutions of a set of acrostics published in this paper. These childish puzzles can offer no serious difficulty to a person of my intelligence, and I really don't see why that £50 shouldn't be mine. And as I've a spare quarter of an hour just now, I may as well solve this one at once; it can't take me more than a few minutes. The first thing, I believe, is to find the "uprights" from the "proem," so I'll begin with that. Here it is:—

"Baffling conjecture and opprest,
The weed-extractor is at rest;
Why then delay? The truth is clear,
Coffee is not like bottled beer;
But she, who merely bites her pen,
Declares that four times three are ten!"

Sounds a little strange, certainly. But it must be perfectly simple.

Wednesday.—Sat up till two this morning over that wretched proem; strange to say, I haven't yet made out the "uprights" from it. And it kept running in my head while I was trying to write some business letters this morning. Now I must forget it and do some work. (*Two hours later.*) Done nothing but think of those hateful

lines. Well, perhaps it would be better to finish the thing at once, and put it out of my mind. I won't trouble about the "proem," but go straight on to the "lights"—that is, I feel sure, the best way, after all. What's the first light?

"Take mutton-chops without surprise,
And add a curious taste in ties."

Perfectly simple. . . . Odd that the word doesn't strike me at once. . . . Take "mutton-chops." . . . Well, I'm sure to guess it directly. Could it be "Parliament"? Or "Buttercup"? Or "Algebra"? (*Later.*) Went for a walk to think it out. Met Miss SNOOKS, who said that I tried to cut her, and asked what I was thinking of. I answered involuntarily, "Take mutton-chops," &c. Fancy she was offended, but can't trouble about that; I've got that £50 to win.

Thursday.—A sleepless night. In the course of it thought more than once that I'd found the word, but somehow it doesn't seem to fit. Perhaps I'd better go on to the next light; it may be easier. It reads:—

"What if they are? At least, you know,
They might have been, and will be so."

Come, that's simplicity itself. The word is— On second thoughts, I'm not certain. . . . Met Mrs. BROWN just now. Fancy she told me that her two children were ill with diphtheria. At the time, however, I didn't take in her meaning, and replied, "What if they are? At least, you know," and the rest of it. As far as I remember, she called me a brute. Not that I care; the only thing in the world that interests me is that confounded acrostic, which I simply can't escape from. Wish I hadn't got to attend Mrs. ROBINSON's "reception" to-night. But perhaps the answers may come to me before then. I'll try the last light:—

"Here, says Mythology, we seek
The soul of each departed Greek."

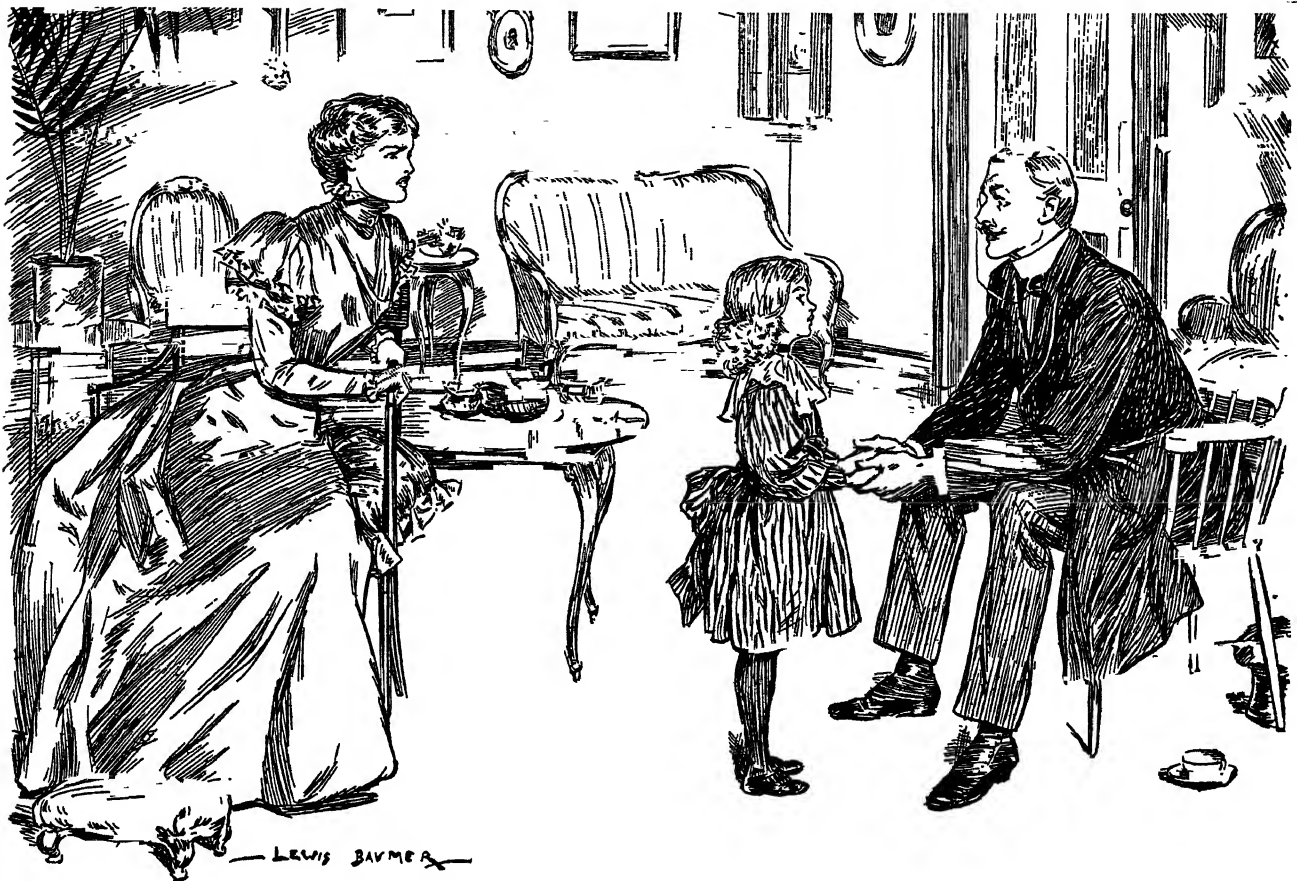
Friday.—I'm afraid I disgraced myself last night—all through that miserable acrostic. Some idiot was playing the piano at Mrs. ROBINSON's party, and every one was holding their breath as he reached the softest part, when an idea—or, to speak more accurately, a "light"—flashed upon me, the last light of the acrostic. Forgetting where I was, it seems that I suddenly shouted out, "Hades!" at the top of my voice. Not quite clear as to what happened subsequently; some vague remembrance of having been shown out at an unusually early hour. Now I'll just find those other lights.

Saturday.—Have just burnt the *Upper Ten*, and should like to burn the Acrostic Editor with it. Mrs. BROWN and Miss SNOOKS have compared notes, it seems, with Mrs. ROBINSON, and every one believes that I've taken to drink. All my acquaintances looked the other way when I met them this morning, and I had been on excellent terms. Every one of them was a personal friend, not merely an acquaintance. But they all cut me. Not a doubt about it, they cut me. And they know how sensitive I am! But I'm only amused—distinctly amused, and quite, quite calm. In order to prove it, I'll just write down a few dispassionate remarks on Acrostics in general, and the one in this week's *Upper Ten* in particular. To begin with—

[The passage that follows is quite unfit for publication.—ED.]



“HOLD ON, JOHN!”



Mr. Green. "NOW I'M GOING TO TELL YOU SOMETHING, ETHEL. DO YOU KNOW THAT LAST NIGHT, AT YOUR PARTY, YOUR SISTER PROMISED TO MARRY ME? I HOPE YOU'LL FORGIVE ME FOR TAKING HER AWAY!"

Ethel. "FORGIVE YOU, MR. GREEN! OF COURSE I WILL. WHY, THAT'S WHAT THE PARTY WAS FOR!!!"

WHAT TO DO WITH THE C. P. (*Suggestions—good and otherwise*).—To convert it into a National Museum at the expense of the Government as a rival to the Imperial Institute.

To make it a temporary residence for foreign visitors of the Blood Royal who object to Buckingham Palace or a West-End Hotel.

To preserve it as an appropriate cemetery for the Great who join the majority during the next couple of centuries.

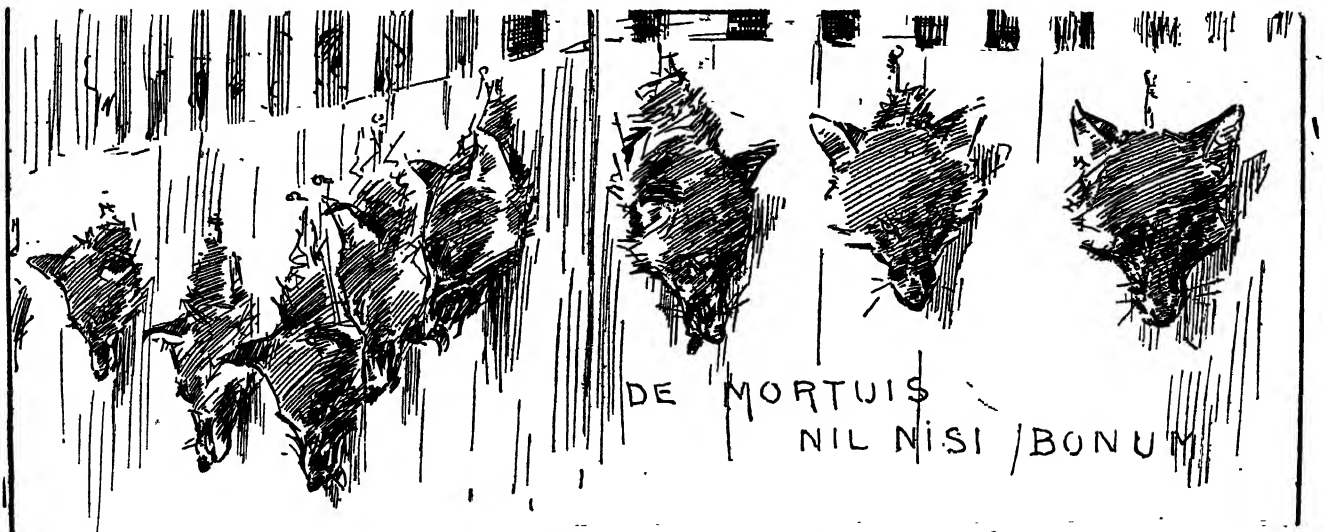
To use it as a meeting-place for the agitators who march in procession either to Hyde Park or Trafalgar Square.

To keep it as a possible terminus for the railways when London extends its boundaries early in the next century.

To give it over to the builders and lay out the grounds into two-acre-sized gardens of desirable suburban residences.

To open it as a Park for the People, with the possible result of finding it practically deserted after the novelty has worn off.

Lastly (and possibly the best), to face the situation cheerfully, improve the train service, improve (if practicable) the entertainments, improve, in fact, everything, and with renewed energy make the institution a brilliant success.



TO FINISH THE SEASON.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

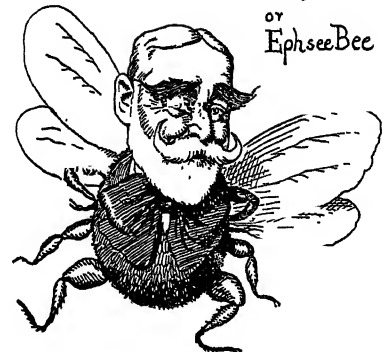
The Painticheef



This Animal is wonderfull clever and lerned and plays at marbles with the Tadd. He stands at the top of the stairs in among the plants and goes on shading hands with them all as they come up untill he falls back exorsted Then they prop him up with ferns and collums and things and he just bows till daylite. He has got two awfull nice positions to stand in too. He keeps a warm comfitable home in Tragatger Square for old worn out masters of schools that are shut up. He is dreadfull particular who he takes in. He wont have them if they have gone cracked. (I shall send this picture to the Academy - he may like to put it on the line in the Blacking-White Room.)

The Morl
or
Philopat

This kind honest Animal is very fond of bubblin and likes to play at billiard a house of the green for them to sit in. He is wearing the green right through with trying so hard. When he is on the steamer he nails things on to the mast. It is very odd he sits for Scottards and stands up for Ireland. He is a beautifull talker and riter and governess says he is a 'pewriss in stile' (waterver does she mean). He is strugling to learn the sword-dance over two um brellas. It is awfull hard though, and he keeps all on kicking his ankles till he has to sit down on the flore - then he plays on the bag-pipes like the heeros in India but the neydburs do complain so he will have to give it up or ellve move into another district.

The Punchiboss
or
EphseeBee

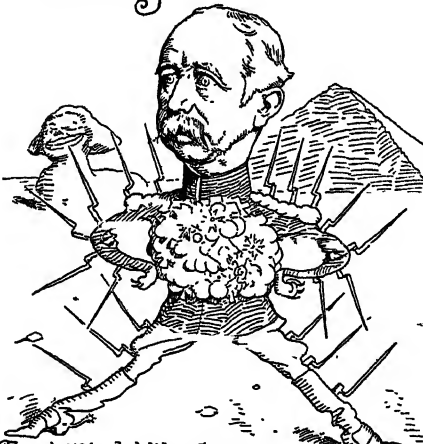
This humours little Creature has a most comical brain - full of happy thoughts. He settles on everything directly you put it in front of him. He is awfull kind to children so he gives me great enjoyment when I do my pictures nice enough which is allmost allways now. He does buzz round you though and prob you up. He likes to get a good run on the boards sometimes. He has a stillful little way of knocking off a piece if it comes in his way - he is very strong in the wings. He has got a awfull clever lot of drawers and drawers together - all of them genvusses and tops of english beuty. (I must get this put in sometime when he is away - he might not like me to berlesk him after his politeness and forethought in letting me beggin so young.)

The Fowla



This abill Animal is wonderfull strong and strood and it can jump up and carry the whole house along with it if it likes to. It is very solliid and watery and has got a large pesenting body behind it. It knows all about howdahs and raddas and things and it can turn pounds and shillings into troopers while you wait. It knows the difference between a millitary road and a footpath and it made it itself or if someone else did - which is more than some people do. It can make the forpiehamme wish he had never had a birthday. It is a very nice coter and queens like it immensely. It wears a indian shawl on state occajions, it doesn't fancy kilts. It is leader of the libral party - so is about half a dozen others too - they all do it at once but it doesn't matter much just now.

The Wooly



This brilliant little Creature is a fearfull filer he is all over glory and litals and electrick rights. He likes to have his battles ready overnight then he does them in the early morning before the milkman calls when everyone else is in bed and asleep. He gets all the powder and baynets and cammerers and reporters ready and it can all be in the papers the same day. Then he prases everbody else for fitting so nobbly. It sounds just like Harrylaw - but somehow there is not so very many killed though it does look so terrible in the lime-lie. That is his cleverness I expect. Parlyment allways thanks him for it - he certainly does make a neat job of it, and he has such a nice way of bringing home umbrellas and tortoise-champlos and things to show he has really been there. If he does anything else he will have to be made a Jackdon.

The Kortnee



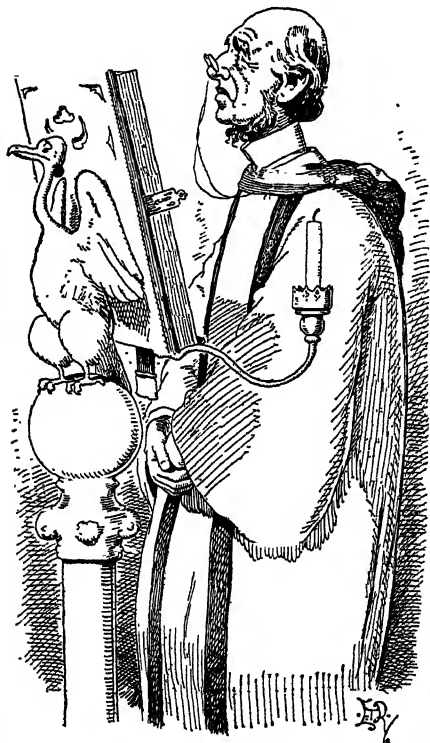
This Animal has got a head full of rules and regulations. It is awfull fond of all kinds of raddles the ones it likes best are those nobbly cant make head or tail of - the abtuser the better. They make your hair all come off to think of them. He use to sit in a chair and see they all behaved. He did it nicely that they measured him for a bigger chair but it fitted someone else best so he leaves in a tub now like Dickpkins. He gives awfull nice lectures to passers-by and says order order to himself. He wants to have members of parlyment all different sizes according to the Naught of the vaters - he calls it 'prepporshnal reppresentation' (I hope I have spellt it right) isn't it silly. He is a leader of fashion. He has got a pattern west-cote of a very funny colour that is most becoming. They say he comes out all over brass buttons at night - he must look rabiently bewtifull.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 21.—"Here endeth the First Lesson." When, just now, LECKY sat down after supporting second reading of Irish Local Government Bill, the ear was strained to catch this familiar announcement. So complete the illusion, as the voice rose and fell with pulpit cadence, that J. G. TALBOT, pulling himself together with guilty start, not quite sure he hadn't been dozing off, hurriedly turned over the pages of Orders of the Day, as if it were a folio prayer-book, and he in search of the next portion of the Morning Service. The eye helped to deceive the ear. Looking across at the Member for Dublin University, with his folded hands, his head held a little on one side in meek depression, a seraphic smile occasionally lighting up his saintly countenance, there lacked only a little of BURNE JONES's colour and sunlight shining through him, to realise the effect of a painted and consecrated window in some solemn aisle.

Picturesque, but not practicable, and, in the main, a pity. House of Commons always ready to sit at feet of historian of *England in the Eighteenth Century*, and bid him discourse. But in his solicitude for the improvement of European Morals from AUGUSTUS to CHARLEMAGNE, he should avoid the pulpit voice and manner. Happily they are not inseparable from his House of Commons speech. House remembers with pleasure the success of one of his earliest deliverances, when he unexpectedly came to assistance of HORACE PLUNKETT in pleading for amnesty. SARK says the variety of the two circumstances explains the difference of style. The first speech was delivered on spur of moment. He just talked to House in musical voice out of full



Lecky at the Lectern.



'Arry (whose "Old Dutch" has been shopping, and has kept him waiting a considerable time).
"WOT D'YER MEAN, KEEPIN' ME STANDIN' ABAAT 'ERE LIKE A BLOOMIN' FOOL?"
'Arry. "I CAN'T 'ELP THE WAY YER STAND, 'ARRY!"

knowledge and kindly heart. To-night brought down notes of convincing oration that should equal his reputation. Having his sermon written, he instinctively intoned it.

Business done.—Irish Local Government Bill read a second time.

Tuesday.—Quite exciting scene between MICHAEL JOSEPH FLAVIN, Esq., Member for North Kerry, and the Right Hon. the SPEAKER. Ostensible business of House second reading of Consolidated Fund Bill. Really might be supposed in advance that this would not suggest debate about Ireland. Such supposition only betrays ignorance of resources of Irish ingenuity. The Fund including Ireland in its dispensation, Irish matters might be talked about. If JOHN CODLIN DILLON didn't make a speech, JOHN SHORT REDMOND might; and what would they say in Ireland? An anxious moment whilst question that Bill be read a second time put from Chair. Was JOHN SHORT lurking about somewhere, and

would he catch the SPEAKER's eye before JOHN CODLIN grasped the optic? Fortune favoured J. O., and before the amazed House quite knew where it was, he had embarked on a long speech about distress in Ireland.

Though Members generally ignorant of what was to the fore, MICHAEL JOSEPH had received the tip. In the quiet recesses of his library he had composed a prodigious speech. Brought it down secreted about his person upon innumerable sheets of paper. At critical moments these got mixed, and there were long pauses whilst MICHAEL rearranged the folios.

After one of the pauses the bull appeared on scene. Like the birth of Jeames, its origin is "wropped in mystery." SARK says he believes it belonged to another folio of the notes. However, there it was, rampaging round a peaceful parish in the West of Ireland. Congested Districts Board had something to do with it. Whether they sent it of their own accord, or in re-

sponse to a petition from the parishioners, was among the many things in the narrative which became a little hazy. MICHAEL JOSEPH might have made all clear, in spite of his notes, had it not been for the SPEAKER. Right hon. gentleman wouldn't have the bull on any terms. In parliamentary sense he waved red flag whenever its bellowing was heard in the distance, or the tip of its horn appeared above the gangway. MICHAEL JOSEPH equally determined to have his way. Why should an



"Now this bull, Sir."

(Mr. Fl-v-n.)

Irishman be denied his bull? But the SPEAKER, in spite of his genial smile and courteous manner, is a tough customer to deal with.

"Now this bull, Sir," said MICHAEL JOSEPH, slyly leading up the animal by devious course, through the length of which he thought its existence might be forgotten.

"Order! order!" cried the SPEAKER, sternly. Whatever might be the case with the general topic, the bull at least should not feed on the pastures of the Consolidated Fund Bill.

It turned out in the end that it wasn't a bull at all, but a yearling. Whether that made the case (whatever the case was) better or worse, MICHAEL JOSEPH was not permitted to explain.

Business done.—MICHAEL JOSEPH's bull warned off.

Thursday.—Arrangements for formation of new Party concluded. Began operations to-night with attack on Clerk at Table. Unlike its prototype the Fourth Party, it strides Colossus-wise across floor of House. One foot is represented by that puissant knight, Sir BASHMEAD-ARTLETT. For the

other stands, four square to any wind, the Young ROSCIUS of our feeble day, REDMOND *cadet*. The Whip is the conqueror of SITTING BULL, THE O'KELLY. The Party—well, at present there is no Party. But here are complete arrangements for its guidance. At first it was expected that Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES would slew alongside, and cruise yard-arm in yard-arm. But the CAP'EN, in reply to overtures, said he thought he would prefer to retain the attitude of A Friendly Power.

Had a very good send-off to-night. Stopped progress of public business for fully two hours. This, of course, would have been nothing in the good old days. In these times is pretty considerable. Sir BASHMEAD was in great form. As for the Young ROSCIUS, his exuberant delight in his own eloquence almost contagious.

SARK chiefly delighted with the appointment of THE O'KELLY as Whip. That, he insists, is a stroke of genius. As SITTING BULL found, there is something irresistible about THE O'KELLY.

"Reminds me," says SARK, "of a picture of KEENE's that appeared in *Punch* thirty-six years ago, and was thereafter a lifelong delight to the dear DU MAURIER. Represents nearly empty 'bus jogging along on rainy day. In the background are seen lady and gentleman turning down another road. 'Now, why didn't you take that there party?' says the 'busman, turning an indignant face upon the conductor. 'Said they wouldn't go,' pleaded the pal. 'Said THEY wouldn't go!' responded the driver in withering tones of contempt. 'THEY said they wouldn't go! Why, what do you suppose you're put there for? Do you call that conductin' a 'bus? Oh, THEY wouldn't go! I like that!' When the BASHMEAD-REDMOND-ARTLETT Party is recruited, and THE O'KELLY wants to whip them into a particular Lobby, it will be small use them saying they won't go."

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read a third time.

Friday.—Member for South Monaghan still going about wondering what he really meant to say on second reading of Irish Local Government Bill about the Eye of Ireland. His words were: "Mr. SPEAKER, there will not be a dry eye in Ireland at the death and burial of the Grand Jury." After proceeding some sentences with his argument, it struck him there was a mistake somewhere. Had he meant a dry eye? On reflection, he thought not. Better correct it. The misreading would get into Hansard, and generations unborn would puzzle over it. Nothing like being frank. So he explained that when he said a dry eye, he had meant a wet one.

Mr. DALY's manner solemn as becomes the Chairman of the Town Commissioners of Carrickmacross, and a member of its Board of Guardians. Flippant Members opposite roared with laughter. Across the gangway came the audible whisper, "Wet your other eye." Why should they have laughed, and what had he really meant, a wet eye or a dry eye?

Business done.—A quiet sitting with the Army Estimates.

PATRON SAINT OF MESSRS. COOK, GAZE, & Co.—St. Martin of "Tours."

APRIL FOOLS.

THE man who goes to see a race,
And backs a horse which wins a "place,"
But of his bookie finds no trace,
Becomes an April Fool.

And folks with means already great,
Who in the City speculate
And lose their all, deserve their fate,
For they are April Fools.

The lady who, with notion quaint,
Hopes to conceal her age with paint,
And thinks she's lovely, but she ain't,
She's an old April Fool.

Poor gentlefolk who fondly dream
Of wealth through home-employment
scheme,
Discover things aren't what they seem.
Alas! poor April Fools.

The girl who goes upon the stage,
Quite certain she will be "the rage,"
Finds she is cast to play a Page,
And feels an April Fool.

Suburban folk who ev'ry day
Experience the train's delay,
But get no compensation, they
Are clearly April Fools.

The borrower who is content
To raise a loan at cent. per cent.,
For which he'll bitterly repent,
He is an April Fool.

The men who go out to Klondyke
With no idea of what it's like,
And think a vein of gold to strike,
Are naught but April Fools.

SUGGESTED NAMES FOR NEW MINING COMPANIES.—The Miners' Visionary Gold Mine (Un)limited; Beyond-the-Dreams-of-Avarice Gold Mine; Fools' Paradise; Iouan Promised Land Company; Impudence and Assurance Company; Lunar Greencheese Fields Exploration Company; Spanish Castles Company (Limited).

University Sympathy.

First Errand Boy (after the University Boat Race). Wot 'ave yer got a light blue ribbon in yer button 'ole for, Tommy?

Second E. B. (promptly). 'Cos our 'ouse allus sells Cambridge sausages!



Teaching the Young Idea how to "Feather his Skull."



AMATEUR V. PROFESSIONAL.

Smith (who has lately taken a place in the country—to his garden).
 "NOW, LOOK 'ERE. 'OW THE DEUCE DO YOU EXPECT THOSE POTATOES TO GROW? YOU FIRST CUTS 'EM IN TWO, AND THEN YOU BURY 'EM SO THAT THEY CAN GET NEITHER LIGHT NOR HAIR!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

GEORGE NEWNES Limited have had an illimitably happy thought in adding *Eothen* to their New Library. That deathless work, one of the best books of travel ever written, is as fresh to-day as it was when it issued from the press fifty-four years ago. Just now, when affairs in the East are exceptionally interesting, it is useful and instructing to have these graphic pictures of half a century ago. When KINGLAKE visited Cyprus, and described it in an idyllic chapter, he little dreamt that some day it would be a place of arms flying the English flag. Not to speak of Palestine, we see, through the great historian's clear glasses, Constantinople, Cairo, the Pyramids, Suez, and many other places greatly transformed to-day. Unhampered by copyright tribute, the publishers have been able to turn out an attractive volume at a trifling price. The book is illustrated with forty excellent drawings by H. R. MITCHELL.

A Forgotten Sin (BLACKWOOD) will not add greatly to the reputation of Miss GERARD. The basis of its plot is not particularly pleasant, and the structure is slight. It will serve well enough to wile away an idle hour.

The Making of Matthias. (JOHN LANE.) By J. S. FLETCHER. Little Master *Matthias* seems to have been rather oddly "made." He was "made" much of by both his Grandmother and the old farm labourer, *Timothy*; yet was he not spoilt, but somehow contrived to "make himself" generally useful. He was beloved by all

"The pigs and cows and 'osses,
 And the long-tailed bull what tosses,"

(to quote an ancient rhymester,) he birds'-nested, he collected eggs, he procured an ancient sword from an old Waterloo man, who was evidently not a very distant relation of HENRY IRVING'S

Corporal Brewster, and, armed with this weapon, he went out by moonlight alone, and, in the true spirit of a juvenile *Don Quixote*, cut down whole armies of thistles without a single regret for the wandering donkey's next day's dinner. He performed the stupendous feat of reading *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Peter Wilkins*, and *Adventures of Christopher Columbus*, all together, while simultaneously enjoying his evening meal! This all went of course to the "making of *Matthias*" until he was fifteen, when his Grandmother, who seems to have believed in a sort of modern illustrated-Christmas-book-Christianity, after simply bidding him "Be a good man," died, and left him monarch of all he surveyed, including a hundred sovereigns which were saved up and hidden away somewhere by an unfortunate Irish labourer, since deceased, who, from his conversation, appears to have expatriated himself from one of the Orange districts of that most distressful country. So at last, as master of the farm, apparently a very decent property, with *Timothy*, aged about sixty-five, still to the fore, and with a hundred golden sovereigns ready money somewhere about, Master *Matthias*, aged fifteen, "laid aside the crown of his childhood and took up the harness of the man," and thus was he "made." The story of his "making" (is it intended as a sort of "receipt" to guide anyone who might want to make a *Matthias*?) is told in a pretty, whimsical, pastoral way, and appears in a handy book that may serve to wile away a spare hour or so, with not a few dainty illustrations by LUCY KEMP-WELCH.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

BANK HOLIDAY PROVERBS.

Among the cheap trippers the noisiest lout is king.

Excursion in a hurry, and repent at leisure.

People who travel first with third class tickets should not sit twelve a side and sing songs.

You may take an 'Arry to a Board School, but you can't make him sound his h's.

A railway bar miss has never a smile.

It's a long day's touring that has no ending.

Every cloud of smoke extracts a copper from a coster's lining.

Look after your pockets and the roughs will take care of themselves.

A policeman at hand is worth two on the watch.

You cannot make a day's pleasure out of a rowdy tour.

It's the early riser that gets the first train.

Enough is never sufficient for a beanfeast.

It's the singed coat that fears the cigar-ends.

The concertina has power to wake the savage breast.

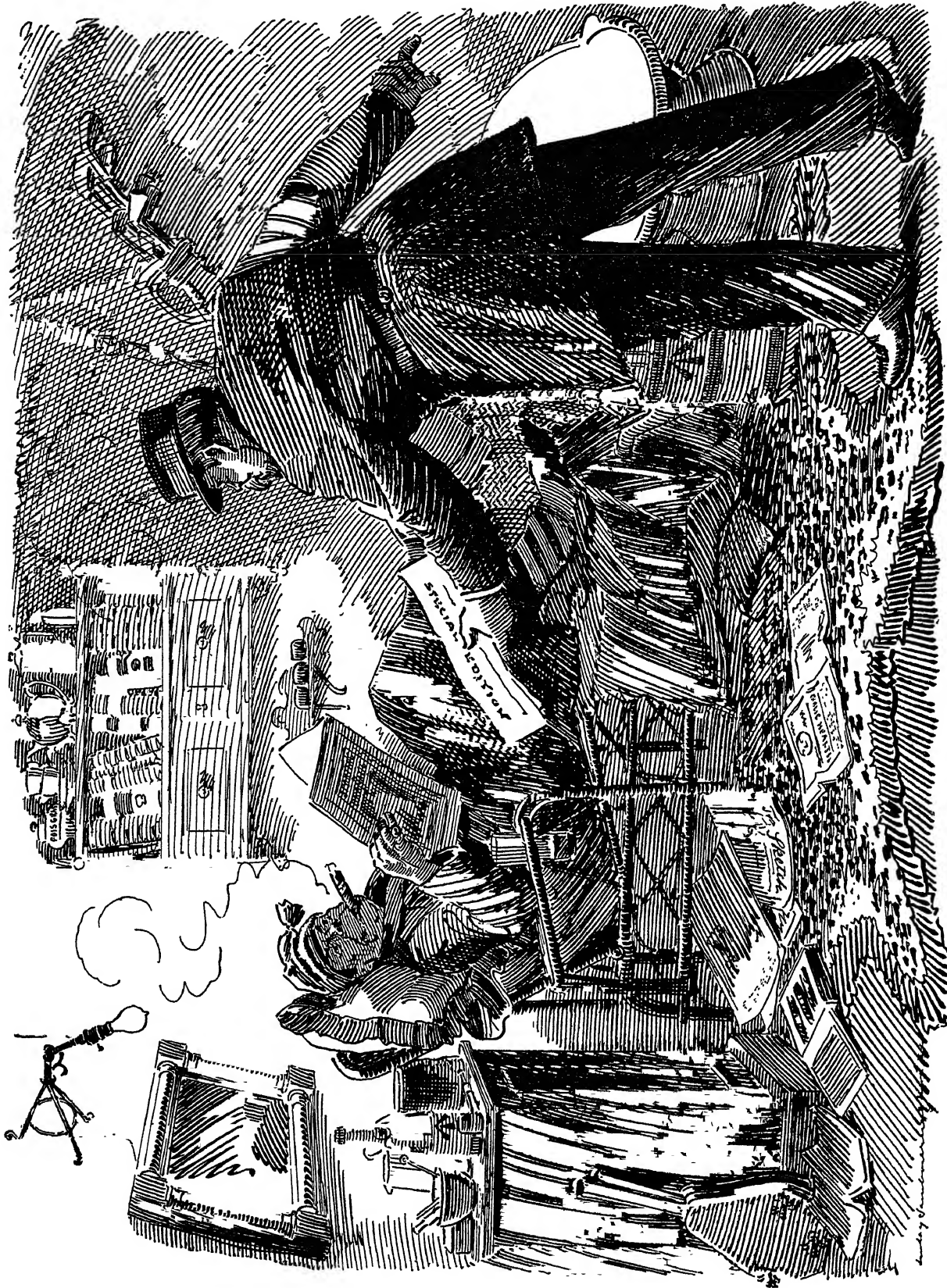
On the day of St. Lubbock there is no place like home.

"AN EXCUSE FOR THE GLASS."

At the recent meeting of the "Actors' Association," Sir HENRY IRVING in the chair, Mr. WYNDHAM, as "CHARLES, his friend," told how, once upon a time, when they were both "beginners," not in the same piece, but applying at the same theatre for an engagement, Mr. WYNDHAM, in a touch-an'-go-light-comedy style, put his elbow through a pane of glass, and neither he nor IRVING ("afterwards Sir HENRY") had sufficient money in their pockets to pay for the damage. If IRVING had had the money, why should he have paid for what he didn't break? "Who breaks, pays." But, "no matter,"—it was a pleasant reminiscence not unmixed with pain. Yet the light-hearted and now heavily-coin-ing Comedian might have added, that if, once, in the early days of their theatrical career, HENRY, with "CHARLES, his friend," had broken a glass in company, at all events many a time and oft in later years, had they, as festive comrades, "cracked a bottle together."

"WHY 'VEGETARIAN'?"—After Sir HENRY THOMPSON'S excellent article in this month's *Nineteenth Century* no self-styled vegetarian would accept the eminent surgeon's invitation to a *tête-à-tête* dinner for fear his host should have only asked him to sit at "a dinner-table fitted with leaves," and should then have "given him beans."

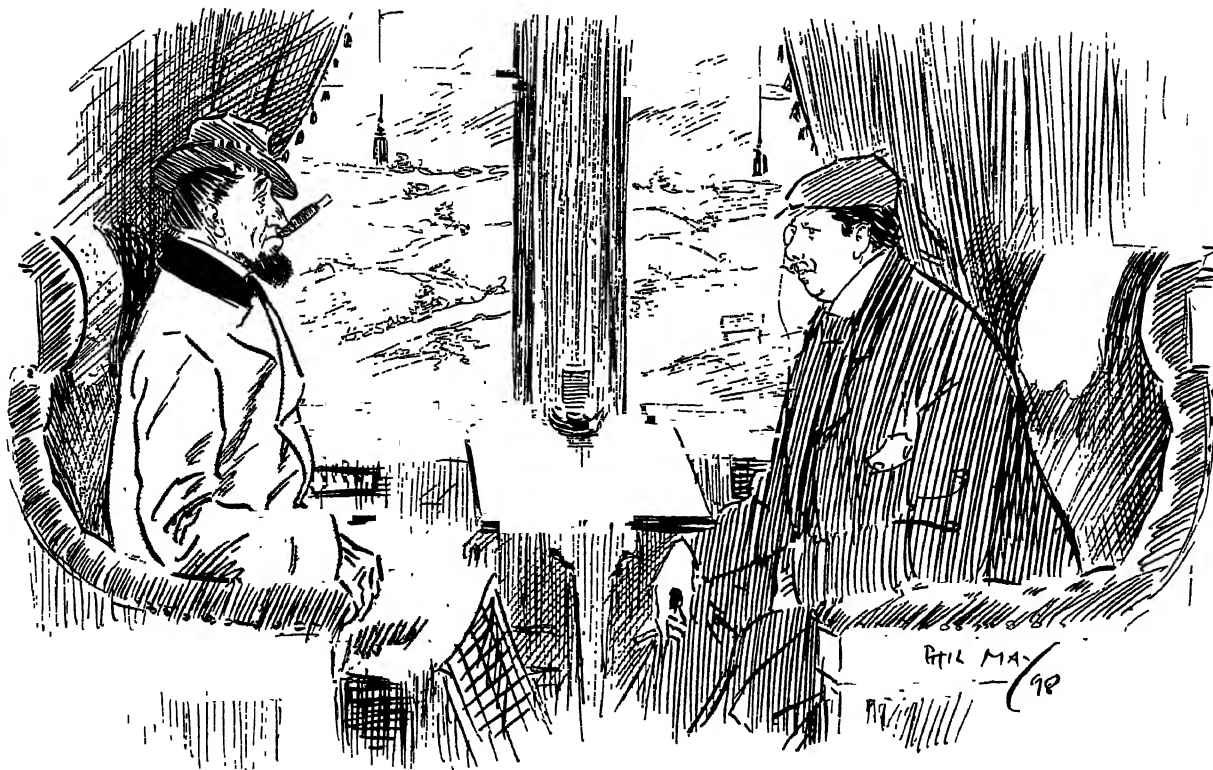
"THE Maine Question" may be considered as practically solved, and peace or war between Spain and the United States becomes now "the Main Question."



THE GAOL OF THE FUTURE.

(AS SOME WOULD HAVE IT.)

Warder. "HOPE YOU ARE QUITE COMFORTABLE, SIR? LATEST EDITION, SIR? LIKE ANYTHING MORE? LIKE THE DOOR LEFT OPEN, SIR?"



NOTES OF TRAVEL.

The Cunard "Special" full speed for London.

John Bull (of the World in general). "THERE IS NOTHING TO BE ALARMED AT. SURELY YOUR AMERICAN TRAINS GO MUCH FASTER THAN THIS!" Jonathan (from the West in particular). "WHY, YAAS. BUT 'TAINT THAT. I'M AFRAID IT 'LL RUN OFF YOUR DARNED LITTLE ISLAND!"

FLITTINGS.

Cape Town, March 8, 1898.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Before trekking up country among the *vleis* (not fleas, I hope) and *koppies*, where you have to be your own postman, I should like to imitate your famous advice, and impart a few "Don'ts" to those of your readers who intend to visit South Africa. As I am just a week old as far as life in this colony is concerned, my counsel will doubtless be accepted for what it is worth, *i.e.*, about one tickle, or 3d.

In the first place, don't come out here unless you have an unlimited capacity for standing, and being stood, drinks. It is a thirsty land, and great is the consumption of fluids. Don't say "How do you do?" to a man before you have asked him what he will take. The bar is the only starting-place for a conversational exercise.

Don't waste any time in looking for the Southern Cross. It is like an insignificant and lop-sided kite, and should be abolished without delay.

Don't try to eat a South African peach. It has to be cut and peeled like an apple, and feels like a billiard ball. It is, I believe, used for that purpose in the remoter districts where the game is played.

If you have come to your last sovereign, don't have your things washed. My washing bill comes to 19s. 1d. this week, an und-r v-st and p-r of p-ts being charged fivepence each. *Verb. sap.*

Don't take it as a personal affront if the Customs Officer enquires if you are landing any cats, when you have your wife or sister with you.

Don't expect Parisian cooking at the



["Agents are offering to supply milk from Normandy for London."—Daily Paper.] If we are to have Normandy milk, why not Normandy milk-maids? They would be distinctly picturesque.

hotels, as you certainly won't get it. You have to wash your own grapes and be thankful.

Don't wash more than you can help. It is a pity to make the water dirtier than it already is.

Don't omit a visit to the really fine public buildings of Cape Town, such as the Houses of Parliament, where the officials are courteousness itself in explaining things to strangers.

Don't talk about a magnificent "blow-of-the-eye" (as "Auguste" would term it), until you have seen Table Mountain and its attendant peaks rising precipitously behind the city.

Don't forget to journey to Grootteschuur (Mr. Rhodes' residence), but don't ask me to pronounce this and other Cape-Dutch names.

Don't expect to sleep when there are electric-cars, Salvation bands, steam-whistles, praying mantises, Malays, mosquitoes, and Bulawayo troopers in full blast within earshot.

Yours negatively,
X. Y. Z.

Conversation Overheard in the Garden of Britannic Flora.

Rose. Well, I never heard of such impudence. A kitchen vegetable!

Thistle. Not fit to feed donkeys on!

Shamrock. A wretched mongrel of an onion! This, bedad! is another injustice to Ireland! Not even a decent pratle!

[Then the Leek, who had overheard the above cruel remarks, wrote to Mr. Gil-dst-ne, and received a consolatory post-card, which caused it to blossom into a Welsh orchid.]



CONSOLATION.

Miss Scott. "YES, SHE HAS BEEN SAYING ALL MANNER OF WICKED THINGS ABOUT ME."

Friend. "YOU SHOULD NOT HEED HER, DEAR. SHE MERELY REPEATS WHAT OTHER PEOPLE SAY!"

LITERARY TOUTS.

II.—THE REPORT PREVIOUS.

"I hesitate to say what the functions of modern journalists are, but I imagine they do not exclude the intelligent anticipation of facts before they occur."—*Mr. Curzon in the House, March 29.*

Among the most popular *canards sauvages* is a breed which may be tersely represented by the following chronological tree:—

WISH

THOUGHT.

(*Shakespeare, Henry the Fourth, Part II.*)

A specimen plucked from the *Chronic Adviser* (March 24) will suffice.

RESIGNATION OF LORD S-L-SB-RY.

HIS PROBABLE SUCCESSOR.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

"We have received the following information from a source so exceptionally trustworthy as almost to warrant us in hesitating to publish it. It will be within the memory of the most callous that the Cabinet was hurriedly summoned at 2.30 A.M. on Tuesday. They did not go home till morning; and at 8.15, or more than an hour after sunrise, smoke was still issuing from the chimney of the private *fumoir* of Devonshire House.

Later in the day, the Duke, who is usually a stern, cold man, ranging apart, was seen in the purlieus of St. Stephen's, habited in a flowered waistcoat, and conversing with one or more of the constables on duty.

"The Leader of the House, who was expected to play a tie over the Tooting Bec course during question hour, is alleged to have scratched on the plea of nervous prostration.

"At 4.30 P.M., a well-known Queen's messenger was being measured for a travelling suit. At the same hour, Colonel L-c-k-w-d ordered from his West End tailor an inflammatory waistcoat.

"Our information is that these movements had nothing to do with the simultaneous visit of the naval attaché of the Helvetian Republic to Mr. C-r-z-n's ante-room. Many of our contemporaries have been misled as to the significance of this projected consultation.

"Facts, our informant tells us, will only develop slowly. The official acknowledgment of the actual resignation of the Premier may be delayed for months, or, it may be, for years. None the less is it already, for all practical purposes, a *fait accompli*."

March 25.

"As we hinted in our last issue, the Foreign Office has denied all knowledge of the facts upon which our statement of yesterday was based. This provides yet a further example, if one were needed, of the dilatoriness of a Government whose information on public matters is invariably posterior to that of the advanced Press. It is at the same time readily conceivable that the very announcement of the Premier's resignation, made in these columns, may have been the involuntary cause of its postponement.



Proposed alteration in the Chinese Willow Pattern Plate after the Russian Occupation of Talienwan.

"If not, then time alone will show who was right, we or Lord S-L-SB-RY."

Pass now to Foreign Affairs, which afford a wider scope for winged Fancy. In order to keep abreast of the New Journalism, Mr. Punch has been compelled to dispatch a staff of prophets to the hottest corners of the globe, for the purpose of anticipating eventualities. On the verge of going to press he is privileged to publish the following head-lines and other exclusive novelties, of which the official confirmation is not expected till after the Easter recess.

REPORTED RISING ON THE RIVIERA
HAS FRANCE JOINED RUSSIA?
MENACING ATTITUDE OF THE ALPINE CORPS.
LORD S-L-SB-RY ESCAPES FROM BEAULIEU
IN AN OPEN BOAT.

(From Our Special Monaco Commissioner.)
Hôtel Néropole, Monte Carlo.
April 5.

The Far-East-West-African problem has reached an acute crisis. War-clouds loom in the offing. It is the night before the battle.

In an interview with the head *croupier* this morning I gathered that, in the event of France combining with Russia in a hostile demonstration against Great Britain, the Principality of Monaco would maintain

AN ARMED NEUTRALITY.

A young friend of mine at Beaulieu telegraphs that shortly after dawn yesterday a company of the famous Alpine Corps, armed to the teeth with ropes and ice-choppers, went through a series of warlike evolutions opposite Lord S-L-SB-RY's picturesque villa, which commands an uninterrupted view of the Mediterranean.

Under cover of the hour of *siesta*, the Premier, accompanied only by a faithful butler, who carried a tea-basket and

SIX AIR-BLADDERS,

put out to sea in his new outrigger, and headed for Bordighera.

The wind was contrary and the sea extremely inclement.

Eluding the French fleet, which lay round the corner off Villefranche, they were eventually forced, after battling with heroic fortitude for a day and a night on the deep, and suffering unexampled inconvenience, to put in to Ventimiglia, which is in the territory of Italy,

OUR ONLY FRIENDS.

Here his Lordship was last seen, wet to the skin, trying to get the air-bladders through the *douane*.

Piper MILNE, the hero of Dargai, has been telegraphed for.

LATER.

All is quiet at Cimiez.

The QUEEN drove out as usual this afternoon.

It transpires that Lord S-L-SB-RY yesterday reviewed a regiment of the Alpine Corps, and subsequently entertained the officers at *déjeuner*.

He remains at Beaulieu, where he finds the climate pleasingly salubrious.

There has been a clerical error about the hero of Dargai. It was not MILNE, but FINDLATER, and neither has been sent for.

The new outrigger has not yet arrived from England. It has to be ordered first.

The sea is calmer than ever.

The relations between Great Britain and the European Powers continue friendly and unstrained.

LATER STILL.

I have broken the bank.



A TEST CASE.

"OF COURSE I KNOW HE'S AN AWFULLY STRAIGHT-LACED SORT OF JOHNNIE; BUT IT'S RATHER A TALL ORDER TO SAY HE NEVER USES STRONG LANGUAGE, ISN'T IT?"

"I DON'T KNOW. I MET HIM THE OTHER DAY, AND HE SAID IT WAS OPPRESSIVELY WARM!"

In the best quarters this is regarded as likely to furnish a *causa belli*.

STILL LATER.

I have lost all my winnings.
 Everything points to peace.

EASTER EGGS.

THE undermentioned folk, we beg To state, deserve an Easter egg. For instance, to the Oxford eight, An egg their win to celebrate.

The piper of the Gordons' gay Who at Dargai ne'er ceased to play, Tho' shot and wounded in both legs, Honours shall have for Easter eggs.

To Mr. TREE, who should be proud Of his amazing Roman crowd Which with a lifelike movement sways, We tribute pay, an egg of praise.

To ladies who with forethought kind Remember those who sit behind, And leave their hats on cloak-room pegs, We offer thanks for Easter eggs.

To that just Judge, the Lord High Chief, Who grants to editors relief From libel actions, him we deem Worthy the egg of our esteem.

To best of burlesque boys, "Our Nell," Who lately has been so unwell, The egg of comfort, if not wealth, And Easter egg of perfect health.



"WE'RE GOING TO THE LYCEUM TO-MORROW NIGHT, TO SEE THE *MERCHANT OF VENICE*."
 "OH, YOU LUCKY GIRL! I'VE ALWAYS SO WANTED TO SEE IRVING PLAY '*SHERLOCK HOLMES*!'"

OUR SECOND CHILDHOOD.

"I hear that 'stool-ball' is likely to become the fashionable game at garden parties this year."
A Ladies' Journal.

MRS. ATAMODE's party on Tuesday last was favoured with delightful weather, and a large number of guests, including most of the leaders of Society, had accepted her invitation. The entertainment was thoroughly *chic* and up-to-date. After tea—the chief items of which repast were lemonade, peppermints, and jam-puffs—most of the company took part in an exciting game of "touch-last," which was carried on with great zest, a Cabinet Minister and an eminent scientist winning loud applause by their skill. In another part of the grounds I came across two well-known poets, who

were playing "leap-frog" with evident enjoyment.

THE annual marble-match between Oxford and Cambridge takes place this week, and is certain to attract an enormous crowd. Most of the events seem more than usually open, but the Light Blues will probably succeed in "hopscotch," while they can hardly hope to defeat their rivals in "five-in-a-ring." It is certainly hard luck upon the Cambridge team that, by an absurd University statute, they should be debarred from practising on the Senate-House steps, which would form a highly advantageous training-ground. Since, however, they went into strict training a fortnight ago, they have been coached by Master THOMAS TITTLEBAT, the eminent

champion of Swishemall College, and under his able tuition they are certain to prove a strong side.

I AM often asked by my readers where they can obtain really first-class skipping-ropes at a moderate figure. They cannot do better than visit Messrs. SMITH AND ROBINSON's Bond Street establishment, where many of the smartest people have bought their skipping-ropes for this season. The latest fashion is to have them with jewelled handles, and the rope dyed a bright magenta colour. The same firm are also noted for their peg-tops, but owing to the great demand for these articles, I hear that orders for them cannot be executed in less than a month's time. However, there is a rumour that whip-tops will become more fashionable before the season is over.

A CHARMING hoop-gymkhana was held at Diddledum Court last week, and most of the events were well-contested. A most exciting three-mile race was won in gallant style by the Bishop of the Diocese, who defeated the Earl of SHOREDITCH by half-a-length. I noticed that the right reverend gentleman bowled an iron-tired "Invincible," while his rival propelled a wooden "Coventry Flyaway." Both these hoops are splendidly made.

THE selection-committee of the All-England N.P.C. have an anxious task before them in choosing a team of nine-pin players to represent us against Australia. In the last test-match, it will be remembered, we were decisively beaten. But some good judges aver that the delivery of one of the Australian team was distinctly unfair. It is to be hoped that there will be no room for any doubts of this kind when the return match takes place at Lord's next week.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to deprecate the foolish policy of certain enthusiasts who are attempting to revive the public taste for such games as cricket, golf, and lawn-tennis. Their efforts, as he truly points out, are foredoomed to failure. Pastimes of this description are suitable enough for schoolboys, who are able to find pleasure even in a cricket-match. But, happily, it is useless to expect in the present day that grown-up persons will waste their time over these eminently childish amusements. How strange it seems to reflect that our ancestors once preferred the infantile game called "foot-ball" to a recreation so thrilling as "hide-and-seek"!

"THE SPECTRAL TRAIN."

IN the *Standard* of Friday, April 1 (a suspicious date, it must be conceded), appeared a letter stating how its writer once saw two trains when there was only one! The first, he went on to explain, was a "spectral train," which, "after a short interval," was followed by a real train. Then he concludes with the question, "Was the phantom caused by a double reflection?" It may have occurred to some ribald sceptics to ask whether the letter would have been written after "double reflection"? For our own part, being on moderately good terms with certain familiar spirits, which agree with us on most occasions, we are inclined to think that the writer in question actually did see a "spectral train." The following interrogation answered in the affirmative would put the matter beyond doubt, namely, "Was the train made up of Bogey carriages?"



“STANDING BY.”



UNNECESSARY.

Mother. "HAVEN'T YOU GOT YOUR GLOVES, ALEXANDER?"
Alexander. "No, MOTHER. BUT MY HANDS ARE QUITE CLEAN!"

BOADICEA.

(In the metre of Mr. GEORGE MEREDITH'S "Revolution" in Cosmopolis.)

BOADICEA, BOADICEA!
Melodramatically waving amazed in the day's young beams,
Thou, the triumphant, tonant, towering upper!
Thus tootles the tin trumpet of the poet.
Oh dear, oh dear!
Like his poetry thou seemest a nigerous nightmare after
superfluous supper.
Crazed and amazed thou standest, colossal pursuer
Of the gorgeous green Atlas omnibus, so it seems
To people gazing a glacial wonder,
The butcher, the baker, the brewer.
Blow it!
How could bold Battersea BURNS brazen thy braggart beauty,
Ridging up a red roaring jaw-gape?
Was it his democratic duty
To let thee for ever prank on the paralysed populace?
Where is HARBOUR to defend us,
He, the admirer of fortuitous factories of jam,
The tonant critic of architectonic crimes,
The clarion denouncer of New Scotland Yard;
Amort all passion, grasping for grace?
Where are the thirty, more or less, learned, more or less, in art,
Who wrote to the
Times?
Where are they, where is he?
Where is anybody to make a fuss;
To suggest that we could cram
Thee, oh BOADICEA! and most of our statues, somewhere
inside that police station;

Horridly herculean hard!
In some obscure, tenebrious, unilluminated part,
And clear away thee, and them, and it, in one copious,
crimson conflagration!

EASTER TRIPPING.

(A Personally-Conducted Letter.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—By the time these lines are in type—if you are good enough to print them—the great British Public will be considering where to go for the brief Spring recess. This being so, I think it my duty to put before your readers, with your permission, the result of my calculations. I say without hesitation that it is perfectly feasible to get to Rome and back for a five-pound note, and the journey may be made in comfort. There is no necessity for roughing it.

To start. The Channel route via Dover and Calais is a long way the best. It costs but a few shillings. One can reach Paris in half-a-dozen hours—or thereabouts. Of course, one must not be lavish in one's expenditure in the City of Pleasures. A day's board will only come to a shilling or two judiciously expended. Then off to Switzerland, and by the Simplon into Italy. A few hours may be spent at Stresa, Milan, and Genoa. Then direct to Rome. In the City of the Popes and the Cæsars living is cheap if one finds out where to go. It will be well to reserve a few shillings for a guide book—a most excellent substitute for a guide. And having reached Rome, no doubt one's purse will be found to be exhausted. You cannot get to Paris under a sovereign, and travelling thence to Switzerland costs a sovereign more, and a sovereign will be needed for the railway journey to Italy. The remaining forty shillings will have served for refreshments on the road. Added together, the expenses come to £5. Q. E. D.

Yours very faithfully, A PRACTICAL MAN.

P.S.—By the way, I find that I have not allowed funds for the journey home. This is a detail. If worst comes to the worst, one can walk.



THERE'S THE RUB!

First Old Villager (to Second ditto). "I MET TH' OLE SQUIRE THIS MORNIN', AN' 'JOHN,' SAYS HE, 'YOU DROVE ME FOR NIGH ON FORTY YEAR.' 'I DID, SIR,' SAYS I. 'WELL,' SAYS HE, 'YOU 'LL BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT I'M STARTIN' A MOTOR-CAR.' 'INDEED, SIR, I'M VERY SORRY,' SAYS I. 'WHY?' SAYS HE. 'WELL, SIR,' SAYS I, 'IT'S LIKE THIS: STARTIN' A MOTOR-CAR IS ALL RIGHT; I 'AVEN'T A WORD TO SAY AGEN IT, IF A MAN 'AS NO ONE DEPENDENT ON 'IM; BUT IT'S WHEN YE COME TO STOPPIN' IT THAT THE TROUBLE BEGINS!'"



UNFEELING.

Bystander (to Amateur Jockey, whose mount has unseated him). "D'YER MIND DOIN' THAT AGAIN, CAPTIN? MY PAL 'ERE DIDN'T QUITE SEE IT!"

CHANGING FROM DAY TO DAY.

(Extract from a Leading Article picked up in Fleet Street.)

THERE is no doubt that a crisis is at hand. We are in the midst of alarms and rumours of war, and the coming cloud of disaster rises above the horizon. The day for half measures is over, and now it is the duty of every Briton—be he soldier, sailor, or civilian—to keep his powder dry and to be ready, aye, ready. It must not be forgotten that England is England, and what the "tight little island" once has done, can and may have to be re-accomplished.

And yet Peace is not only an ideal. After all and before all, men are a band of brothers. There is but little difference between the Russian and the Anglo-Saxon, the Teuton and the Celt. Human nature is very human, and blood is thicker than water. We may fight lions and tigers, but common sense forbids man—intelligent man—taking up the sword against his brother. It is unnatural. It is unwise.

But honour is honour. As our national bard has tersely put it, he who steals a purse steals trash. But honour is honour. The sword is the last resource it is true, but it must be unsheathed when the good fame of a nation cries for protection. It has been this jealousy of reputation that has called into existence DRAKE and MARLBOROUGH, WELLINGTON and NELSON.

And yet who would shed blood for an idea? In these days of modern civilisation the pen has taken the place of the cannon. Is not ink stronger than gunpowder, paper than dynamite? And what is honour? Is it not a sentiment that varies in interpretation? The honour of the Hottentot is not the honour of the European. Then why fight for an idea? The notion is not only pernicious, but absurd.

In conclusion, there is but one word more to be said. It may be advanced by the captious that what we have suggested above

is more or less contradictory. The purist may even go so far as to declare that what we have asserted in one paragraph we have contradicted in its successor. Be it so. But let our readers remember that at this season of the year most things have to be written in advance—aye, and much in advance—to secure the well-earned leisure of the Easter Vacation.

Note and Query to Sir Henry Thompson (Inspector of Food Feeding).

N. Being in "the temperate zone," it is incumbent on us to live temperately. Of course. In the "intemperate zone" the duty would be equally evident.

Q. Might an author, who makes his livelihood entirely by contributing regularly to magazines, be fairly described as "one who lives on 'cereals'?"

MR. PUNCH observes that there is a general wish to make the Crystal Palace a National Institution. Mr. P. cordially endorses the views of the promoters of the movement, but suggests, in view of the Exhibition of 1851, that the undertaking should be extended in its scope, and that a new international slab be placed beneath the great Constructor's bust under the Terrace, inscribed "Pax-stone," as a memorial of International Peace.

"THE COMING RATE."—Generally a very rapid one if it is a bicyclist, and then also a very dangerous one to the unprotected pedestrian.

"AN IMPORTANT FACTOR."—A Scotch agent who has to collect the rents.

ITEM ON A MENU OF LITERARY PABULUM.—"Shakspeare and Bacon."

DARBY JONES ON THE ALEXANDRA PARK SPRING MEETING.

HONOURED SIR,—You, and, I trust, my other noble patrons can appreciate whether your Humble Vates deserves well of his fellow-citizens. You little know the pride with which even the very minor Prophets point to their successful prognostications, nor what little capital is needed to make a Gullible Public hand over its Hard-earned Shekels for "One-horse Snips," "Wires from the Course," "Stable Secrets," and "Special Certainities." Far be it from me to depreciate the Astuteness of those Seers who, having given, say, *Cotopaxi* at 5 to 1 on, and *Chimborazo* at 6 to 4 on, proclaim the Triumph of their Perspicacity with a vigour, which causes the Man-out-of-the-Know to surmise that the Victorious Quadrupeds were probably owned, bred, trained, aye, and even ridden by these vociferous gentry, but I do say that a Professor of Equine Research, who by dint of Hard Study is enabled to sift the Wheat from the Chaff, and pick out plums such as the diminutive John Horner never dreamt of, from the Currant Cake, I repeat, that Toiler of the Turf is worthy of more gold, silver or bronze than the unseemly assaults from toe-capped boots, which—alas! I speak feelingly—often fall to his lot. And it is in the early Spring that the *Illuminati* are busy with the Records of the Past, remembering deeds which the Careless Punter never calls to mind, while they look up weights and distances, and generally polish their Memories with Chronological Facts.

But let us back to our Gee-Gees, and to that "Spring, Spring, gentle Spring," which used in bygone days musically to intoxicate our ears at Covent Garden Theatre, and yet drove us to thoughts of self-destruction when repeated by the Banditti of the Barrel-organ.

I turn in what may be called a Week of Desolation to the gathering at Alexandra Park—to my mind, a curious sort of show, where some Jockeys finish nohow and some Horses nowhere. There are many Mysteries, believe me, honoured Sir, developed on the Sward which abuts on the International Exhibition of 1862. Here the Genial and Generous Licensed Victualler, especially on a Saturday, is in full swing, but nevertheless he rubs coats in Tattersall's Ring with some of the most Aristocratic Philequists (my own, own word) who ever wore Newmarket Coats or wore patent leather boots. There are ladies too, as well, who have indulged in fish often of the Fried Order for their luncheons, but are none the less as hearty as if they had made their *déjeuners* on beef steaks or mutton chops, while drinks effervesce, from champagne to bottled stout. In short, esteemed patron, Alexandra Park is jovial. Having said this much, let me put my selection into poetical *précis* worthy of Lord SALISBURY and HER MAJESTY'S Foreign Office. It runs as follows:—

Beware of the *Furniture Bart*,

Beware if the *Rooster* is there;

But look out if the *Yankee* should start,

And the *Un-named* may make us all stare!

Having thus wandered into a land not often touched upon, I remain, honoured Sir,

Your obedient and Argus-eyed Servitor,
DARBY JONES.

SOMETIME AFTER CHARLES LAMB.—Reports from China: Pig tales.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 28.—Monotony of voting millions for landlords, for denominational schools, for Army and Navy, varied to-night by further progress with measure that will transform approaches to the Palace of Westminster and open up new vista of Westminster Abbey. As CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES put it, we are wa.ting two ironclads and a cruiser on mer,

SQUIRE hampered, as is the common lot of Liberal Chancellors of the Exchequer, with the task of paying off debts incurred by late tenants of Downing Street, had no money for Westminster improvements, or so he told HERBERT. That astute young man, having exhausted other arguments, had a plan drawn up showing how the neighbourhood of the Abbey and the Houses of Parliament would appear when the new avenues were opened. This he sent as sort of New Year's Card to his



TWO IMPRESSIONS OF THE O'MACALEESE!

"I move, Sir, that you report progress!"

Progress was reported!

streets and buildings. AKERS-DOUGLAS has business in hand. May be depended upon to carry it out thoroughly. Since HAUSSMANN began his work in Paris, no Minister has had such opportunity. First Commissioner will write his name large on the very heart of the metropolis.

AKERS-DOUGLAS already beginning to taste the sweets of adulation. He is the last man willingly to wear borrowed plumes. He remembers, if others forget, that the inception of the idea, the drafting of the scheme, belongs to the credit of his predecessor. If anyone is to adopt CICERO'S unmelodious boast,

O fortunatam, natam, me consule, Romam!

it is HERBERT GLADSTONE. It was he, whilst First Commissioner of Works, who buckled to a task of which some of his forerunners, notably DAVID PLUNKET, dreamed.

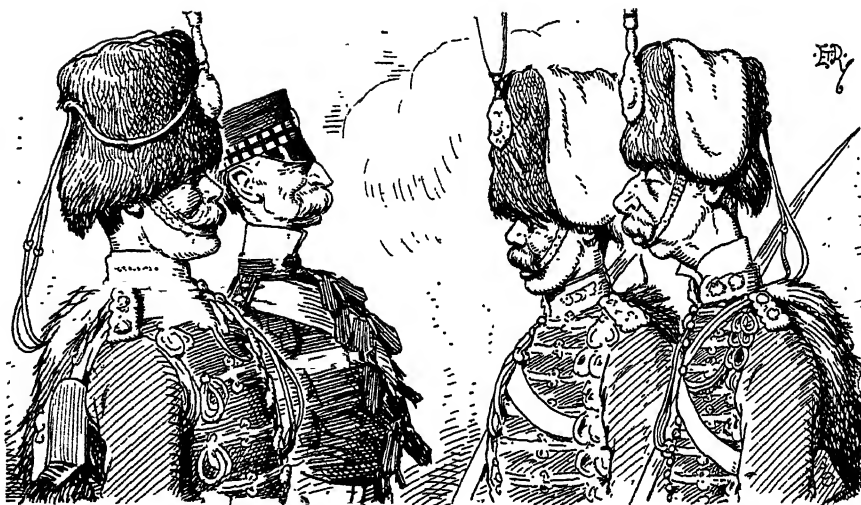
SARK, from whom no secrets are hid, tells me how HERBERT managed to get round the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. The

esteemed Leader. The SQUIRE brooded over it till its fascination became irresistible, and he undertook to find the money to start the scheme. Thereupon HERBERT went to work, drafted his Bill, got preliminary Parliamentary sanction, was ready to begin the work, when ST. JOHN BRODRICK'S little cordite plot blew him and his colleagues out of office.

"Yes," said the SQUIRE, "but I left behind me a surplus, and established the bases of other surpluses, that enable AKERS-DOUGLAS to do the thing thoroughly. Thus do oxen for others bear the yoke, thus do bees for others make honey."

Business done.—Public Building Bill, involving expenditure of two-and-a-half millions at Westminster, read second time.

Tuesday.—In solemn silence House hears confirmation of what the MARKISS some weeks ago contemptuously dismissed as the legend of Talienwan. The only person unmoved is the Under-Secretary. Questioned on the point, he, with studiously



THE OLD SOLDIERS SPRING TO ARMS!

indifferent manner, reads a memorandum to the effect that the Russian Ambassador has notified Her Majesty's Government that by a convention, signed on March 27, the usufruct of Port Arthur, Talienwan, and the adjacent territories, has been granted to Russia by the Chinese Government.

That blessed word usufruct! Collared, grabbed, is our rough English way of describing the transaction. "The usufruct granted" is the polite Russian's way of putting it, anxious above all things not to offend insular sensibilities.

To outward appearance Members as unruffled as the Under-Secretary. Beneath the surface beat waves of bitter resentment. "Supposing," good Conservatives say to each other, "that Mr. G. and his men were in office just now, and had done this thing, what should we say and do?"

As it is, impulse of revolt threatens to overcome lifelong habit of discipline. BASHFORD-ARTLETT bounds on the bench more than ever like an india-rubber ball suffering from indigestion. CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES thoughtfully rubs the crown of his head with the tip of his hooked arm. YERBURGH resolves to give another dinner at the Junior Carlton, where the State may be saved over coffee and cigars. P. & O. SUTHERLAND contemplates further conference of eminent men in the Board Room of the offices in Leadenhall Street, speeches strictly limited to forty-five minutes' duration.

Most ominous of all is the apparition of MARK LOCKWOOD in a waistcoat that seems to have been steeped all night in the blood of the enemies of the British Empire. The planet Mars a mere washed-out pocket-handkerchief compared with the hue of the Colonel's waistcoat. Since the Mad Mullah dyed his turban pea-green, and stirred the Afridis into fighting mood, nothing like it has been seen under the abashed sun.

"What does it mean?" I, in affrighted whisper, asked SARK.

"It means war," he said, moodily.

Curious to note, as the Colonel marches up the House, the reflected glow of his waistcoat shedding a sunset hue on the pale faces fringing the benches to the left, how, like a trumpet call, it affects the veterans.

Captain Sir ELLIOTT LEES of the Dorset Yeomanry; Major LEGH of the Lancashire Hussars Yeomanry; Colonel WALTER LONG of the Royal Wilts Yeomanry; and Captain GEORGE WYNDHAM of the Cheshire Yeomanry, involuntarily square their shoulders and grip between their knees an imaginary war-horse.

Only SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, softly smiling at many things, sits master of himself though China fall.

Business done.—The Legend of Talienwan confirmed.

Friday.—"Poof! TOBY," said LORD CHANCELLOR, mopping his majestic brow, "Easter holidays don't come too soon. At least, not in this shop. Used to work; been a slave to it all my life, especially when I had to study briefs. Begin to



TOBY AND THE CHANCELLOR.

"It's too much for one man, Toby!"

think I've had enough; just think what we've gone through since Session opened. At a quarter past four I walk up floor in stately robes; open proceedings with prayer (usually there are no proceedings, but that no matter). Then I sit on Wool-sack whilst the few Peers present chat for the ten minutes intervening before time when public business commences. Sharp on stroke of half-past four public business called on. We read a Bill a second or third time. Or somebody answers a question somebody else has mumbled. Then

the MARKISS, or in his absence COUNTY GUY, if he chances to have arrived in time, moves adjournment. I put question, declare 'Contents have it,' and three minutes after hour of public business has struck, sometimes as much as five minutes, I'm a-sailing down the House like some stately Argosy, as you put it, bound for home. It's too much, TOBY, too much for one man, and he no longer in the forties. Can't last, you know. I'll soon have to be living on my country and my pension."

Business done.—House of Lords adjourned for Easter Recess, peers promising to look in on Tuesday afternoon to hear statement on situation in the Far East.



THE BURDEN OF TAXATION.

"What will he do with it?"

[For the financial year ending March 31, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has received £106,614,004, or fully Three and a quarter Millions more than he anticipated.]

A VOICE FROM THE PRESS.

WHAT is the voice I hear
In *Standard* and *Times* and *Star*?
Sentinel, say! (I am far from clear
About your identity—far,
Or why you are sentinel, where you guard,
and what in the world you are.)

"By the truisms which it obtrudes,
By its obvious fiddlededee,
By its time-honoured platitudes,
The voice is familiar to me—
'Tis the Laureate bold at a penny a line or
whatever his price may be.

"He tells us in verses six
What might have been told in one,
Or better still, for his metre sticks
Like a fly in the jam, in none,
And when he has finished we know as much
as when he had just begun.

"There's much of the usual sort,
Original, very—e.g.,
That 'we are the lords of the main'—in
short,
The usual thing, you see,
When the Laureate starts at a penny a line
or whatever his price may be."



Rough Rider (to old Creeper, who will not let his horse jump). "NOW THEN, GUV'NOR, IF YOU ARE QUITE SURE YOU CAN'T GET UNDER IT, PERHAPS YOU 'LL LET ME 'AVE A TURN!"

OUR HUNT "POINT TO POINT."

LAST week our Point to Point steeple-chase came off. So did several of the riders: this merely *par parenthèse*. I offered to mark out the course, and, as I intended to escape the dread ordeal of riding by scratching my horse at the last moment, I thought it would be great fun to choose a very stiff, not to say blood-thirsty, line. Awful grumbling on the part of those unhappy ones who were to ride. Just as the bell rang for saddling, Captain SPROOZER, ready dressed for the fray, came up to me with very long face, and said, "Beastly line this, you know, PHUNKER. I call it much too stiff."

I smiled in pitying and superior manner. "Think so, my dear SPROOZER? My horse can't run, worse luck, but I only wish I were going to have the gallop over it."

"So you shall, then!" cried a rasping voice, suddenly, from behind me. Sir HERCULES BLIZZARD was the speaker, an awful man with an awful temper. "So you shall. My idiot of a jockey broke his collar-bone trying to jump one of the fences on this confounded course of yours to-day, so, as I am without a rider, you shall ride my mare *Dinah*."

Swallowed lump in my throat as I thanked him for his offer, but thought I had better decline, as I didn't know the mare, and besides that, I—

"Oh! all right, I know what you are going to say: that you're not much good on a horse"—(nothing of the sort! I was not going to say any such thing, confound the man!) "Of course, I know all that, and that you're not much of a rider; but I can't help myself now. It's too late to

get a decent horseman, so I shall have to make shift with you."

Deuced condescending of him. I made a feeble effort to escape, and would cheerfully have paid a hundred pounds for the chance of doing so. PHIL POUNDAWAY, great friend of mine, came up and said (sympathetically, as I thought at first), "I should think you'd prefer to get off it, wouldn't you, PHUNKER?"

Thought he would volunteer in my place, so was perfectly frank with him. "My dear PHIL, I'd give a hundred to get off—"

"Ah! you will, I expect, at the first fence, without paying the money!" he grinned, as he turned away.

Murder was in my heart at that moment. I got on *Dinah*, and, feeling like death, rode down to the starting-post. Thoughts of a misspent youth, of home and friends and things, came o'er me. I seemed once more to see the little rose-covered porch, the—

"What on earth are you mooning about?" thundered the Blizzardian voice in my ear. "Take hold of her head tighter than that, or you'll be off!"

The next moment the starter yelled "Go!" and away, like a whirlwind, we sped across the first field, towards a huge, thick blackthorn fence, the one I had thought to see such fun with. Fun! I never felt less funny in my life, as we approached it at the rate of two thousand miles an hour! The mare jumped high, but I jumped much higher, and seemed for a brief moment to be soaring through the blue empyrean. Somehow, the mare managed to evade me on the return journey earthwards, and, instead of alighting on the saddle, I found myself "sitting on the

floor." A howl—it might have been of sympathy, but it didn't sound quite like that—arose from the crowd, and then I thought that I would go home on foot, instead of returning to explain matters to Sir HERCULES. As a matter of fact, I don't much care for associating with old BLIZZARD, at all events, not just now.

SONGS FOR THE NATION.

"*Λάος ἄρε ἔ λάρυυ σόργς ἐσσετιαλ.*"

'Arrystophanes.

It is evident that the Nation is yearning for singable songs in the 'Arry dialect. The late lamented ARTEMUS WARD would probably have said, "Let her yearn"; but a stern sense of duty impels me to try and meet the need, created by the *Daily Chronicle*. I have a comforting impression that all that is necessary to insure correctness is to "chinge" as many "a"s as possible into "i"s. By this means I secure the "local colouring," which, by the way, has undergone a complete change since DICKENS spelt Weller "with a wee, my Lord." A catchword, *à propos* of nothing, is always useful, so I have duly provided it.

'ARRY THE OPTIMIST.

I.

Oh! you should see
My gal and me
(MARIAR is 'er nime),
When we go daown
To Brighton taown
To 'ave a gorjus time.
She wears sich feathers in 'er 'at,
She's beautiful and guv,
But it ain't all beer and skittles—flat!
And 'ere's the reason why:

Refrine—

She 'urries me, she worries me,
To ketch the bloomin' trine;
She 'ustles me, she bustles me,
She grumbles 'alf the time:
It's "'ARRY do," and "'ARRY don't,"
Which "'ARRY" will or "'ARRY" won't
(It goes against the grine),
But—

(Triumphantly.)

We 'as a 'appy 'ollidy,
We gits there all the sime.
—'Urry up, 'ARRY!

II.

And when we reach
The Brighton beach
It's sure to pour with rine;
A pub is not
A 'appy spot
For us to set and drine;
Yet there we set and tike our beer
And while awy the dy,
Though we don't 'ave words, no bloomin' fear!

MARIAR 'as 'er sy.

Refrine—

'Er langwidge is for sangwidges,
She's sorry that she cime;
The weather's wrong, 'er feather's wrong,
I 'as to tike the blame.
It's "'ARRY" 'ere, and "'ARRY" there,
And "'ARRY, you're a bloomin' bear,"
And "'ARRY, it's a shime"—

(Spoken.)—Which is 'ard on a feller!
And then we 'as to ketch the bloomin' trine again, and she do talk, but never mind—

(Brightly.)

We 've 'ad a 'appy 'ollidy,
We gits 'ome all the sime.
—'Urry up, 'ARRY!



PRESIDENT MCKINLEY AND THE JINGO BIRD.

Lily Vismann, New York.

A FEW YEARS HENCE.

EASTER AT TALIEU-WAN.—Personally-conducted tour by the Siberian Railway. Calais to Talieu-Wan, without change of carriage. Lectures in the train by the Bishop of Bokota, Professor PUMPERNICKEL, and a member of the now-abolished Tsung-li-Yamen. Splendid views of the railway-stations at Brussels, Berlin, St. Petersburg and Irkutsk, as the train passes through. The national dishes of each country served in the refreshment car. First-class tickets, hotel, carriage-drives, baths, boot-cleaning, admission to Excelsior International Music-hall, Talieu-Wan, cigars, and all expenses. Inclusive terms, twelve guineas. Extension to Peking, by special permission of the present Russian Governor, 2s. 6d. extra. Persons joining the party are required to remove their hats when in the presence of the railway porters or any other Russian officials. Visitors to Port Arthur are blindfolded when passing within a mile of the fortifications. British subjects are earnestly requested not to grumble at anything. Any complaints which they may wish to make, when they have left the Russian dominions, should be addressed to the Japanese Ambassador at St. Petersburg. This tour is highly recommended to sufferers from nervous disorders. Only three weeks in the train. Two days at Talieu-Wan. Testimonials from the most eminent authorities. "A delightful trip."—The Bishop of Bokota. "Wunderschön."—Professor PUMPERNICKEL. For all particulars, apply to the Twentieth Century Tourist Agency.

CIVIL AND MILITARY.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been much struck by the account of a recent misunderstanding at one of our great universities, which, it is said, owed its origin to the *brusqueries* of the towing-path. The matter was quickly amicably arranged, and consequently leaves but a memory, and perhaps a lesson. I say a lesson, because, does not the incident teach us that urbanity is the best policy? And I would apply the teaching to the parade ground. Surely towards the end of the century, we can dispense with the roughness of the drill-sergeant in favour of the polished diction of the well-educated instructor. The suggestion is *à propos* of the moment, as in the near future the annual addition to our constitutional force will present themselves for training. To make my meaning plainer, I will adopt the dramatic form of narration.

SCENE—The Barrack Square. PRESENT—A Squad of Recruits standing at ease. The Drill Sergeant enters, when the rank and file come smartly to attention, smile, and salute.

Drill Sergeant. Thank you, my friends. Your reception of me is too kind—too cordial. And allow me to hint, too, that it is unnecessary to salute any one beneath the rank of a commissioned officer. But you mean kindly, my lads, you mean kindly.

First Recruit. We were glad to see you, Sir.

D. S. I am pleased to hear you say so. But it is my duty to remark that talking in the ranks—without consent—is unlawful. And now we will form fours.

Second R. A most difficult manoeuvre. And if, gallant chief, we make a mess of it, I hope you will extend to us your pardon.



EASTER MONDAY.

'Arry. "DO YOU PASS ANY PUB'S ON THE WAY TO BROADSTAIRS, CABBY?"
Cabby. "YES. LOTS." 'Arry. "WELL, DON'T!"

D. S. (smiling). You are not likely to make me angry. But I am sure you will forgive me if I beg for silence.

First R. Most certainly. We quite agree that discipline must be preserved.

Second R. Entirely so. And now, good Sir, you were saying—

D. S. That forming fours is no difficult operation when properly understood. You have been so kind as to number off?

First R. We have, Sir. We got into our places, rear and front rank, and in open order, before you reached the ground.

D. S. Thank you. It was a kindly thought. At the word "fours," the even numbers will step back a pace and then take a pace to their left, each man covering his comrade when "deep" is added. Should "right" or "left" or "about" take the place of "deep," then each man will follow the direction. I hope you understand me?

First R. Nothing could be clearer. Your explanation is admirable.

Second R. Exactly. Pray accept our heartfelt thanks for your kind courtesy.

&c., &c., &c., &c.

There, Mr. Punch, if this system were adopted instead of the gruff treatment of the time passing, I am sure all would go well with the British army.

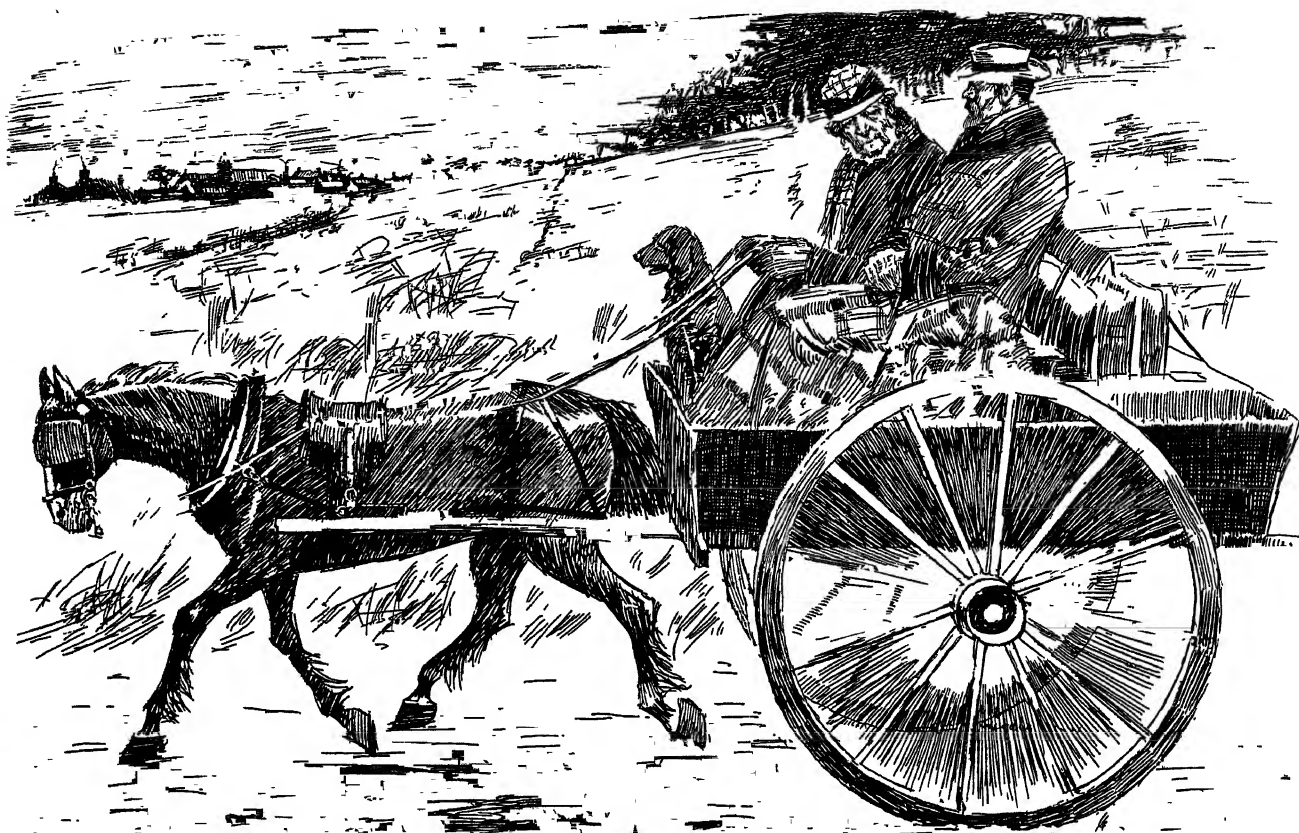
Believe me,

Yours in all sincerity,

ONE IMPERFECTLY ACQUAINTED WITH
TOMMY ATKINS.

Lines by a Rejected and Dejected
Cyclist.

You do not at this juncture
Feel, as I, the dreadful smart,
And you scorn the cruel puncture
Of the tyre of my heart!
But mayhap, at some Life-turning,
When the wheel has run untrue,
You will know why I was burning,
And was scorched alone, by you!



DAMES GREGG. 88

"AGE CANNOT WITHER, NOR CUSTOM STALE!"

Returned Native (to Country Carrier, who has given him a lift). "WE DON'T SEEM TO BE COVERING THE GROUND SO FAST AS WE DID TWELVE YEARS AGO."

Carrier. "YE'RE WRANG THERE, MR. BROON, FOR IT'S THE SAME BIT BEASTIE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE author of *The Londoners* (HEINEMANN), MR. ROBERT HICHENS, calls his eccentric story "an absurdity," and so it is. As amusing nonsense, written in a happy-go-lucky style, it works up to a genuine hearty-laugh-extracting scene between Mr. Bush and Mr. Lite, and then between the major-domo and his employer with a telephone between them, and it is a pity that soon after this capital farcical situation the story is not brought rapidly to a conclusion. When *The Private Secretary* was first produced it was in four acts, and was a comparative failure. On being reduced to three acts, it blossomed out and grew into a memorable success. Unfortunately, *The Londoners* cannot now be abbreviated, but had Mr. HICHENS finished it in 249 pages, instead of doing the joke to death in 338 pages, it would have achieved a quite exceptional popularity in these days when we have to turn back to DICKENS, MARRYAT, and LEVER, for a hearty laugh, and to THACKERAY for a most enjoyable quiet chuckle. But "for a' that and a' that" *The Londoners* is one of the most outrageous pieces of extravagant absurdity we have come across for many a day.

A new edition of Mr. W. S. GILBERT's well-known *Bab Ballads and Songs of the Savoy* (GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS), with no less than 350 illustrations by the author, and a capital portrait of him as frontispiece, is a welcome addition to any library. On the title-page is an eccentric vignette, almost Thackerayan, representing an infant, supported on a music-stool by female hands, in the act of thumping, with both its little fists, the key-board of a piano, on the stand of which rests an open music-book. Whether this be intended to represent a certain gifted composer obtaining material support from somebody, to whom the hands belong, while engaged on the innocent pastime of making tunes to the author's lines, or whether it symbolises the "Bab," or "Babe" himself, supported by Applause "with both hands," is

a question which the author alone can satisfactorily determine. However, connecting the infant phenomenon on the title-page with two other infant phenomena (one speechifying and the other listening) on the cover, it is but fair to suppose that these amusing *Ballads*, with their quaint illustrations, were originally devised with no other purpose than that of wiling away a few spare moments with a book of whimsical verses, out of which one could pick "here a bit and there a bit and everywhere a bit," then put it down with a smile, and return to it when serious. Although, in the Public School of Poetry, these *Ballads* are not to be ranked in the "first division upper fifth," with the humorous poems of HOOD, "BON GAULTIER," THACKERAY, BARHAM, or CALVERLEY, yet they may be considered as holding a unique position in the "Remove," bracketed with that other nonsensical verse-writer, LEWIS CARROLL (who, however, might have owed some of his inspiration to the *Bab Ballads*), and we should be inclined to place not a few of the ballads in the "Upper," and the remainder in the "Lower Remove." The quaint illustrations seem to be from the hand of a talented admirer of DICKY DOYLE's inimitable handiwork. The songs from the operas necessarily lose two-thirds of the point given them by actor and composer. By the way, was there in the mind of Mr. H. G. WELLS an unconscious reminiscence of having read the *Bab Ballad* on the "Perils of Invisibility" when he devised his Invisible Man?

"Old Peter vanished like a shot,
But then—his suit of clothes did not."

Which situation, as comically illustrated by Mr. GILBERT, was, if I remember aright, very much the predicament of Mr. WELLS's invisible hero.

The public taste, always fickle, is undoubtedly growing tired of kail-yard literature. Too many CROCKETTS spoil what, to begin with, was a sufficiently toothsome broth. My Baronite, however, ventures to advise the inquiring reader not on this account to

turn aside from *Fighting for Favour*, a romance by W. G. TARBET, which Mr. ARROWSMITH, the Ulysses of country publishers, has just added to his cheap series of novels. The dialogue is not too kail-ey, whilst the fight with the pirates, whether on land or sea, is as stirring a bit of writing as any published of late.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

"OUR LEARNED FRIEND" IN A PORTRAIT PREDICAMENT.

"I REALLY think, PORTINGTON," I said to my admirable and excellent clerk, "that this communication was of sufficient importance to have been forwarded to my private address."

"Well, Sir, I believed it to be a circular, and you know you do sometimes come to your chambers. Why, Sir, you have been twice this year."

"My visits here would be more frequent if I did not consider that my interests were absolutely safe in your hands. But, really, this was a sad oversight."

I confess I was greatly annoyed. I held in my hands an invitation from an eminent firm of photographers to grant them a sitting. In a lithographed letter they expressed their intention of publishing my portrait in their popular periodical, *Famous Faces*. The packet had been lying unopened for weeks at my Temple address. There was no knowing to what inconvenience the eminent firm may have been put by my apparent dilatoriness in sending a reply.

"Well, Sir," said my worthy retainer, "I am very sorry, and I can't say more. I thought it was a circular, because the other gentlemen got the same sort of despatch and they didn't pay any attention to them."

I smiled at the idea. Imagine any one asking for the presentation of DE PUTRE PORTE's with a view to publication! However, I determined to repair my sin of omission as early as possible, and proceeded forthwith to the studio of my correspondents. I was received with great cordiality by a young lady of considerable personal attractions, and shown into a sort of conservatory on an upper floor. After a few moments I was joined by a gentleman in a costume not unsuggestive of the undress of a Royal Academician.

"Yes?" he said, in a tone of interrogation.

"You were good enough to ask me to sit for your publication, *Famous Faces*. I am here to comply with your request."

He walked backward a few paces, and then forming his hands into a frame, looked at me through the aperture. Then he hurriedly departed and as hurriedly returned, bringing with him a forensic wig.

"Please put this on."

I hesitated, for I noticed that it was the head-dress of a Lord Chancellor.

"Well, perhaps it is only a little premature," I suggested, with a smile; and then I was struck by a happy idea. "I suppose you would not object to my publishing the portrait if I made suitable acknowledgment?"

"Oh, no, you must not do that, for we shall hold the copyright. But I daresay, should the occasion arise, we might come to terms."

I was pleased to hear this, as I had in my mind the appearance of the memoirs which I have been engaged in writing for some years past, under the title of, *From the Gown of the Student to the Chancellor's Wig*. The photo about to be taken would form an admirable frontispiece to the second volume, the picture of the first tome of course being myself in the days of my pupilhood. I assumed the wig and also a gown in appropriate complement. After the customary requests to smile, look pleasant, and nearly dislocate my neck in the attempt to assume an easy position, the portrait was fixed and I took my departure. In due course I received a proof, and was extremely pleased with the artistic result of the sitting.

Months passed. Deeply engrossed in my autobiography, I have little time for the consideration of other matters save those of a strictly professional character. However, the affair of which I am writing, if not entirely forensic, is, in my judgment, of the gravest moment.

"Have you noticed this portrait, Sir," asked PORTINGTON, placing a picture of myself before me. I glanced at it hastily, and recognised the subject. "You are wearing the robes of a Lord Chancellor."

"Yes, distinctly premature," I returned, "but we cannot prevent a photographer from assuming, if he pleases, the functions of a prophet."

"But do you see the name of the publication, Sir?"

"No doubt *Famous Faces*. I was to appear in that periodical."

"No, Sir, *Dressmaking for Duchesses*. They have put you in



A "BRITISH" SOLUTION.

Bella. "PORE OLD CHAP I WONDER 'OO 'E WAS!"

Alf. "I DUNNO 'IS NAME, BELLA; BUT YOU CAN SEE RIGHT ENOUGH 'E WAS REFERRE IN A 'CUP TIE FINAL' ONCE. THEY MUST 'AVE 'AD SOME GOOD OLD FUN WITH 'IM 'FORE 'E LOOKED LIKE THAT!"

the pages devoted to advertisements, and, begging your pardon, Sir, were you taken in a group?"

I seized the paper, and found (as usual) that what my admirable and excellent clerk had suggested as the case was justified by the evidence before me. My portrait was in the sheet reserved for trade announcements in the journal mentioned. I was represented seated in my robes discussing a meal with a young lady of great beauty. The picture was inscribed, "The Luncheon Adjournment," and the commending label was, "They are thoroughly enjoying Somebody's Sausages." No doubt the idea desired to be conveyed was, that I and my fair companion were both enchanted with the comestibles of Mr. Somebody. For a moment, I was speechless with indignation.

I need scarcely say that I shall take the earliest opportunity of calling the proprietors of *Famous Faces* to account. In the meanwhile, what makes the matter the more embarrassing to me as a married man, is the fact that the young lady of great beauty, with whom I am depicted devouring Somebody's Sausages, is unfortunately not my wife. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

Pump-Handle Court, April 12, 1898.

Outside the County Court.

Jenkins (to JORKINS, a debtor). What, only five bob a month! How did you manage it?

Jorkins. Why, always addressed the judge as "my Lord," of course.

PLACES WHERE ETON BOYS NATURALLY LAY THEIR STOCK IN.—The "sock" shops.



"Operator" (desperately, after half an hour's fruitless endeavour to make a successful "Picture" from unpromising Sitter). "SUPPOSE, MADAM, WE TRY A POSE WITH JUST THE LEAST SUGGESTION OF—ER—SAUCINESS?"

THE BOSS.

WITH that effete congeries called Europe
Our starry Eagle now proceeds to cope;
And when this urgent Fowl puts down his
claw,
His flap is final and his whoop is law!

The late respected MONROE (now a saint),
When here below he wore his warrior paint,
Letting his patriot eye roll large and clear
Around the occidental hemisphere,
Decided once for all to tuck the thing
Beneath the Eagle's prophylactic wing.
Whoever on that Doctrine cast a doubt
The Eagle would arrange to wipe them out!
Not that he wished to widen our domain,
O no! he merely reckoned to restrain
Deciduous despots who proposed to sit
On Freedom's hallowed patch of perquisite.
That is the Doctrine, palpably inspired,
Which makes the Ancient World so deadly
tired;
Which when our President *pro tem.* intones,
Crowned monarchs squirm upon their
crusted thrones!

True, there are regions on our local map
Which just at present we have failed to tap;
Spots, such as Canada, that still agree
To trundle to a palsied tyranny;
But yet the blessed principle is there,
And anyone may feel it in the air.

Some time ago a painful case arose
In which we quoted MONROE through our
nose

Quite loud. It did not have the same effect
As we had been encouraged to expect.
The other Anglo-Saxons thought the bluff
Was good, but not precisely good enough,
And they would "raise" us. At this juncture, we,

Guessing how difficult it is at sea
To fight successfully without a fleet,
Replied that water cannot well compete
With blood for thickness. This, they said,
was so;

And, if convenient, they would like to
know
Who MONROE was. And thus, with mutual
jest,
And many a threat of amity, we pressed
Each other to the heart.

But well we knew
That, when we next should have occasion to
Run MONROE out, we really must select
Our enemy with caution—in effect,
A negligible nation, either one
Without a ship or any sort of gun;
Or, if it had an armament at all,
That armament should be extremely small;
We building hard meanwhile.

And now the hour
Has come, and with it comes the very
Power

We wanted—old, corrupted, worn with war,
And proud as Satan. We are going for
That Power, if possible, upon the foam
Close by; we never fight away from home;
The sea is so intolerably wide
It bores the Eagle: so we play this side.
Unless, of course—and here opinion varies—
Our Bird is bent on bruising their Canaries.

And what a cause the noble creature
pleads!

See how his filibustering bosom bleeds
For Man. Disinterestedly humane
(As Eagles go) he wishes to explain
The nature of the leading Christian graces
As suited to the rule of subject races.
Himself, in simple kindness, used to smack
The Afric nigger, who is coloured black,
And Injun (red); he therefore ought to
know.

And it is just that he should boss the show
Without the help, whoever he may be,
Of any blamed European referee.
May Heaven, our only need, defend the
right,
What time the gentle Eagle strips to fight!

Before this trifling gem appears in type,
The fatal moment may be fairly ripe;
Or else it mayn't. One thing alone is sure,
Which is, that our designs are good and
pure:

We never wanted (on our solemn word)
A little bit of Cuba for the Bird!

IMPLEMENTARY.—A contemporary heads
an article, "Ho! for Klondyke." We
should have thought that "Spade or Shovel
for Klondyke" would have been more ap-
propriate.

FROM OUR OWN IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (*still
dodging custody*).—Q. Why is a daily paper
like a lamb? A. Because it is always
folded.



SENTINELS.

[“The occupation of Port Arthur left us no alternative but to occupy Wei-Hai-Wei if we meant to restore the equilibrium which Russia had disturbed.”—*Daily Paper*.]



"HOW DO YOU DO, MISS LESLIE? SO AWFULLY GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN. SO VERY SORRY YOU WEREN'T AT LADY BROWN'S DANCE LAST NIGHT. THERE POSITIVELY WAS NOT ONE PRETTY GIRL IN THE ROOM!"

"I AM NOT MISS LESLIE. BUT I WAS AT LADY BROWN'S DANCE LAST NIGHT!"

A PROMISING INVESTMENT.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In these hard times, I am sure you will be glad to hear that I have discovered a really safe investment. It is a new fabric that grows upon trees a few score of miles from the coast of one of the most recent of our savage settlements. The fabric can be used for a variety of purposes, as a roofing to a railway station, a baby's rattle, an umbrella covering, or a coating to an ironclad. It can be easily cleaned, and takes a magnificent polish. But you need not trouble yourself about that. I am satisfied it is all right. It is certain to make any one's fortune the moment it is brought into the market. It will be seized at once by builders, buttermen, tailors, smiths, green-grocers, butchers, architects, glass-house builders, and the like. There are already clamorous demands for it from Cheltenham, Chiswick, Homerton and Hornsey Rise. The question of traffic is simple enough.

About five thousand really seasoned soldiers would be amply sufficient to clear the road from the forest to the coast. Should the natives give any trouble, the watercourses (if any exist) might be augmented with their blood. But that, again, is a detail.

So pray plank down your last dollar. You must get a return upon your capital of from five hundred to a thousand per cent. I must conclude, as I am off to my stockbroker.

Now, I have got all these particulars from the pioneer shareholder, who knows all about it. Pray understand me for the last time. I assure you nothing I have ever touched could be safer. And now away to the City.

Yours sincerely,
SIMON SIMPLE.

P.S.—Yet another word. I may tell you that I met the pioneer shareholder in Berkeley Square. I know he was speaking the truth, because he told me the story after I had given him a penny for fetching a cab.

A GALLANT DEED.

(By a War Correspondent not required at the Front.)

It was a magnificent moment. The very pick of English chivalry stood ready to make the charge. The intervening space between them and the object of attack was filled with cavalry. The horses dashed past with the sound of thunder.

The bravest of all those gallant people started in advance of his companions. Some trembled, some prayed, all wondered! But he was not to be kept back. He steadily advanced under the hoofs of the horses, scorning the wheels of the wag-gons. His object was to reach the other side, and what mattered it to him whether the riders and drivers swore? He opposed the throng with determination.

For a moment there was a pause. For a second he was driven back. The carts came past like a whirlwind. He could hear the hoarse cries of those in command. But he kept on. He would not be beaten. He remembered the doings of his Plantagenet ancestors, and went his way.

At length his pluck, his energy, were rewarded. Passing through countless dangers, within sight of the very jaws of death, he reached the other side. Then there was a shout of welcome. Then arose a chorus of congratulation. And should not he receive a recognition of his courage? Does he not deserve the Victoria Cross?

And what was the incident? Was it a battle? Was it a siege?

No; the incident was something far more interesting.

A man had passed a London crossing, and, marvellous to relate, had not been killed. No; nor even wounded.

And yet some advance there is no daring and no pluck left in the nineteenth century!

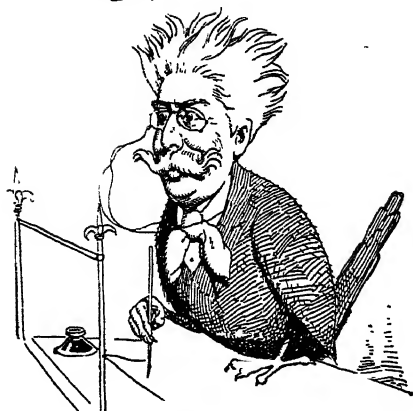


[The Whitehall says the GERMAN EMPEROR is anxious to rent a house in Scotland for the Autumn.]
EXTRA SPECIAL SCOTCH. THE MCWILHELM OF McMALLY PRIESTY.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Tolymp or Luciwits



This brilliant little Creature perches up in a gallery and peeps through the ratings and brings out the most wonderful perorating notes. He pretends to be asleep but he is all the while awake really. He has the most lovely head of hair they say it is some kind of Essence what he has made up himself that makes it come so luxuriously. He rubs it into the members too sometimes but he has such a pleasant skulful little way of doing it all young and just touching on the points of their bills that they rather like it. I believe

The Reed or Bildaphleet



This splendid but desiring Animal is as full good at ships. He has a curious little taste for liking them to keep on the surface and close the right way up which was very annoying to the emperchures who manage these things for so nicely in parliament. He is full of strength and boyancy and stebility there isn't one quite like him I think - so is his ships they seem to last for ever as good as new. He writes such vigorous letters that is a mobble of viting and he is a good power to (It is a grate pity he don't teach his son how to spell he seems to get worse and worse - he is a perfect dissgrace)

The Thrums



This delightful little Creature is very retiring and knows a interview directly by his stebly tress. When he hears one he runs like listening and gets under the sofencushions or inside the peyatoro or crawls in under the slates till it is all over. He use to live in a old light-house once. He is a marvelous mixture of the most comical humour and the most leutiful paythos. He is a regular Ramspeitsingey at Cricket. He was to have gone to Onstard with Mr Stodert but they thought it was better for the Empire that he should not. You should see him, snuck them among the slippers (I hope that is right). When he goes in to bat the fielders all come close up to him just to take him in batting.

"REFORMING THE JUDGES."

THE following letters are worth quoting from the *Daily Bail*. There are others, but these three give the gist of an interesting correspondence.

To the Editor of the *Daily Bail*.
Newgate, April 11.

SIR,—As a burglar of long standing, I have often had occasion to notice the pitiful way in which people knock under to HER MAJESTY'S judges, until they (the judges) naturally consider themselves everybody and everything. This is foolish and wrong. A little firmness on the part of a prisoner at the bar will often work wonders. I myself once interrupted a long tirade by a judge who was passing sentence upon me, by asking him if he were an escaped lunatic. The result of this unexpected assertion of manly independence was satisfactory and startling. The judge died instantaneously in a fit—a great moral object-lesson for all concerned. With a little care, we might reform our judges off the face of the earth.

Yours, &c., "JEMMY."

Old Bailey, April 12.

SIR,—I have read with interest the letter in your last issue on the subject of "reforming the judges." But your correspondent, Mr. JEMMY, makes a great mistake if he supposes that he will succeed in reforming the judges! "Where will he begin? With their costumes, which are absurd; their tempers, which are intolerable; or their manners, which in many cases, alas! are practically non-existent?" I have constant opportunities of watching them, so that I certainly ought to be a good judge. In fact, I would be a better judge than any of them for half-price.

Yours ever, A COURT USHER.

The Lorryit



This queer little Animal has got himself smothered in with lorrels and he doesn't hardly ever show - there has been too much rime outside for him I expect. He is always hearing voices what nobody else can. Once it was like wimmen and children screaming out for help. Now it sounds like Ammerican. It says it wants to have done with its worn-out tail the tail of a anshet wrong (It doesn't seem to mean much does it). When there is Royal babies going on he has to supply the Royal family with nice fresh odes and poetry of a joffull character - That is what he is for - it must be a dreadful life

April 13.

SIR,—While we continue to pamper our judges in the way we do, we have only ourselves to thank for their shortcomings. They are "so intoxicated with the exuberance of their high pay," that the average meek criminal is afraid of them. We must reduce their salaries to 25s. a week, and

let the money they absorb be spent in increasing the comfort of prison life. At the same time, let them pay a round of friendly visits to all those whom they have sentenced. Many a worthy burglar "remains for years in misery, feeling that there is a gulf between him and his" judge. This ought not to be, and the first thing to be done is to get the Lord Chancellor off the Woolsack. Let the judges take warning! It is as dangerous for them as it is for the bench of bishops to "dance upon the thin crust of a smouldering volcano."

Yours intimately,

TICKET-OF-LEAVE.

A PROTEST.

(Offered after the Celebration of a distinguished Foreigner's Birthday.)

WHEN certain Ibsen-worshippers
A present to the master offer,
Although our faith is strong as theirs,
We stand aloof and play the scoffer.

For, while their forms thus larger bulk,
Givers and gift alike despising,
We slink into our tents and sulk,
With sneers about "self-advertising."

Yet if their action we resent
With jibe and flout, and do not spare it,
'Tis not the bold advertisement—
But that they did not let us share it.

A Matter of Taste.

Vulgar Parvenu (who is watching the interior decorations of his house). Don't you think that tapestry 'eats the rooms? Artistic Decorator. Very possibly, Sir; you see, it's Goblin (Gobelin).



[According to *Country Life*, Croquet, which was revived last Summer, is likely to increase in popularity this year. A splendid opportunity to revive the Pastime and the Costumes of the early Sixties at the same time.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 4.—CHARLIE BERESFORD at it again about the dark period of his career when he was yet a boy. Would have House believe that if ever there was a thorough rascal, a terror to his tutors, a pain to his parents, a warning to all nurseries, it was CHARLES WILLIAM DE LA POER BERESFORD, whose boyish iniquity darkened the mid-century. Early in Session he openly confessed to shuddering House that he had himself "been a scallywag." Later, discussing in Committee Navy Estimates, he made Members' flesh creep by hinting at his pranks as a cadet on the *Britannia*.

"If," he said, "I had been sent to prison every time I broke bounds I should have spent the flower of my youth in gaol."

SARK knows nothing about the *Britannia*, but he happened to be one of the Rev. Mr. FOSTER's pupils at Stubbington, Fareham, Hants, when CHARLIE BERESFORD was there. It is little more than forty years ago. The gallant admiral just shipped his first jacket and trowsers. SARK says he positively smelt of pinafore; was the meekest, mildest, best-behaved boy in the whole school. Had an almost cherubic voice; used to sing in the choir of Fareham Church. When the boys would let him, he liked to stand up after tea, fold his hands before him, and pipe a screed which ran something like this:—

In a Sunday School I am a scholar, la, la!
I dearly love my Papa and my Ma, Ma, Ma!
I dote upon my teacher too, so true, true, true,
And what he bids me try to do, I do, do, do.

Teacher, teacher! Why am I so happy, happy,
In my Sunday School?

I put away on Sunday all my toys, toys, toys,
And never go and play with naughty boys, boys,
boys,

Who into wicked men will surely grow, grow, grow,
And where at last they'll go to, I don't know,
know, know.

Teacher, teacher! Why am I so happy, happy,
In my Sunday School?

He rarely got beyond this second verse, the audience regarding its drift as personal. Usually, at this juncture, they set upon and buffeted him. Discipline borne with exquisite meekness. One Summer after-

noon, having sung the first two verses with the customary consequence, he sneaked back to the school-room, climbed on window-sill, and his linnet-like voice was heard trilling:—

I keep my little hands and face so clean, clean,
clean

My little heart within is all serene, rene, rene.
I stand quite still upon my little feet, feet, feet,
And pretty little verses I repeat, peat, peat.

Teacher, teach—

At this moment the pack, rushing out



The Truth about the Scallywag!

Lord Ch-r-l-s B-r-s-f-r-d as he was in early youth!

of school-house, were upon him, and CHARLIE saved up the rest of the chorus for another time.

Very interesting these reminiscences of a great man's boyhood. Show how curiously memory is warped when it takes autobiographical turn. The hero of the *Condor*, looking back upon his blameless boyhood, has created a bugbear of a boy. Probably, even SARK's personal testimony, now made public for the first time, will not convince him of his hallucination.

Business done.—Second reading of Prisons Bill.

Tuesday.—House adjourned for Easter Holidays. As the Gentleman wrote on his office door in the City when going off for five years' penal servitude, "Back again d'reckly." To be precise, we shall be at work again on Monday week, the 18th.

THE EMPTY MUZZLE.

In Memory of "Nibs." An English Gentleman.

On the bell-pull by the cottage fire
There hangs an empty crown
Of leather intermixed with wire,
A mouse-trap upside down.
And yet the helmet of a knight,
Brave, stalwart, staunch and kind,
Who never feared to face a fight,
Nor left a foe behind.

A gentleman of high degree
As ever yet was seen,
Who gentle as a dove could be
While chivalrous his mien!
Who can forget his loving eyes
That welcomed a caress,
Or answered orders wondrous wise
With all but spoken "Yes"?

Dear honest heart, for nine long years
We journeyed side by side,
Shall I then seek to stay my tears,
My sorrow try to hide?
E'en if mankind my grief contemn—
The many or the few—
I only wish that one of them
Were loyal friend like you!

THE END OF "LENT" (with acknowledgments to a certain Parliamentary Committee).
—The abolition of Usury.



SIR GEORGE AND THE DRAGON OF USURY.

"It is bad enough to know that men are the victims of this system of usury, but when this abuse has grown to such proportions that married women become the prey of the money-lender, surely the time has arrived when this trade should be put down by the strong arm of the law. . . . In my judgment they are a curse to society and a danger to the community."

Sir George Lewis's Letter to the "Times," April 4.]

Mr. Punch loudly says, "Hear, hear!"

OUR CLUB.

THE other day we had our annual general meeting. The Chairman of our Committee stated that the finances of the club were in the most flourishing condition ("Hear! hear!"), and that, with continued attention to economy on the part of our excellent House Committee and of our admirable Secretary ("Hear! hear!") we might hope not only to remain prosperous, but even after about twenty years to accumulate a fund with which to buy the freehold of the club-house. (*Loud cheers.*)

This statement has aroused immense enthusiasm amongst the members, who are unanimous in their desire to buy the freehold as soon as possible. We should all feel so much more comfortable. It has been pointed out that even the Athenæum does not possess a freehold house. Everyone has been suggesting some economy which will enable us to surpass the Athenæum.

JONES, who is rather particular about his food, proposes that the club dinner should be cut down. Some members grumble at the fish. Let us have only sardines. Others complain about the meat. Let us get it from Australia. As for poultry and game, have none at all.

ROBINSON, who is very particular about his drink, thinks we might do a lot with our wine-list. The grocer in the next street has some claret, which is really excellent, at the price.

BRIGGS, who gets a heap of papers by his side and reads through them steadily, says we might save in papers. Let us have one halfpenny paper and *Punch*, and no more. But the other members blame BRIGGS for his extravagant ideas, and say we could do without the halfpenny paper.

WILKINSON is the man who always gets in the most comfortable arm-chair and falls asleep in front of the fire. He now says we waste a lot of money on Turkey carpets and leather-covered seats. Let us have oil-cloth on the floors and sit on plain wooden chairs.

GREEN, who writes an immense number of letters on the club paper, proposes that we should pay for our stationery as we pay for our cigarettes, a penny a sheet.

WHITE is an indolent man, and rings the bell if he wants a

paper from the other side of the room. He now suggests that we might do without waiters. Heaven helps those who help themselves. Let us help ourselves.

BROWN, who has proposed some of our greatest improvements, though he is rather a duffer, now makes the most valuable suggestion. He is mortally afraid of draughts, thinking perhaps, as he is a little man, that he might easily be blown out of the room. He says that if we all wore our hats, as they do in some very swell clubs, and also brought ulsters and railway rugs, we could do without fires altogether. The saving in coal would be immense.

We all agree that, if we had cheap wines and cheap chairs, no carpets, no papers, and no waiters, no fish, no fowls, and no fires, we could settle down comfortably, knowing that in fifteen years, or less, the freehold would be ours.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE CHEAPEST.

ONE fond farewell, from one who used to love you,
'Bus-roof accept in verses pseudo-sapphic;
Where oft I sat contentedly above you—
London's loud traffic.

Farewell the seat where comfortably seated
Daphne and I so often rode together,
Drank in soft airs, and frequently repeated—
"Glorious weather!"

Yet even so some churl devoid of breeding
(Though one could bear it patiently enough there),
From cheap cigars strong odours, little heeding,
Frequently puffed there.

But, pleasant journeys, henceforth I must end you,
Since, to provide tobacco for the many,
There now a first-class cigarette they'll vend you—
Four for a penny.



QUITE RESPECTFUL!

Fair Cyclist. "WHAT THE INCUMBENT OF THIS PARISH?"
Parishioner. "WELL, 'E 'S THE VICAR. BUT, WOTEVER SOME OF US THINKS, WE NEVER CALLS 'IM A HENCUMBRANCE!"



"LAST, BUT NOT LEAST."

"WHY DO YOU CALL HIM A GOOD JOCKEY? HE NEVER RIDES A WINNER."

"THAT JUST PROVES IT. HE CAN FINISH LAST ON THE BEST HORSE IN THE RACE!"

TALL SCORING.

(A Bowler's Nightmare.)

SEATED in my study, I had just read in one of the evening papers that, in a recent cricket-match between Melbourne University and Essendon, the former side had compiled the record score of 1,697 in their first innings, when . . . "In my study," did I say? What an absurd mistake; why, I was sitting in a cricket-pavilion, looking on at a match. And, apparently, I was talking to an old gentleman seated at my side, who was making remarks on the game. Suddenly a loud cheer proclaimed the fall of a wicket. My companion turned to me wrathfully.

"Just what I was saying," he exclaimed. "These men aren't the slightest use. Why on earth they are played for the county I can't think. Look at that, five of the best wickets down for something under seven hundred runs! Perfectly sickening, I call it!"

"I beg your pardon," I asked, in some surprise, "but *what* did you say was the score?"

"There it is, Sir," he replied, brandishing his umbrella in the direction of the tele-

graph-board. "Read it yourself—680 runs, five wickets, last man 152. And they told us he was a coming man! 152, indeed! Simply paltry!"

"Dear me," I ventured to say, "but isn't that a pretty fair innings?"

My companion became more indignant than ever. "None of your beastly sarcasm. You know well enough that if nowadays a man can't make three or four hundred at least, he might just as well not go in at all. Ah! that's more like it," he broke off, as the new batsman let out at a half-volley. "Well run, Sir! Go again, go again! Seven or eight more yet! There, that's all! Stay where you are! Seventeen," he added, turning to me again, "a very pretty hit."

"Very," I assented, dubiously, "but, pardon my ignorance, for I haven't seen much cricket lately, is there any chance of this match ever being finished?"

"Of course there is," was the answer. "I dare say it will be quite short, and won't last over a fortnight, although of course it's set down as a three-weeks' match. There's a pretty stroke!" he added, as one of the batsmen dexterously snicked a fast ball through the slips for

thirteen. "Come, we'll soon have the thousand up now."

"And what," I enquired, "do you consider a good average score?"

"Well, that depends. But on a tolerable wicket a strong batting side ought never to be dismissed under three thousand. As, however, this is only a trial match against the colts, I dare say the county will declare their innings closed pretty soon. Did you see that over? JOHNSON drove that slow bowler for sixteen three times running, and then put him trickily to short leg for eight. Look, there's the thousand going up now. Ah," he exclaimed, as the players all walked towards the pavilion, "I told you so. They've declared." Sorry for you, Sir, since you won't get your innings!"

"My innings!" I gasped. "But—but—I'm not playing!"

"None of your jokes with me," said the old gentleman, with some asperity. "If you're not playing for the county, why are you wearing the county cap, and how is it you're down on the card? I know who you are, right enough. Be off with you, you've got to get out into the field now; there's the bell!"

Overwhelmed with surprise, I walked across to the scorer's table. There, sure enough, was my name among the list of the county team. So I went out to speak to the captain, who was already placing the field, meaning to point out that there was some mistake. To my astonishment, he called out to me by name, throwing me the ball. "You may as well begin at that end," he said. "I've put long-on about a quarter of a mile behind the wicket. Will that suit you?"

Then two batsmen appeared, and I began to bowl. Of all that happened subsequently I have only a vague recollection; after a short time a kind of grey horror came upon me. But it seemed as though I were bowling for centuries to a pair of demon batsmen, who smote my most cunning deliveries for miles. It made no difference whether I sent in short-pitched balls or yorkers, all were treated alike; and when I was not bowling I had to run for hours—or so it seemed—before I could catch up the ball, whenever a batsman made one of his terrific hits in my direction. In vain I appealed piteously to the captain to let me go home. "Nonsense," he said, "you're bowling excellently. Why, they've only made forty-two off your three last overs!"

How long the dreadful game went on I cannot say. At last, when the score was somewhere about two thousand, we got a man run out (he was trying to steal a twelfth run off a cut that went straight to cover-point), and therewith stumps were drawn for the day. I sank to the ground utterly exhausted, and my captain came and looked at me derisively.

"Remember, we start play at 7 A.M. sharp to-morrow," he said. "Mind you're here in time."

"And we've only got one wicket!" I groaned. "That leaves nine to get, nine more wickets, and each of them—"

A strange smile came over the captain's face. "Nine more?" he interrupted. "You forget, this is a colts' match, and we're playing against a *twenty-two*!"

At these awful words, I gave a shriek of despair and fainted . . . and awoke to find myself in my study, seated before the fire, and with the evening paper still upon my knee.



A FRESH START.

Kaiser. "YOU GOT MY WIRE ABOUT YOUR SUCCESS IN EGYPT, JOHN?"

Mr. B. "THANK YOU VERY MUCH; SO KIND OF YOU. BUT, *FACTA NON VERBA*, YOUR IMPERIAL MAJESTY. HOW ABOUT ACTING TOGETHER IN CHINA?"

DARBY JONES ON THE CITY AND SUBURBAN.

HONOURED SIR,

On the occasion of the City and Suburban Handicap—note how artfully the title was chosen, "*City and Suburban*," whereby a direct interest in the race was given to all dwellers East, West, North and South of St. Paul's Cathedral—the Merry Londoner, far more jolly than the gloomy Parisian, bursts forth from his domestic stronghold, armed with his Wife and Children, solaced with Uncles, Aunts, Cousins, and Second Cousins, and fortified with Friends and Acquaintances. He is not, as a rule, an Aristocrat, but his coach, break, or "charry-bang," is "up to the nines," the bottled ale flows like the Song of a Minstrel, and the Sweeps are sufficient to overwhelm the traditions of May-day. The Merry Londoner means to enjoy himself at the opening of the Season, and opens with it like a Springtime bud. For him, therefore, do I invoke the Muse and mix the Possible with the Probable, and here goes:

Cagliostro is no friend of mine,

For the *Sun* I can have no respect,

But the *Donkey* may break up the line

And make light of the *Royal Elect*.

Her *Cousin in Scarlet and White*

Will fall to the *Primrose and Rose*,

And the *Norseman* may make a fair fright

When the *Bay horse* is finding his toes.

Scotia's Knight in the scarlet and blue

May the *Rooster-Assassin* distress,

And "*Amphi*" the battle renew

When the *Ladyfort* seems in a mess.

Put the *Mason* tool down with the rest,

And the *Ready-Desirous* for me,

And the *Merry Rose* fight in the test

With the *Saint*, who 's the winner, I see!

Such, honoured Sir, is the humble, but

I trust harmonious, prognostication of

Your obedient humble henchman,

DARBY JONES.

THE PIPER.

["The Piper of Dargai is being inundated with offers of marriage from ladies of rank and fortune." *Daily Paper*.]

Who would be
A piper bold,
Sitting on high,
Piping on high,
A wonder to see,
On the summit cold
Of Dargai?

I would be a piper bold.

I would sit with my pipe the whole of the day,

And fill the sick-ward with the smoke of plug,

For my pipe would be a pipe of clay.

And at morn, when the postman's bugle blew,

I would sit at the fireside, warm and snug,

And open my letters and *billets doux*—

Offers of marriage in scores that came

From ladies anxious to share my name,

Eagerly, eagerly—

Ladies of fortune and high degree,

Enclosing their photos that I might see;

And all of them dying for love of me,

Hopelessly, hopelessly.

Then would I, with a critical air,

Examine the pictures and pick out the fair,

But the ugly I'd throw to the fender below

To burn in a flare.

I'd write to the beauties and tell them to call

As soon as they could, and we'd laugh and

we'd chat

All day merrily, merrily.



NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Irish Emigrant (emerging from the steerage, feebly). "WHERE'S THE SAILS? WHAT IS IT MAKES THE SHIP GO ALONG?"

Fellow Passenger. "THIS AIN'T NO SAILING SHIP. THIS IS A STEAM SHIP, THIS IS. FIFTEEN THOUSAND HORSE-POWER."

Irish Emigrant. "FIFTEEN THOUSAND HORSES! THINK OF THAT, NOW! AND WHERE'S THE SHTABLIN'?"

Talk of the mermen! With envy and gall
They'd be greener than ever to see me at that

All day merrily, merrily.
Still, there's one or two things they could teach me, maybe,

How to court a dear damsel, and how to embrace,
But I'd find a more dry, less rheumaticy place

Than those nasty damp moss-beds under the sea;

I'd practise the lessons that they taught me

In the dreamy shades of Netley's glades

Laughingly, laughingly.

Oh! what a happy life to face!

Who wouldn't be one of the Gordon blades

With the ladies all making love to me?

We would live merrily, merrily.

SHAKESPEARIAN MOTTO (from *King John*, Act III., Sc. 1) OF ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE DOUGHTY KNIGHT, SIR GEORGE LEWIS, IN HIS CRUSADE AGAINST THE MONEY-LENDERS. — "Constance. O, Lewis, stand fast!"



["An 'Imperial Railway Administration' is now a part of Chinese bureaucracy."—*Daily Paper*.]

IF CHINA IS TO HAVE RAILWAYS, OF COURSE THE DRAGON MUST ENTER INTO THE DESIGN OF THE LOCOMOTIVES, &C., AS ABOVE.

OUR STEWARD.

A NOTE FROM THE YACHTING DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

S.-y. "*Maritana*," *Loch Etive*, Tuesday.—Our Steward has just gone ashore under care of captain and the ablest-bodied of our crew. Glad he got clear of the yacht without catastrophe. So awkward to have an exploded steward alongside, especially when you've just had the ship painted a spotless white. Some story in *MARRIAT*—I forget in which novel—where a seafaring man (or was it a bum-boat woman?), after a lifelong application to the rum-bottle, lit his (or her) pipe in a casual way. The fumes of an old spirit-cask, as it were, caught light, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was "spontaneous combustion." Our Steward lit his pipe as he tumbled into the boat. Happily nothing happened.

It wasn't rum in the case of Our Steward, but methylated spirits of wine. Evidence of its persuasiveness was visible when, yesterday afternoon, we joined the yacht for a cruise Skye-ward. Our Steward's devotion to his duty was effusive but ineffective. Going below to dress for dinner, we found there were no lights.

"No lights!" said Our Steward, his face beaming with desire to be of assistance; "there soon shall be."

Produced box of matches; smote a score on his breeches; as in most cases application of the wrong end was made; result disappointing. At last struck a light.

"Ah!" said Our Steward, turning to survey us with radiant glance of benevolence prolonged till the light burned down to his toil-worn fingers, and was cast away on the newly-carpeted state-room floor.

More matches struck; some lit; applied to top of metal candlestick. Touching to watch, in flickering light falling on Our Steward's ruddy countenance, the look of coaxing entreaty that made it irresistible.

"Come now," he said, cooing the candlestick as if it were a fretful infant that wouldn't take its food.

Being merely a guest, didn't like to interfere with trusted servant. At end of quarter of hour of futile match-striking,

looked at candlestick; found there was no candle in it.

"Dear me, now," said Our Steward, his face lighting up with beam of pleased astonishment. "Think of that!"

Nothing disturbed him. At dinner, he planted out a dish of cutlets in the flower-pot; gently but firmly took away my soup after I had had two spoonfuls; knocked over a glass of champagne when handing round the bread; and quite forgot the fish.

He was up bright and early in the morning, joyous in the consciousness that candles were not needed. Our berths were under the dining-saloon, approached by a steep flight of stairs. Soon after five, Our Steward was about. Breakfast was fixed for nine o'clock. In a well-ordered ship there is nothing like being well ahead of your work. So about half-past five Our Steward began laying the cloth for breakfast. The process was long and monotonous. It began with his bursting into the dining-saloon and clattering down on the table a handful of spoons and forks. Forks seemed to bring to his mind the memory of knives. Forth he went in search of

them. But down below two people were sleeping. It would never do in a chill April morning to leave the deck-door open on them. The draught might waken them, if it did no worse. So Our Steward, flying off to the galley, shut the saloon-door with a bang like a pistol-shot.

Back again in no time, humming softly to himself,

"A sailor's wife a sailor's star should be,
Yoho! Yoho!"

flung down on the table, quite in time, a bundle of something I knew were knives; softly whistled another bar of *Nancy Lee*, whilst (I imagined) he regarded his handiwork with that gaze of benevolent interest he had last night bent upon the amazingly empty candlesticks. Going out again, and, still mindful of the comfort of the sleeping passengers, he banged the saloon-door as before.

Plates were his next prize. There was no doubt about this, for he let one fall. A low whistle of astonishment in which there was just the slightest touch of irritability at the perverseness of the thing, followed. Then, lo! a strange thing happened. The door of my state-room was wide open, in full view of the staircase. I caught sight of a booted foot cautiously descending. It was followed by another foot, with nothing on but a stocking much frayed at the heel. Gradually there came into view a broad stern as of an East Indian. It was Our Steward descending the staircase backwards. What for, Heaven only knows. As soon as he got to the bottom, he, with the same stealthy footstep, re-ascended, and the pistol-shot of the closing saloon-door announced his departure.

I fancy he must have thought he was going out on deck to the galley, and did not discover his mistake till he got to the bottom of the stairs. Much touched by his solicitude. Wouldn't wake us on any account. Had evidently begun to take his boots off; thought he had completed the job. Meanwhile walked on tiptoe.

More dishes; more plates; and, as we later discovered, tumblers instead of teacups, set on the breakfast-table. A finely subtle touch that. At half-past six he had nicely finished his work, and, surveying it, softly whistled a stave of



"WHEN A STREET IS UP"—
A very old-fashioned and most effectual way of
"Diverting the Traffic."

Nancy Lee. Another bang of the door; a brief interval; he was back again. I heard a trickling of water down the staircase. Then the stockinged foot, coming first this time, followed at considerable interval by the booted heel. Soon the rounded stern hove in sight; then the capless head. It was Our Steward, breathing heavily, depositing at the bottom of the stairs a can containing what was left of our hot water.

That was the last I saw of Our Steward, save the parting view as he went ashore in charge of the captain. The Commodore, coming on deck and finding him a little mixed, straightway ordered him to be put on shore. An empty bottle that had contained methylated spirits of wine, found in the store cupboard, explained all.

BIG GAME.

[A dead fox has recently been displayed in a West End shop, hanging up amongst the game and poultry.]

I DISCOVERED with amazement
Lately that, in certain ways,
Talk of "these degenerate days" meant
Something more than just a phrase.

Now I offer in confusion
Praisers of the past a sop,
I have lost one more illusion—
In a game and poultry shop.

To my utter stupefaction,
There with partridges and hares
Said to be of Russ extraction
(E'en though dead, perhaps, to theirs),

Midmost of a row of rabbits—
Still the recollection shocks—
Now oblivious of its habits
Hung, alas! a gallant fox.

There it was, past all denying,
I would tell no schoolboy's "cram"—
Lion, not precisely lying
Down, but hanging up, with lamb!

Here was fare a prince might pamper!
Happy thought—a fitting end—
Send it in an Easter hamper
To an ardent hunting friend!

Asked the price, the poulterer sought to
Bargain—"Just what I can get."
"Get? Why, six months' hard, you
ought to!"

We have done no deal as yet.

What's the use of indignation?
Decadent poulterers may display
Placards, in a generation,
"Fox is good and cheap to-day!"



"No Larks!"



"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

Husband (to wife, just returned from Continental trip). "NOW, DEAR, ISN'T IT DELIGHTFUL, AFTER THE BUSTLE AND RACKET OF THOSE FOREIGN HOTELS, TO BE BACK IN THE PERFECT TRANQUILLITY OF OUR OWN HOME, AND——"

Cook & Co. (entering hurriedly). "KITCHIN' CHIMNEY A-BLAZIN', MUM! BETTER 'AVE IN THE FIRE ENGINGS QUICK, MUM!"

FLITTINGS.

Kimberley, March 21.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write a few lines, in the intervals of mosquito-slaying, in praise of the Great Karroo and the railway which bears you to the North across it. I will spare you a description of the Hex River ascent, where the line plays a species of cat's-cradle with itself up gradients of one in forty, and where you have an engine at each end of the train, which seems, like a kitten, to be running after its own tail, and where there is a "wash-out" every other day or so, and the sleepers go floating down a mountain-torrent—let sleeping logs lie, I say. It is the Karroo which takes my fancy. I don't know where it begins or where it ends, but there is enough of it for the most eagle eye. There is a free and independent ring about the very name, a mixture of halloo and crow, exhilarating as the air which blows across you at an altitude of four thousand feet. As for the scenery, there is bright red earth and low grey shrubs, flat-topped *kopjes*, or hills, in plenty to break the skyline, ant-hills in abundance, an occasional herd or drove (which is it?) of ostriches, a settler's hut or a tree at intervals of about ten miles, and a thunder-storm every day. What more do you want?

Then as to the train. When we parted with the Johannesburg section at De Aar Junction (look this out in Bradshaw) our carriage was hitched on to a goods train of eighteen trucks, which contained Kaffirs, brandy-kegs, and other etceteras. It was, I should say, a train specially adapted for botanists, picnickers and pedestrians, as it went so slowly up inclines that I got off four times and picked flowers and generally disarranged the landscape. The line is like a switchback and goes up and down, and also around any inconvenient hillock that may be in the way. Some of the stations are simply name-boards, nothing more, but the names at any rate are familiar, e.g., Chalk Farm and Richmond Road, miles from any habitation, out in the open *veld*. Then we bought a bottle of milk at Honey Nest Kloof (a romantic name!), and when we asked the dusky vendor if it was ostriches' milk, he said, "Ah, yes!" and nearly exploded as he disappeared round a corner. He will probably relate to his dying day the tale of the two confiding pale-faces whom he once took in on a point of natural history. Towards the end of our pleasant thirty-six hours' run we indulged in some shunting practice, with the result that the carriage-lamp imitated Newton's apple, and fell within an inch of the head of Yours precariously,

Z. Y. X.



["An 'Imperial Railway Administration' is now a part of Chinese bureaucracy."—*Daily Paper*.]

IF CHINA IS TO HAVE RAILWAYS, OF COURSE THE DRAGON MUST ENTER INTO THE DESIGN OF THE LOCOMOTIVES, &C., AS ABOVE.

OUR STEWARD.

A NOTE FROM THE YACHTING DIARY OF
TOBY, M.P.

S-y. "*Maritana*," *Loch Etive*, Tuesday.—Our Steward has just gone ashore under care of captain and the ablest-bodied of our crew. Glad he got clear of the yacht without catastrophe. So awkward to have an exploded steward alongside, especially when you've just had the ship painted a spotless white. Some story in *MARRYAT*—I forget in which novel—where a seafaring man (or was it a bum-boat woman?), after a lifelong application to the rum-bottle, lit his (or her) pipe in a casual way. The fumes of an old spirit-cask, as it were, caught light, and the verdict of the coroner's jury was "spontaneous combustion." Our Steward lit his pipe as he tumbled into the boat. Happily nothing happened.

It wasn't rum in the case of Our Steward, but methylated spirits of wine. Evidence of its persuasiveness was visible when, yesterday afternoon, we joined the yacht for a cruise Skye-ward. Our Steward's devotion to his duty was effusive but ineffective. Going below to dress for dinner, we found there were no lights.

"No lights!" said Our Steward, his face beaming with desire to be of assistance; "there soon shall be."

Produced box of matches; smote a score on his breeches; as in most cases application of the wrong end was made; result disappointing. At last struck a light.

"Ah!" said Our Steward, turning to survey us with radiant glance of benevolence prolonged till the light burned down to his toil-worn fingers, and was cast away on the newly-carpeted state-room floor.

More matches struck; some lit; applied to top of metal candlestick. Touching to watch, in flickering light falling on Our Steward's ruddy countenance, the look of coaxing entreaty that made it irresistible.

"Come now," he said, cooing the candlestick as if it were a fretful infant that wouldn't take its food.

Being merely a guest, didn't like to interfere with trusted servant. At end of quarter of hour of futile match-striking,

looked at candlestick; found there was no candle in it.

"Dear me, now," said Our Steward, his face lighting up with beam of pleased astonishment. "Think of that!"

Nothing disturbed him. At dinner, he planted out a dish of cutlets in the flower-pot; gently but firmly took away my soup after I had had two spoonfuls; knocked over a glass of champagne when handing round the bread; and quite forgot the fish.

He was up bright and early in the morning, joyous in the consciousness that candles were not needed. Our berths were under the dining-saloon, approached by a steep flight of stairs. Soon after five, Our Steward was about. Breakfast was fixed for nine o'clock. In a well-ordered ship there is nothing like being well ahead of your work. So about half-past five Our Steward began laying the cloth for breakfast. The process was long and monotonous. It began with his bursting into the dining-saloon and clattering down on the table a handful of spoons and forks. Forks seemed to bring to his mind the memory of knives. Forth he went in search of

them. But down below two people were sleeping. It would never do in a chill April morning to leave the deck-door open on them. The draught might waken them, if it did no worse. So Our Steward, flying off to the galley, shut the saloon-door with a bang like a pistol-shot.

Back again in no time, humming softly to himself,

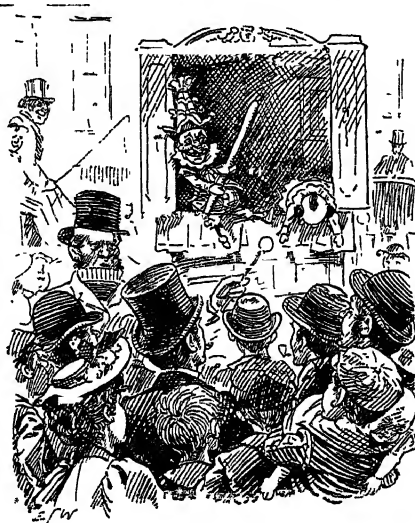
"A sailor's wife a sailor's star should be,
Yoho! Yoho!"

flung down on the table, quite in time, a bundle of something I knew were knives; softly whistled another bar of *Nancy Lee*, whilst (I imagined) he regarded his handiwork with that gaze of benevolent interest he had last night bent upon the amazingly empty candlesticks. Going out again, and, still mindful of the comfort of the sleeping passengers, he banged the saloon-door as before.

Plates were his next prize. There was no doubt about this, for he let one fall. A low whistle of astonishment in which there was just the slightest touch of irritability at the perverseness of the thing, followed. Then, lo! a strange thing happened. The door of my state-room was wide open, in full view of the staircase. I caught sight of a booted foot cautiously descending. It was followed by another foot, with nothing on but a stocking much frayed at the heel. Gradually there came into view a broad stern as of an East Indian. It was Our Steward descending the staircase backwards. What for, Heaven only knows. As soon as he got to the bottom, he, with the same stealthy footstep, re-ascended, and the pistol-shot of the closing saloon-door announced his departure.

I fancy he must have thought he was going out on deck to the galley, and did not discover his mistake till he got to the bottom of the stairs. Much touched by his solicitude. Wouldn't wake us on any account. Had evidently begun to take his boots off; thought he had completed the job. Meanwhile walked on tiptoe.

More dishes; more plates; and, as we later discovered, tumblers instead of teacups, set on the breakfast-table. A finely subtle touch that. At half-past six he had nicely finished his work, and, surveying it, softly whistled a stave of



"WHEN A STREET IS UP"—

A very old-fashioned and most effectual way of
"Diverting the Traffic."

Nancy Lee. Another bang of the door; a brief interval; he was back again. I heard a trickling of water down the staircase. Then the stockinged foot, coming first this time, followed at considerable interval by the booted heel. Soon the rounded stern hove in sight; then the capless head. It was Our Steward, breathing heavily, depositing at the bottom of the stairs a can containing what was left of our hot water.

That was the last I saw of Our Steward, save the parting view as he went ashore in charge of the captain. The Commodore, coming on deck and finding him a little mixed, straightway ordered him to be put on shore. An empty bottle that had contained methylated spirits of wine, found in the store cupboard, explained all.

BIG GAME.

[A dead fox has recently been displayed in a West End shop, hanging up amongst the game and poultry.]

I DISCOVERED with amazement
Lately that, in certain ways,
Talk of "these degenerate days" meant
Something more than just a phrase.

Now I offer in confusion
Praisers of the past a sop,
I have lost one more illusion—
In a game and poultry shop.

To my utter stupefaction,
There with partridges and hares
Said to be of Russ extraction
(E'en though dead, perhaps, to theirs),

Midmost of a row of rabbits—
Still the recollection shocks—
Now oblivious of its habits
Hung, alas! a gallant fox.

There it was, past all denying,
I would tell no schoolboy's "crum"—
Lion, not precisely lying
Down, but hanging up, with lamb!

Here was fare a prince might pamper!
Happy thought—a fitting end—
Send it in an Easter hamper
To an ardent hunting friend!

Asked the price, the poulterer sought to
Bargain—"Just what I can get."
"Get? Why, six months' hard, you
ought to!"

We have done no deal as yet.

What's the use of indignation?
Decadent poulterers may display
Placards, in a generation,
"Fox is good and cheap to-day!"



"No Larks!"



"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

Husband (to wife, just returned from Continental trip). "NOW, DEAR, ISN'T IT DELIGHTFUL, AFTER THE BUSTLE AND RACKET OF THOSE FOREIGN HOTELS, TO BE BACK IN THE PERFECT TRANQUILLITY OF OUR OWN HOME, AND—"

Cook & Co. (entering hurriedly). "KITCHEN' CHIMNEY A-BLAZIN', MUM! BETTER 'AVE IN THE FIRE ENGINS QUICK, MUM!"

FLITTINGS.

Kimberley, March 21.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write a few lines, in the intervals of mosquito-slaying, in praise of the Great Karroo and the railway which bears you to the North across it. I will spare you a description of the Hex River ascent, where the line plays a species of cat's-cradle with itself up gradients of one in forty, and where you have an engine at each end of the train, which seems, like a kitten, to be running after its own tail, and where there is a "wash-out" every other day or so, and the sleepers go floating down a mountain-torrent—let sleeping logs lie, I say. It is the Karroo which takes my fancy. I don't know where it begins or where it ends, but there is enough of it for the most eagle eye. There is a free and independent ring about the very name, a mixture of halloo and crow, exhilarating as the air which blows across you at an altitude of four thousand feet. As for the scenery, there is bright red earth and low grey shrubs, flat-topped kopjes, or hills, in plenty to break the skyline, ant-hills in abundance, an occasional herd or drove (which is it?) of ostriches, a settler's hut or a tree at intervals of about ten miles, and a thunder-storm every day. What more do you want?

Then as to the train. When we parted with the Johannesburg section at De Aar Junction (look this out in Bradshaw) our carriage was hitched on to a goods train of eighteen trucks, which contained Kaffirs, brandy-kegs, and other etceteras. It was, I should say, a train specially adapted for botanists, picnickers and pedestrians, as it went so slowly up inclines that I got off four times and picked flowers and generally disarranged the landscape. The line is like a switchback and goes up and down, and also around any inconvenient hillock that may be in the way. Some of the stations are simply name-boards, nothing more, but the names at any rate are familiar, e.g., Chalk Farm and Richmond Road, miles from any habitation, out in the open veld. Then we bought a bottle of milk at Honey Nest Kloof (a romantic name!), and when we asked the dusky vendor if it was ostriches' milk, he said, "Ah, yes!" and nearly exploded as he disappeared round a corner. He will probably relate to his dying day the tale of the two confiding pale-faces whom he once took in on a point of natural history. Towards the end of our pleasant thirty-six hours' run we indulged in some shunting practice, with the result that the carriage-lamp imitated Newton's apple, and fell within an inch of the head of Yours precariously,

Z. Y. X.



James Partidge del.

Jones (alluding to the song). "NOT BAD; BUT I THINK THE GIRL MIGHT HAVE PUT A LITTLE MORE SPIRIT INTO IT WITH ADVANTAGE."
Lushington. "JUSH 'T I WAS THINKIN'. LESH AVANOTHER!"

LITERARY TOUTS.

III.—THE SOCIAL KIND.

AMID the signs that indicate
The coming hurly-burly,
Cards for receptions, cool and late,
And others, warm and early,
The polo-match, the Church bazaar,
The dance of virgin gallants,
You read it—"Mrs. PUFFIN-PARR
At Home. To meet the Talents."
How well I know that woman's card!
It meets my weary eye on
The glass of every sucking-bard
And young dramatic lion!
And from enquiries I have made
I gather this about it—
No literary stock-in-trade
Can be complete without it.

I spoke of her to THOMAS BROWN
(GAWAYN LE BRUNE, he spelt it);
That author's literary frown
In specious laughter melted;
"Who is she?" Well, she runs a kind
Of what we call a *salon*;
Where (see the notice) one may find
Tout ce qu'il y a de talent.
"But who my hostess is, or what
Her reason for existence,
These questions, frankly, I do not
Pursue with marked insistence;
I use her caravanserai,
Like other public hostels,
For meeting brother-*genii*,
The pick of Art's apostles."

"Take me," I said, "for I would know
That bright and hallowed region,

Where men of light and leading go
And prattle by the legion;
Surely some spell of power untold
Lies hid behind those portals,
That lure within one common bower
So many rare Immortals."

In brief, I went. My host betrayed
A taste for my effusions;
To all my published works he made
Appropriate allusions;
Till in his ear my future themes
Were touchingly confided,
And when I left he knew my schemes
At least as well as I did.

Next week I chanced upon a "par"
Signed by "The Burrowing Badger":—
"GAWAYN LE BRUNE, that nascent star,
Long noticed in the *Cadger*,
Has done a volume, nearly due—
French Morals and the Ballet;
Last month, to catch the local hue,
He crossed (by sea) to Calais.

"His book, which all should now secure,
Smacks of OVIDIUS NASO,
With photographs *d'après nature*,
Très chic, if we may say so:
One of our younger rising firms,
PUSH, BROTHERS (doing nicely),
Has bought the copyright on terms
Too high to quote precisely."

Much marvelling how my friend LE BRUNE
(Plain THOMAS BROWN, in private)
Such booming in the eye of noon
Could possibly connive at,
I read again: "JOHN JONES" (that's me)—
"His smart elucidation
Of HABAKKUK will prove, *on dit*,
A perfect revelation."

Full details followed. I had been
The victim of a vulture,
A feeder off the fat, or lean,
Of other people's culture;
A licensed literary tout
Who batters on his betters,
And runs the column—"Chats about
The Chiefs of Art and Letters."

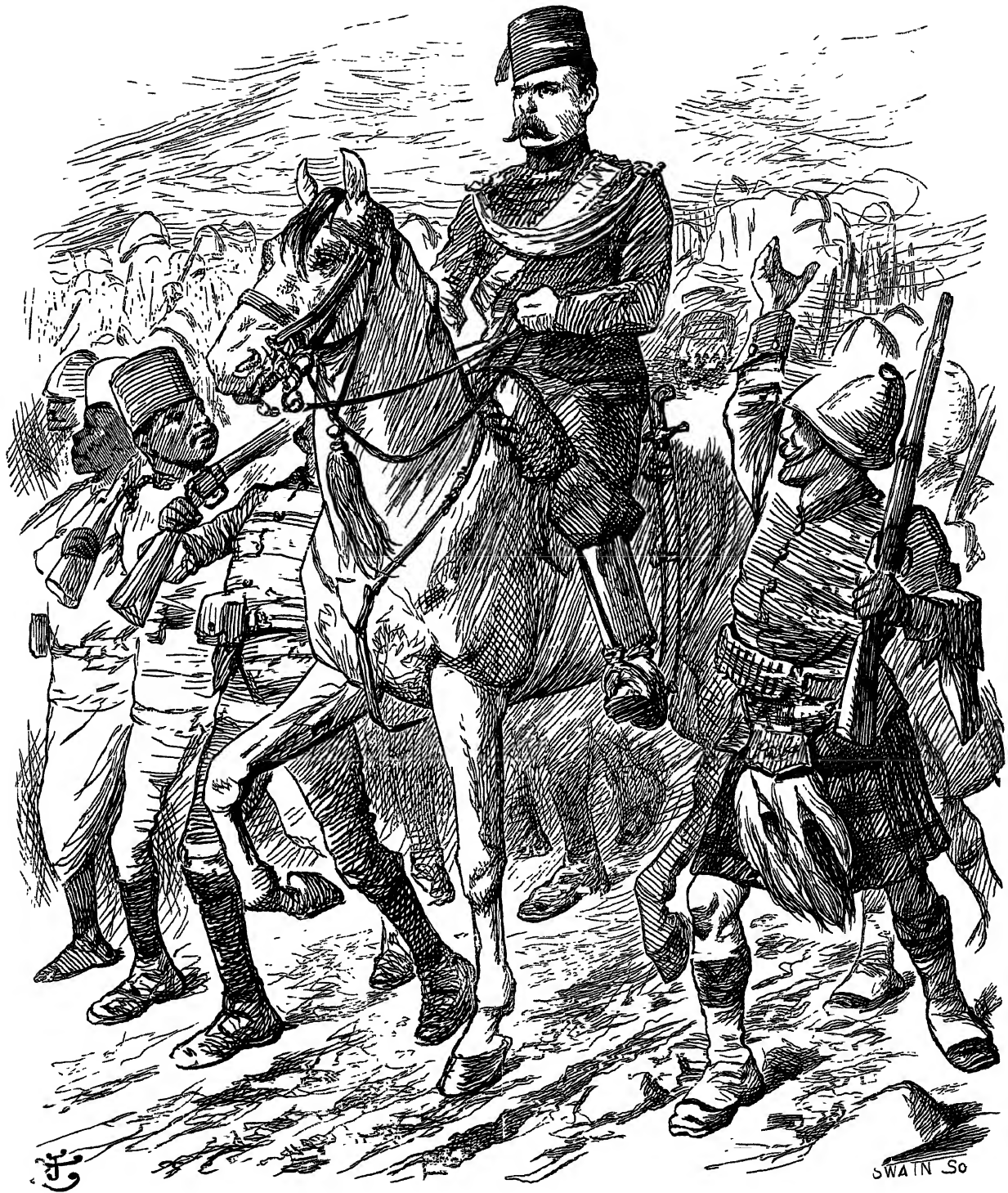
So was I taught the mystic truths
Of mutual market dealings
Beneath a social salve that soothes
The artist's finer feelings;
How host and guest work hand in hand
On lines a little greasy,—
The enterprising squeezer and
The enterprising squeezee.

A HAPPY HOLIDAY.

Now I really do not care a
Hang about the Riviera,
In the daytime you've a gay time,
But the nights are very cold.
And for any kind of touring
Which I used to find alluring,
I for biking had a liking,
But I now have grown too old.

Then the constant change of weather,
To my thinking, altogether
Knocked the notion of an ocean
Trip completely on the head;
I've a horror, too, of "trippers,"
'Arrys, 'Arriets, and "nippers,"
So a jolly quiet holi-
Day I spent at home in bed.

NICE OF RUSSIA.—Out of compliment to
the Leader of the House of Commons, the
CZAR proposes to re-name Port Arthur,
"Port Arthur-Balfour."



“WELL DONE, ALL!”

ATBARA, APRIL 8, 1898.



DIAGNOSED.

Patient. "I'M FEELING WRETCHED, DOCTOR. I TAKE NO INTEREST IN ANYTHING, HAVE NO APPETITE, CAN'T SLEEP——"
Doctor. "WHY DON'T YOU MARRY THE GIRL?"

PONGO'S PROTEST.

A PROTEST? Ah, yes! And the being I'd bless
 Who would shame the fine dames with less wisdom than pelf,
 Who indulge us in doctors and dandyish dress,
 Until a poor doggie's ashamed of himself.
 Their own silly fashions our mistresses deem
 Are delightful to creatures less foolish than they.
 Mine togs me in *chiffons* and stuffs me with cream,
 But my life, I assure you, is other than gay.
 Dogs' doctors, and tailors, and barbers! Oh, laugh!
 In my boots, fur-lined wrapper, with bracelet and card-case,
 I would, if I could, hide my face with my paw,
 For I'm an unwilling dog-dandy; a hard case!
 My idiot mistress may dress as she will;
 She's heartless, and brainless, and victim to fad;
 But to make *me* the victim of milliner skill,
 Is a horrible outrage that drives me half mad.
 Just look at me! Shaved, curled, and cosseted up
 Till I look like some caricature of a poodle!
 What *would* mamma think of her favourite pup?
 I wish I could cut the whole precious caboodle,
 And wild, free, and *natural* caper and scamper
 About London streets, or far plains like a dingo,
 Afar from fool-women who selfishly pamper.
 I'd rather be *Toby* the *Punch* dog, by Jingo!
 His coat and frilled collar are all meant in fun,
 But *mine!* you can't think what a guy I am made!
 A tight-swaddled waddler; can't frisk, much less run,
 I'm too plump for a jump, and it's years since I *played*.
 I don't know my own coat, curled all o'er like a wig,
 And I'm glad of the fur-lined top-coat just to hide it.
 I'm stupid, short-winded, and fat as a pig;
 A mere waddling wardrobe, with misery inside it.
 My togs—so I'm told—are worth full twenty pounds,
 My toilet-club, doctor, and tailor cost money,
 And though with my mistress that freely abounds
 To waste it on making me wretched seems funny.
 My night-gowns and handkerchiefs only would make
 A poor family happy. I feel like a hog:

And when at my mistress's fondling I wake,
 I am tempted to say "Is thy servant a *dog*?"
 A dog? No, a wretched, degraded, fat mass
 Of fad-made monstrosity; selfish and silly.
 In *looks*, as my mistress, but she is an ass
 By choice, whilst poor I *seem* the same willy-nilly.
 There! That is *my* protest. Now who'll back it up
 In a way more effective than my feeble snarling,
 And gratitude earn from a poor puffing pup,
 Who's a plague to himself though his mistress's darling?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *Dearer than Honour* (HUTCHINSON) E. LIVINGSTON PRESCOTT has very nearly written a big book. If he had treated this first version as a rough note-book, left out some episodes and written in others, he (or isn't it she?) might have succeeded. The germ thought is a noble one; but it grows amid rank weeds of impossibility. My Baronite is not disposed to insist upon the prosaic in romance land. It is quite conceivable that a man of *Ludovic Ord's* supremely fine nature might have sacrificed and suffered all he did for the sake of the girl he loved. But he would require some further proof of necessity than was supplied by the machinations of the melodramatic villain *Fenucane*. Moreover, all the scenes in connection with *Sister Sophia* are ludicrously out of drawing. That the author feels these truths is indicated by the sub-title, *A Fool's Tragedy*. But why make such an incredible fool?

A Soldier of Manhattan (SMITH, ELDER) fought at Ticonderoga, and, under the leadership of WOLFE, stormed the heights that led to the Plains of Abraham and the conquest of Quebec. Mr. JOSEPH ALTSHELER has evidently made painstaking study of the period, and reproduces its episodes and characters with commendable fidelity. But his hand lacks the magic touch with which some earlier workers in the field of historical romance are gifted. His men and women are woefully wooden, and his battle scenes, carefully drawn from the best records, lack the glow of fire. Withal, the book is, my Baronite says, well worth reading, as dealing with a little-studied episode in the history of the Empire.

With much gratification hath the Baron read Mr. S. R. CROCKETT's *Lochinvar* (METHUEN), a spirited romance full of doughty deeds, clanging and clashing of weapons, firing of pistols, hair-breadth escapes, strange Scotch language unintelligible to the pock-pudding Englishman, skirmishes, and such a surfeit of exciting sensational scenes as would have sufficed Sir WALTER SCOTT as material for three novels, and a modern dramatist for at least a couple of melodramas. And that the essential "female interest" should not be lacking, Mr. CROCKETT gives us two full-blown heroines, one of whom he is compelled to kill, and two other fledgling heroines, whose necessary disappearance from the story causes a pang of regret to the reader, as it must have done to the author. But why doth Mr. CROCKETT so gently treat his melodramatic villains? Of course, as he lets down his arch-scoundrel easily, he is in justice compelled to permit the aforesaid arch-villain's "creatures" to escape scot-free. Alas! that it should be so, for up to the very end did not the Baron, with palpitating heart and bated breath, await some awful catastrophe which should put an end, and in excruciating tortures too, to "the Butcher, the Calf, and the Killer"? If "my *Lord Barra*" be permitted to escape, as he is, then hath mercy, and not justice, prevailed with the romancer. With real pleasure does the Baron recommend to all lovers of bustling melodramatic romance Mr. CROCKETT's stirring and picturesque story of *Lochinvar*.

In *The Lust of Hate* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), GUY BOOTHBY makes use of his own *Dr. Nikola* as "*Diabolus ex machina*," and as that mysterious, necromantic scoundrel is not brought to an untimely end, it is presumable that he may be ready to hand whenever his agency is again required for some other audaciously-schemed plot. The story, in which the situation of shipwrecked hero and heroine on a desert island vividly recalls a few of the incidents in CHARLES READE's *Foul Play*, is exciting; but the *dénouement* is inartistic, being not only too evident, but far too abrupt. In fact, the story is spoilt in order to give *Dr. Nikola* a chance of being ready when wanted for "Mr. BOOTHBY's next." What a pity it is that *Mr. Sherlock Holmes* cannot be revived in order to be pitted against the nefarious *Dr. Nikola*!

THE BARON DE B.-W.



GOING DOWN TO THE HOUSE AFTER THE HOLIDAYS!

SO MUCH MORE *LOCAL COLOUR* MIGHT BE INTRODUCED IF OUR ARTIST WERE ONLY CONSULTED IN TIME BY THE AUTHORITIES. AS IT IS, HE HAS ONLY HAD TIME TO MAKE A ROUGH DESIGN FOR THE HEAD OF THE PROCESSION. IT WOULD BE IMMENSELY POPULAR IN THE STREETS!



UNENVIALE POSITION OF MR. POTTLES, WHOSE RECORD DRIVE HAS JUST LANDED FAIRLY IN THE RIBS OF IRASCIBLE OLD COLONEL CURRY, OUT FOR HIS CONSTITUTIONAL CANTER.

THE COMPLEAT DUFFER.

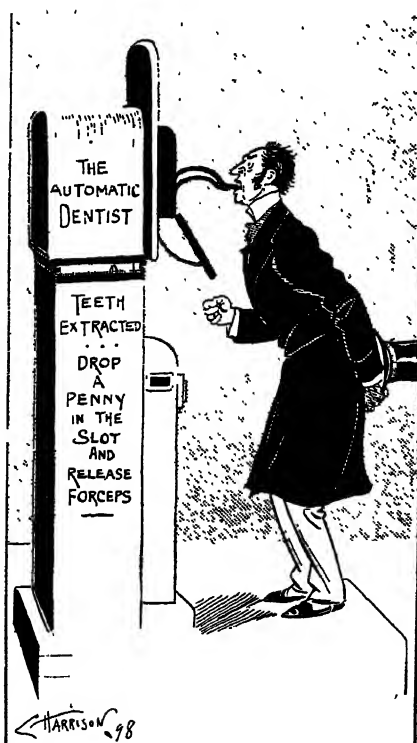
I HAVE fished in every way,
Fished on every kind of day,
But my basket still remains *in statu quo*,
Not a stickleback will rise,
Not a gudgeon as a prize
To the quite amazing flies
That I throw.

When I try the purling brook,
Many trout just have a look
At my fly, or at the minnow, that I spin.
With fishy leer they squirm
Off, and my belief is firm
That I'd better use a worm
On a pin.

Wherever I get leave,
Still I fish from morn to eve,
Though I never—hardly ever—rightly cast,
With a body soaking wet,
With a mind intent and set
On success achieving yet
At the last.

In my coat of wondrous tweed,
And on every wandering weed,
Hooks and flies unnamed invariably I fix.
Here I cannot land a fish—
I can only hope and wish
I may creel a goodly dish
In the Styx.

PORKER VERBA (from our own *Irrepressible One*, still at large).—Q. Why is American pork not allowed to enter Germany? A. In order to protect the interests of Ham-burg, of course.



["A machine for amputation is being installed at the Emergency Hospital at Boston."—*Daily Mail*.]

THE AUTOMATIC DENTIST WILL NO DOUBT FOLLOW THE AMPUTATION MACHINE.

THE PATRIOT'S VADE MECUM.

(Translated from the French for use at the Second Zola Trial.)

Question. What is your idea of the whole duty of a citizen?

Answer. To regard everything from a purely sentimental point of view.

Q. Is it necessary that the sentiment should be justified by facts?

A. Certainly not; such a consideration may be dismissed as a worthless detail.

Q. How is France governed?

A. Chiefly by cries.

Q. Is the cause of the cry of any importance?

A. No, so long as it is accepted by the majority.

Q. Are there any special names for the minority?

A. They are usually described as "traitors," "spies," "cowards," "thieves," "assassins," and the like.

Q. You say that France is chiefly governed by cries; give a few instances.

A. A cry has been found strong enough to dethrone a dynasty, upset any number of Governments, and to establish three and abolish two republics.

Q. Has a cry any power in the law courts?

A. It has had supreme power, controlling judges, witnesses, and juries.

Q. But may not foreigners consider all this excitement, violence, and thoughtlessness slightly hysterical?

A. Possibly; but the consideration can be speedily set aside.

Q. How? Not by a cry?

A. Yes; by a cry of "Long live France!"



"WOT OH, BILL! WHERE 'AVE YER BEEN THIS LARST THREE MONTHS?"

"WHERE 'AVE I BEEN? WOT A QUESTION TO ARST! I SHOULD 'A THOUGHT YOU'D 'A SPOTTED THAT FROM ME GIT-UP. I'VE JURST COME BACK FROM KLONDIKE!"

KING CRICKET.

THE canny Scot may talk a lot
Of golf and its attraction,
And "putt" and "tee" for him may be
A source of satisfaction;
While maidens meek with rapture speak
Of croquet's fascination,
Tho' I suspect 'twere more correct
To call their game "flirtation."
But cricket's the thing for Summer and Spring!
Three cheers for cricket, of all games the king!

The man who boats his time devotes
To rowing or to sailing,
In shine or rain he has to train,
With energy unfailing.
A tennis set finds favour yet
With merry men and matrons.
In lazy souls the game of bowls
Is not without its patrons.

A day that's fine I do opine
Is much to be desired;
An "even pitch" I ask for, which
Is certainly required;
Then add to that a "steady bat,"
A bowler "on the wicket,"
A "field" that's "smart," then we can start
The noble game of cricket.

A PARADISE for whist-players and masage-patients should be found (judging by the name) in "the Rubber Estates of Pará."

"TAKING THE ALFREDIAN CAKE."

(A Historical Romance re-written for an approaching Millennium, by one who does not believe in Traditional Heroes.)

THE belated huntsman passed across the drawbridge and entered the castle. In those Saxon times only some half-dozen retainers stood awaiting strangers in the hall. The Danes had taught the inhabitants of the British Isles a certain measure of prudence, but yet they retained their freedom.

"Is the lady of the house at home?" asked the aristocratic caller, throwing the reins of his horse to a lackey.

"At your service, my lord, but the countess, who is partial to cookery, is in the kitchen," was the respectful response.

"Thither" will I go and serve as my own introducer." Saying this, the huntsman found his way to the lower regions.

The countess was certainly making cakes. She had around her a number of subtle essences and sauces, and in front of her was a book of home, gorgeously illuminated, containing valuable culinary recipes.

"Fair lady, pardon this intrusion, but I am a bit of a chef myself. Can I help you?"

The countess evidenced some confusion. Then she made obeisance, and being called away by other visitors, quitted the rush-strewn apartment.

Left to himself, the sportsman carelessly

SLOPING FROM SILOMIO.

THE following paragraph, communicated to the *Times*, is interesting beyond the stirring information of international importance it conveys to the wondering world:—

"The Chinese Minister, who is at Eastbourne, paid a visit to Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, M.P., and Lady ASHMEAD-BARTLETT at Grange House yesterday morning, and in the afternoon drove to Beachy Head. His Excellency returns to London to-day."

In the House of Commons, when SILOMIO rises to put matters right, whether in China or Peru, Members incontinently walk off into the Lobby, and thence to remoter corners of the building. The Chinese Minister, after a morning visit to the distinguished statesman, drives straightway to Beachy Head, and makes preparation for early return to London. Thus doth one touch of ASHMEAD make the whole world kin.

FROM OUR SPECIAL COMMISSIONER IN CRIM-TARTARY.

... AT that minute CRUM-TATO forced me violently on to the edge of a two-bladed razor (peculiar to the country), while my faithful followers, GINGAH SNAP and ORANG PIP, were fastened by steel manacles to four fir-trees, which our diabolical persecutors had discovered growing out of the side of a precipice descending some 50,000 feet into the valley of the Lincrusta River, wandering like a streak of molten lead in the realm of the Unknown. I felt the two-bladed razor on each of my feet. It cut both my corns and my toe-nails. At the same time CRUM-TATO presented a revolver at my head. It pressed my forehead, but at that moment I perceived by glancing down the barrel that it was not loaded.

There was a great pause, during which I took some shorthand notes and drew a picture of the sufferings of GINGAH SNAP and ORANG PIP. The ruffian and his satellites hesitated to finish their work, and as they discussed the situation, I winked in covert fashion to my comrades. It was enough! In an instant we had armed ourselves with some cocoa-nuts, which border-gipsies on their way to Lhassá Races had abandoned by reason of the death of their donkeys. Our cowardly opponents fled before our well-directed shower of missiles. I rapidly released my companions, and we were free! free! free! for we had only to skip the frontier, leaving behind us some undesirable Yaks and those instruments of torture which have never been seen in Europe, and probably never will be. The British Resident was absent, but we were "all there."

mixed certain ingredients together into the shape of a cake, and setting it before the fire, waited the result. He threw himself upon a couch and fell into a slumber. He had not been unconscious for an hour, when he was aroused by a blow. Springing to his feet, he indignantly confronted his assailant. It was the countess, now furious with anger.

"How dare you?" she cried. "How dare you? You have allowed the cake to burn!"

"A blow!" he exclaimed, pale with rage. Then he blew his horn. In a moment the kitchen was filled with soldiers.

"Take that woman," he continued, pointing at the now trembling countess, "to the deepest dungeon under the castle moat."

The lady was loaded with chains.

"Who is this tyrant—this lawless tyrant?" she asked, as she was being conveyed to her cell in procession.

"Why, lady, the king."

"What, Alfred? Listen to me, varlets. I tell you that the day shall come when this monster of cruelty and stupidity shall be known in the land of his birth as 'ALFRED THE LITTLE.'"

And so it came to pass. For a thousand years later—at the close of the nineteenth century—the prophecy of the countess became fulfilled. ALFRED THE GREAT, in those days of historical enlightenment, disappeared, to reappear as ALFRED THE LITTLE.



[According to the *Daily News*, EMIL BRUGSCH-BEY proves that the Egyptians had comic papers.]

A FRAGMENT OF THE TITLE-PAGE OF THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN PUNCH.

GIRLS' GOSSIP.—Our Fashion Column.

DEAREST ARABELLA,—Now that all the world is on wheels, of course you also go in for "biking"; AMY rides in the Park every day in knickers.

To a country mouse like yourself, love, this may at first seem *un peu risqué*, but *noblesse oblige*, could she do better than follow the example set by the Duchess of TRINKUMAJEE and the really smart set in the world of fashion? I think not.

You must be dying to know all about EVA's wedding; as you are aware, she married the Hon. BERTIE BOUNDER, the best-dressed man in London, so 'tis said; the ceremony was celebrated at the now fashionable church of St. Giles, before the Bishop of BATTERSEA, assisted by the Vicar of VAUXHALL and three curates, so there is every reason to believe that she was properly tied up.

The bride's uncle, "old Kangaroo" as he is called, gave her away (*entre nous*, he made his money in the tea trade, "Kangaroo Hill Brand," hence his soubriquet). As JACK SHARPE remarked in an audible whisper, "Given away with a pound of tea." Clever, was it not? But JACK never lets a chance slip of saying a smart thing. After the ceremony there was a reception at the Polony Hotel, where most of the presents were on view. I counted fifteen pepper-casters and eighteen salt-cellars, so EVA is nicely set up in this respect.

She had fourteen bridesmaids and six pages dressed in CHARLES THE FIRST costume; a full description of the bridesmaids' dresses and the bride's *trousseau* is held over until my next.

Here is a nice recipe for a light luncheon dish:

Take half a pound of liver and three red herrings (mind that they are red), cut in thin strips, and stew gently over a slow fire, break the yolks of half-a-dozen plovers' eggs, pepper lightly with parmesan, add two or three cloves and a cupful of the finest golden syrup, dust all over with red pepper, and serve *en canape*.

Ever your devoted, SOPHONISBA.

OUR FIREWORKS.

(By Jones Major.)

THEY were a distinct success. Every one knows TORCHE's Guinea Box (17s. 9d. at the Stores) and all its treasures. We were a little perplexed at the instructions. There was one thing looking like an old-fashioned dress-improver that had something on it about putting a greased string through it. Well, SMITH Minor got the twine of his peg-top and held it with another fellow, and I lighted it. It fizzled, and then flew in a fury of red and green flames. SMITH Minor dropped it like a hot potato, and then the beastly thing followed us, throwing coloured balls at us now and again and letting off crackers. Then we had a partial failure with our rocket. It went up all right for about three yards and then turned to the left and kept in that direction. It was amusing to see the leisurely way in which it set to work. No hurry—to speak of—for a rocket. Then there were the roman candles. Splendid when none of the fellows were fooling. However, one was started off sideways, and nearly set fire to a haystack. For all that it was most effective, and caused a perfect thril of excitement. Then we had a Jack-in-the-box. We didn't know how to light it. But BINKS Minimus (who is a plucky little chap for his inches) held it in his hand until it began fizzing. It was a quiet, well-conducted flame at first—quite delicate. Then, suddenly—without a bang of warning—it began cracking about all over the shop. Poor BINKS got a number of nasty burns. Then there was a thing called "The Golden Grove Tree." We put it on a stick, and instead of remaining there it jumped down and twirled about on the ground. It looked very pretty, and we shouldn't have minded it much, but it *would* let off fire-balls at us. The roman candles were all right because we knew what they would do, and they did it. No humbug about them. They were quite a relief to an affair with twists and twirls and a long touch-piece, that was called "A Mexican Treasure," and went off with a fizz sideways and blazed away in the greenhouse. The balloon was all right though it *did* come down on a haystack that would get in its way while it was descending. By great good luck the spirits of wine had burned themselves out, so there was no accident.

Our last effect was to let off everything that was left simultaneously. Rockets, catherine-wheels (from 5s. apiece to 6d. a dozen), squibs, and crackers. It certainly was glorious, but might have been better had not the various lights killed one another. At the end of the performance we found a greenhouse alight, ditto a haystack, ditto the goals in the football field. Besides these slight casualties there were a few odds and ends, such as a smashed library window and a scorched rabbit-hutch.

But for all that we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and trust that old Dr. BRICHWELL (our excellent head master, whose birthday occurred just after our return to school from the Easter vacation) fully appreciated our efforts to do him appropriate honour.

PROPHETS MAKING PROFITS.

(A fanciful suggestion of how it may be done a good deal in advance.)

SCENE—Sanctum of "Star-gazers' Annual." Prophets discovered at their work for 1899.

First Prophet. There, I think that will do. Let's see. We have got a famine for January, a war for February, and an earthquake for March. What shall be our article for April?

Second Prophet. Might put down another war. They always come out straight. May mean a battle of Waterloo or a stand-up fight between a couple of carmen.

First Pro. Quite so. Have you sprinkled in a few deaths of Statesmen?

Second Pro. Have a dozen to the eight months. First-rate kinds. Equally suitable to a BISMARCK or a gentleman holding office for a fortnight in some South American Republic.

First Pro. How about our list of regular subscribers? Have you revised it?

Second Pro. As well as I can. Same result as last year. Our readers are either under sixteen or well over sixty.

First Pro. Old maids as usual much to the fore?

Second Pro. Of course. They take the lead as our chief supporters.

First Pro. Quite so. And now, as we have got the matter in something like shape, we might have a shot at the gentlemen who pay for inside sheets and back pages.

Second Pro. Certainly, and let us hope it will turn out a prosperous day for—to quote the good old annual—"unscrupulous adventurers seeking the cash of the unwary."

[Exeunt to try their luck in the world of bold advertisement.]



PALM OIL.

Gr-d B-M-r. "TUT! TUT! HERE'S HALF YOUR POOR RATES FOR YOU, AND HALF YOUR COUNTY CESS FOR YOU. JOHN BULL PAYS IT. NOW, GO AWAY, BE GOOD BOYS, AND DON'T QUARREL ANY MORE!"

MERRY MAY.

(By a Sufferer, in anticipation, from its Merriment.)

"CAST not a clout till May be out!"
Oh! sound advice, sagacious giver!
Had I but heeded it, no doubt,
I should have spared my liver.

Oh! merry, merry month of May!
Only your jests are merry, merry,
'Tis only pretty Springtide's way,
And humorous—ah, *very*!

The joke of bringing blossoms out
By frost and the east wind to perish,
Is a sweet pleasantry, no doubt,
All humorists should cherish.

The jape of tempting flannels off
By one mild morning, warm and sunny
Followed by hail-storms and a cough,
Is most supremely funny!

Oh! merry May, you find *your* mirth
At human misery in mocking;
So you're the merriest fiend on earth;
To *me* such mirth is shocking!

Crackling of thorns beneath the pot
Is mellow music to your laughter.
We smile at May's poetic rot,
And *you* at what comes after.

To see men suffer, hear men cuss,
To May, no doubt, is vastly jolly;
But to transfer May's mirth to *us*
Is muddle-headed folly.

RHODES.

(In the metre of Mr. George Meredith's
"Napoléon," in "Cosmopolis.")

CANNON not his name,
But the name of an eminent jockey;
However, this is a nebulous nothing, much
the same

As making Austrian
Rhyme with CHARLEMAGNE,
Or using adjectives, invented or obsolete,
Or anything else which in the mixed Mere
dithean metre may be
Admired.

Oh! bodeful, unhandkerchiefed, decrescent,
Puritan, pig-headed KRUGER,
Mannerless, graceless, laughterless, unapt
At repercussant casts calamitous—
Whatever that may mean—clumsy, unneat,
In clothes of a shocking bad cut, which
would disgrace even a hydrocephalic
aërolite;

Nor even by such ascendent ambitions fired
As might make budge an incandescent boot-
maker.

Oh! LABOUCHERE, the luminous,
The immacessible voicer of the veridical,
ever right;

The smiter, panther springer, trapper sly;
The penetrant, the tonant, tower of towers;
The Critic, last of vital in the proud
Enslaved, when most detectively endowed.
Oh, my eye!

You would all go mad if I went on like
this for a few hours,
All become declamant dizzards into Bedlam
clapped.

So here goes;
Decrescent Tyrant, juggling with Johan-
nesburg, and lustrous Leviathan,
Learned in the manufacture of machine-
made Northampton

Boots:
I'm getting on:



ERRAND BOYS.

First Boy. "WHERE'ARE YER GOIN' TO, BILL?"

Second Boy. "I'VE GOT TO GO RIGHT OVER 'AMMERSMITH BRIDGE TO BARNES, THEN I'SE GOT TO GO TO PUTNEY AND BACK BY FULHAM ROAD, THEN TO 'IGH STREET, KENSINGTON."

First Boy. "WHY, I'VE GOT TO GO TO 'IGH STREET. YOU GO ON. I'M IN A BIT OF A HURRY, BUT I'LL WAIT FOR YER!"

The cumulative, quenchless, persistent

Titan,

The unweaponed confabulator on the ma-

lignant Matoppos,

The condemnatory critic of unctuous recti-

tude,

At whom avuncular Pretorian PAUL repel-

lent hoots:

It's bad enough for you to have to read

this poetry,

But think of me, struggling to write

it!

Well, as I was saying in words' murk and

thick,

Likewise friable and grumous; which
sounds like the Jabberwock; perhaps
out of spite,

Or ill-nature,

The shareholders, similar to scornful mas-

todons or quiring Cherubim,

Or staggerant in the spirally upward of

rapture,

Have elected him

Once more a director of the Chartered

Company.

There, now I've finished, or I should have

had a volent cerebral apoplectic fit;

Bring me a brandy and soda, quick!



HOW IT'S DONE.

SCENE: Dealer's Yard. Customer going out to try Horse.

Friend of Dealer. "HELLO, SAM! WHAT'S UP? NEVER HEARD YOU STAMMER LIKE THAT OVER A PRICE BEFORE!"

Dealer. "WELL, YER SEE, GEORGE. WHEN I DUNKNOW 'EM, I JIS SAYS, HUN-UN-UN-UNDERED—GIVES ME TIME TO SEE HOW THEY TAKES IT, AND IF IT DON'T SURPRISE 'EM TOO MUCH, I JIS CLAPS ON AS MUCH OF ANOTHER 'UNDER'D AS I THINKS THEY 'LL SWALLER!"

INTERESTING AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

(By Cable from our Special Correspondent, in spite of the War.)

MR. ABRAHAM P. QUICKSETT, who last year purchased the "Spread Eagle Hotel," Bellinzona City (Mo.), has just financed the Washington Axe Caravanserai in Florida to the extent of two million dollars, with a proviso that all alligators on the estate shall be considered as real property. He has entered into a large contract with an enterprising firm of bootmakers.

Last night, Mrs. HIRAM P. BRIQUETTE, wife of the eminent coal merchant, gave a ball at the Thousand Street Hotel. Mrs. BRIQUETTE, who was appropriately robed in sombre tulle decorated with flame-coloured lace and black diamonds, received her guests in the entrance lobby. Mr. BRIQUETTE superintended the cloak department. Many members of the old Kicker-nocker families were present, among whom I may mention Miss POLLY SCISSORS, the well-known blonde, Miss MINNIE VAN KORK, Miss KATRINE HOOK DE HOLLAND, Mrs. CHORTLER, the charming bride of Mr. EPHRAIM CHORTLER (né THORNBUSH, of Wall Street), and the Terra del Fuego attached.

There has been a rumour lately (and I may add, not without foundation) that Senator CINCINNATUS PORKOPOLIS of Cincinnati has been in treaty with the British Government for the sale of Windsor Castle and the South Kensington Museum. Sena-

tor PORKOPOLIS, it should be mentioned, is one of our most respected citizens. He began life by making boot-laces out of straw at St. Louis (Mo.), and later on by his industry succeeded in getting a clerkship in the house of SCRATCHEM & Co., the famous brush-makers. Attracted by the value of swine, he soon obtained a corner in the breed, and adopted a name, which is now (registered) to be found in any World's Directory. Miss MARIE ANTOINETTE POINSETTIA JANE PORKOPOLIS, his daughter, is, whether or no her father's stupendous offer for the British Public Buildings be accepted, certain to be the leading belle at Buckingham Palace this season. She has resolved to accept no husband lower than an English Duke or a German Prince.

A novelty in the matter of supper-parties has been arranged by Mr. CALER X. CHIPMUNK, perhaps the most enterprising of our "blue bloods." He has taken the whole of the "Rip Van Winkle Restaurant," and bidden for Thursday next a select number of guests, all of whom are to appear in white costumes. Thus (so I am given to understand), Mrs. CYRUS PADDER, the most fashionable lady corsetière, who owns six blocks of houses, is to represent a white peacock, her husband, a genial member of our leading clubs, a white owl, Mr. and Mrs. WASHINGTON BROWN-JONES-SWATH-ROBINSON a pair of turtle-doves, Count CHINKO the silver dollar, and Mrs. MAC-LAZARUS a swan.

THE SCORCHER.

He travels along at the top of his speed,
You might think that his life was at stake;

To beauties of nature he never pays heed,
For the record he's trying to break.
He stiffens his muscles and arches his back
As if he were still on the cinder-path track.

He races regardless of life and of limb,
Caring naught for the folk in his way;
For chickens and children are nothing to him,

And his mad career nothing can stay;
So wildly he wheels as if urged by a goad;
By coachmen he's christened "the curse
of the road."

He'll pass on the left and he'll ride on the right,

For the rules of the road caring naught;
His lamp he will not take the trouble to light

Till a pretty smart lesson he's taught.
But lecture and fine him as much as you will,

The trail of the scorcher is over him still.

ADVICE (founded on Report of Committee of Inquiry into Communication between Railway Passenger and Guard).—A tip in time saves you from considerable inconvenience.

SEASONABLE VEGETABLE AND EARLY MARRIAGES.—Spring Onions and Spring Unions.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Vanity Fair for six shillings! A volume clearly printed, gilt-edged, handsomely gowned, illustrated by some of THACKERAY'S sketches, and by a portrait of the author with softer lineaments than my Baronite has seen elsewhere. Not least precious is what is modestly called an "Introduction" by his daughter, Mistress ANNE RITCHIE. Our fathers, regarding from Elysian heights this latest enterprise of SMITH, ELDER, remembering how they paid a shilling for the monthly numbers of a work that took nearly two years to bring forth, will sadly feel they lived too soon. We of the *Punch* table, which still shows the W. M. T. carved long ago by touch of a vanished hand, like to think that the immortal yellow-backed Numbers first saw the light under the auspices of our BRADBURY AND EVANS, to this day of Bouverie Street. *Vanity Fair* is the precursor of a new and revised edition of works whose charm is enduring and perennial. It will embody additional material and hitherto unpublished letters, sketches, and drawings, garnered from the original manuscripts and notebooks. The complete edition, extending to thirteen volumes, will comprise in itself a priceless library.

Mr. ALLEN RAINE promises to do for Wales what, in these later times, following WALTER SCOTT at long interval, Mr. BARRIE and IAN MACLAREN have done for Scotland. His *Welsh Singer*, recently published, and already in the third edition, revealed the birth of a novelist who had broken fresh ground. *Torn Sails* (HUTCHINSON) will maintain and extend his reputation. It is an idyllic story of life in a Welsh village, where all the men are brave and most of the women beautiful. It is the old, old story, simply and charmingly told, of Woman's faithfulness and Man's unfaltering love. The Mishter, his right-hand man Ivor Parry, his late love *Guladys*, and, above all, his early love *Mari Vone*, are drawn with pathetic force. It is not a cheerful tale. Rather one of

Torn sails and broken mast.

But

The boat is safe home at last.

In *A Reputation for a Song* (ARNOLD), MAUD OXENDEN has given us an admirable "comedy of errors" in every sense of the term. The plot has just that delicate touch of true pathos in its strongest situations without which no comedy can be perfect. A more interesting story it has seldom of late been my good fortune to come across, excellently well told without needless comment or superfluous description. So absorbed in the fate of the principal characters will every reader, taking the Baron's advice, become, that, each one, as he lays down the book for good and all, will be inclined, in spite of his gratitude to the authoress, to owe her a grudge for not having provided an epilogue simply announcing, as if from a newspaper, the death of that provoking *Dora Copperfield* of a woman called *Stella*, and this, after an interval of asterisks, should be followed by a broken chapter, narrating how, some years after the above-mentioned sad event, the most loveable *maestro*, having retired from business and living abroad, had unexpectedly encountered *Guy Jervis* and his wife "*Gwen*," honeymooning on the continent. However, it has the true art of *Sam Weller's* valentine, and, ending abruptly, we "wish there was more."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

SMALL AND SELECT.—The Dwarf Company which, under command of Mrs. General TOM THUMB, and directed by Trumpeter KIRALFY, is coming to the Olympian Palace, vacated by the Giants of the "Greatest Show on Airth." These dwarfs are to play burlesques, a class of entertainment considered by very superior persons as the lowest form of drama, and, therefore, just suited to these very small people, who cannot belittle themselves by their performance. The dwarfs' low comedian, being only three feet high, must be quite the lowest comedian ever seen. They have only to be "little and good" to be sure of success; and that it is essential for them to make "pretty tall" sums is evident from the fact that, individually and collectively, they are all at the present moment "uncommonly short."

Conundrum for Sir H-nry Th-mps-n.

WHEN does a traveller become a strict vegetarian?
When he dines *en route*.



"I SAY, WAITER, THIS SALMON CUTLET ISN'T HALF SO GOOD AS THE ONE I HAD HERE LAST WEEK."

"CAN'T SEE WHY, SIR. IT'S OFF THE SAME FISH!"

A WORD TO THE WISE.

JUDGING by the experience of our own "Travelling Fellow" and of his fellow-travellers, we should say that the Métropole Hotel, at Folkestone, is very hard to beat, as being one of the most spacious, most luxurious, and best conducted, on fairly reasonable terms, that the aforesaid travellers have patronised for some considerable time. It is dangerous to praise. A hotel, woman-like, is "*varium et mutabile semper*," depending so entirely on those who are "here to-day and gone to-morrow," and not back again at all if dissatisfied. Therefore, let this hostelry, now in its youth, keep up to the mark and be careful not to allow the menu of to-day to be inferior to that of yesterday, but ever to give promise of even still better things to-morrow, and to see that the promise is fulfilled. Our Travelling Fellow, being inspired to ask a puzzler, wishes to know why the Métropole is like one of three Spanish matadors who have been tossed by a bull in the arena? The answer, he says, is because the hotel is "one of the Gored 'uns!" (Meaning, as we infer, "one of the Gordons.")

[Our T. F. has left the country.]

A GREAT LOSS.—Distinctly so to the Alhambra, where for so many years Mons. J. G. JACOBI has led his musical army to victory. The "Mons," it may be, is about to retire into private life, attended only by his faithful body-servant, a touching picture of a "Mons" and a "valet." The talented conductor's "beano" or benefit is to take place at the Alhambra, we believe, on May 12. After that the glory of the ballet music will have departed for, it is said, America. Couldn't M. JACOBI include Spain, and so bring harmony to both countries?

THERE IS "WAR IN THE AIR!"—And so there may be, if armed balloons are ever sent up by two belligerent forces.



The Cleaner (showing Tourists round the Church).—“VOILÀ LE MAÎTRE-AUTEL, M'SIEU ET 'DAME.”
British Matron. “OH, TO BE SURE, YES. YOU REMEMBER, GEORGE, WE HAD FRENCH BEANS À LA MAÎTRE AUTEL FOR DINNER YESTERDAY!”

THE WARRIOR'S LAMENT.

[“The Prince of MONACO, who is an officer in the Spanish navy, has addressed a letter to the QUEEN REGENT, expressing in warm terms his regret that his private duties prevent him from discharging his naval duties.”—*Daily Paper.*]

OH, a sailor's life is the life for me,
 Lashed by the bounding, sounding sea,
 With the blue above and the bilge below,
 And a general sense of Yo-heave-ho!
 But how can I ride on the wrathful deep
 With private engagements here to keep?

I would love to lather the open main
 Under the yellow and red of Spain;
 To wield command—and a mild Manilla—
 Right in the van of the old flotilla;
 But something tells me I'm not to roam,
 For piety best begins at home.

I sniff the tootle of war's alarms,
 Where the young Canaries are up in arms;
 And I feel the edge of my keen Toledo,
 Sharp as the snout of a trim torpedo;
 But Princes are shackled by rights divine,
 And one of them is—to draw the line.

Think what a Monte-Carloist feels
 When Aragon calls and the two Castiles!
 For the ban is out and the arriere-ban,
 And Spain must fight to her last true man;
 But practical duties have to be done,
 So Spain must fight to her last-but-one.

My heart is away with my own brave tars,
 Possibly handling ropes and spars;
 And it would, if it could, be beating warm
 Beneath its nautical uniform;
 But personal claims are apt to clog
 The passionate pulse of this old sea-dog.

Here am I fettered, foot and hand,
 To the numerous needs of my native land;
 For under my rigid, sovereign rod
 I rule an army of six-score odd;
 And I flatter myself it would be the deuce
 If I were away and the lot broke loose.

Here from my singular sea-girt rock,
 In a manner of speaking, I feed my flock;
 I guard their ways from the enemy's wiles
 Over a surface of eight square miles!
 What, if I went, would be their fate,
 Fleeced by the stranger within my gate?

Hungry he comes from East and West,
 Welcomed at large (as a paying guest),
 Though his soul is full of the fell intent
 Of breaking the source of my hard-earned
 rent,

Where the flower of Monaco grind my mill,
 Toiling and spinning the fretful pill.

So it's oh! (once more) for the spanking
 main

Under the yellow and red of Spain!
 My heart goes out to her flag afar,
 But I keep my head for the rouge-et-noir;

For *Duty first* is the rule and plan
 Of a Prince who is also a Family Man.
 Below my prison that fronts the bay
 I notice the glad sea-gulls at play!
 One passes westward! Upon my word,
 I would I might follow that beaming bird!
 This self-denial's a sickly bore;
 Still, *Duty first*, as I said before.

APPRECIATIONS.

BLAME not the critic, public, pray,
 When unrestricted panegyrics
 He heaps on worthless book or play,
 And eulogises vapid lyrics;
 When in each goose a swan he finds,
 With abject flattery when he grovels
 Before those common garden minds
 That dash off piles of dreary novels.
 No,—but if he eschews with care
 The slightest *souppçon* of detraction,
 His only object is to spare
 His editor a libel action.

PLANTATION SONG (addressed by Miss
Columbia to Mr. John Bull).—“I want
 you, my honey, yes, I do!”

OBVIOUS NOTE ON THE BUDGET.—The
 end of the Surplus. Smoke!



THE DUELLO.

“OH, THE PITY OF IT!”



[“A French scientist is said to have invented a method of administering pills to plants, so as to keep them in health.”—*Evening Paper*.]
A POSSIBILITY OF THE NEAR FUTURE. THE PLANT OUT-PATIENT DEPARTMENT AT THE HOSPITAL.

AN INTERVIEW OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

(A Communication hourly expected after recent developments.)

I ENTERED the study. It was in the customary condition of confusion, showing that the occupant had the most elementary ideas anent order.

“What do you want?” was the first question put to me.

“To make a few inquiries,” was my prompt reply.

“I can attend to nothing; I am too busy.”

“It would not appear so,” I returned with a smile. “You seem to have ample leisure. And that reminds me that I want five pounds.”

“If you expect me to provide it, you will have to wait a considerable time before receiving the desired sum.”

“Indeed! Why can you not let me have it?”

“Because I cannot afford it. Times are hard just now.”

This gave me the opening I desired, and I took advantage of the opportunity to press it.

“What do you mean by hard? That the rates are unpaid and the rent in arrears?”

“Well, certainly, I have received a final application for the first, and a second notice for the last.”

“How about the household books?”

“They are, so I am given to understand, very much in arrears.”

“Dear me! Then you are scarcely solvent?”

“Well, that is putting it rather too strongly,” said my interviewee. “I believe I can pay my way if I am given time.”

“However,” I returned, with a smile, “I suppose you would prefer to keep the present condition of your affairs a secret from the world at large?”

“No doubt; no doubt.”

“Then if you are so good as to hand me five pounds, we will forget all about it.”

“I have already explained that I cannot really afford the expenditure.”

“Then it will be my painful duty to publish a report of our interview—as a warning to your creditors.”

“You will do no such thing.”

But my father was wrong. I have!

THANKS TO THE BUDGET.

SCENE—Sanctum of Employer. Enter Employee.

Employee. I think, Sir, you are quite satisfied with my conduct?

Employer. Unquestionably. During the long time you have been in my service you have merited my most perfect confidence.

Employee. Then, Sir, I would ask you to confer upon me a great favour. You know my salary?

Employer. One well earned. For all you do, it is poor wages. You manage all my correspondence. You invest all my savings, and you are the life and soul of every enterprise I undertake. It would be impossible to recompense you to the extent of the obligation under which you have placed me. Most certainly, your salary is well earned. It amounts to seven hundred and fifty guineas a year.

Employee. I beg you, Sir, to change that sum from guineas to pounds.

Employer. A strange request! Why, that would reduce your salary to £699—with a few odd shillings!

Employee. True, Sir; but had I less than £700 a year I could claim to be assessed at £70 a year less than my full revenue by the authorities on the income tax.

Employer. But surely that would be of no benefit to you? Mind, the income tax is to-day only at 8d.

Employee. I know, Sir; but things have



L'homme “qu saït attendre.”

to go but slightly wrong and the impost will rush up to 5s. and over. Say that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has made a slight miscalculation in the number of moribund millionaires, say that there is an alteration in the taste for cocoa—with the smallest encouragement the income tax would rise by leaps and bounds. So, good Sir, change, I pray you, my salary from guineas to pounds.

Employer. As you will!

Employee. A thousand thanks! And now I am insured for the future.

[Scene closes in upon a calculation.]

“POST EQUITEM SEDET ATRA CURA.”

I FEEL like hanging up within the walls
Of chaste Diana's temple an old master
As a thanksgiving—for my age recalls
An ode of HORACE, taught me by a
pastor,
Wherein a mariner did offer up
Such votive offering for his salvation.
Now I am one, who “walked” a wretched
pup
Out of a pack, and found it my dam-
nation.
For, once invested with the fair renown
Of being a sportsman and a man of
money,
I found the title I could not lay down,
And was obliged, although my seat is
funny,
And hands are vile, and I do hate a horse
(Which is, as Pinchbold said, a fearful
creature),
To hunt a season, and to fall of course
Right often, spoiling many a lovely
feature,
And much discomfited upon the ground.
And so I thank the Fates for their for-
bearance
That I alive, with limbs intact, am found,
And pretty much my usual appearance.
With grateful heart I bid farewell to this,
My first and last experience of hunting.
In spite of doctors, I believe a kiss
Is safer, or the shock of railway shunting.
The breeched and booted a recruit have
lost;
I'm going South—we're steaming out of
Dover.
My stud is sold for half the price it cost—
Thank Heaven that the hunting season's
over!

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

The Weeda



This sentiment little Animal is a most wonderful dissimuler - full of gorgeous colours. She has a terrible fascinating kind of hero who goes out to battle talking several languages with a garden ya and lavender his gloves off and carrying a pomelo lunch-basket inside with plumpers eggs. He makes little rings with cigarette smoke while he converses the enemy. He is a mixture of Sardan and Cupid and Bobby Spencer and Richard (Widyleong). She is very kind hearted to other Animals. She was thought rather risky for girls-schools some time ago until all the first Tan-Kirays started dragging their parsts about - then it didn't matter.

The Tree



This picturesque Creature moves about on the boards in the most undulating graceful manner and likes to have a skilful lime-like man who can follow him about and squirt it nicely all over his expreshun. He has built himself a gorgeous theatre called her majesty's because she doesn't never go near it. He is awfully good at mayhups. He likes to have no end of columns all about him. The Tadd has folded all his linen for him so nice that he looks just like a real Roman figure. What a washing-bill he must have with all those teegers and forums and things.

The Ellen.



This gracefull and skittish little Animal is a wonder to behold. She never seems to get no older in spite of the laps of time. When she gets playing with the Stagnite the congregation go quite silly with rapcher and they go on till they make her come out and bob about and kiss her hands in the most commial fashion. She is a wonderfull good Persher and she has got a very nice Oliver in stock too. As long as she doesn't get too kittenish there is nobody cant do it like her.

FLITTINGS.

Bloemfontein, March 28, 1898.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I cannot go to bed without telling you that Kimberley is a great, consolidated Fact. Everything there is "consolidated." For instance, opposite our hotel (we were staying there last week) was a Consolidated Hair-dressing and Shaving Saloon. The whole place is DE BEERS, but as for the original DE BEERS himself, the eponymous hero of the city of diamonds, no two people whom I asked told me the same story as to what has become of him, and nobody seems to care.

If you could spare me a dozen columns of your valuable space, I would attempt a description of a diamond mine. It can't be properly done in less. But to give a few concentrated impressions might be possible. There are the "floors," where the precious "blue" soil (it is a slaty-green) is laid out for six months and harrowed; there are vast mud-shoots where you could toboggan for a hundred yards down a slanting sea of mud; there is the Pulsator, which pulsates, and kicks up a deafening din, preventing you hearing yourself think, but picking out the precious stones in various ingenious and unerring manners; the crushing-rooms, where an engine of about a million cab-horse power is at work; the various "compounds," wired over like a chicken-run, where thousands of niggers are fenced in for months at a time, but they don't seem to mind it; the little cars which run about by themselves, resembling insects; the vice-chairman of the company, who lent us his "cape-cart" for the day, and tantalised us with a sight of a long tableful—not a table-spoonful—of diamonds, just half a week's catch. In fact, a very great deal of trouble seems to be taken, and I don't know how

many Kaffirs employed, and the whole place turned upside down, all to produce a few glittering specks of consolidated carbon. However, I suppose ladies will go about wearing them, so it is no use my protesting.

DE BEERS do everything in grand style—they have even got a model village, Kenilworth, for pattern people to live in. One only wishes they would run a railway across to Bloemfontein, ninety miles as the crow flies—only it doesn't fly in these parts—instead of taking us a day's journey round three sides of a very elongated oblong.



SHAKESPEARE ON WHITE "UNMENTIONABLES."
(Formerly taken into wear by the British Army on the First of May.)

"Ah, sweet Ducks!"

Troilus and Cressida, Act IV., Sc. 4.

Time is not money here. An answer given in a physical geography class at one of the Kimberley schools is *à propos*. When asked what was the difference in time between London and Kimberley, the pupil replied that Kimberley time was slower. "*Waag een beetje, baas*" (wait a bit, Sir), is the motto in South Africa, where they understand the virtue of hastening slowly.

Yours perforce festining lently,
Z. Y. X.

MORE NEWS OF A FASHIONABLE PLANET.—"Mars" has been announced, and should have arrived ere this appears, for Mars has already been heralded by "Pars" in various newspapers. The name of its authoress (for of course it should be an authoress who writes about Mars) is Mrs. DARLING BARKER. It excites sympathy, for, which of us, having suffered bronchially and "barked" till we nearly had a fit, can avoid a feeling of tender pity for a darling barker? We wish every success to Mars.

A Dubious Compliment.

Dr. Euclid Fitzgammon (to Mrs. FLIBBITY, just returned from Scotland). Have you seen my new publication, Mrs. FLIBBITY, *The Social Error*, you know?

Mrs. Flibbity (disposed to be kind). I should just think I had. Why, I couldn't help noticing the piles of it there were on every station book-stall which we passed!

MOTTO FOR BRITISH S. A. COMPANY.—
"There are not more RHODES than one in the 'direction' of South Africa."



MISUNDERSTOOD!

Mrs. Van de Leur. "BY THE WAY, MR. FAIRFAX, IF ANY OF MY SON'S OLD BOOTS WOULD BE OF USE TO YOU——"

Mr. Fairfax (interrupting). "REALLY, MADAM! THE CLERGY ARE UNDERPAID, BUT WE CAN——"

[Rises to take his leave. But Mrs. Van de Leur was only thinking of the Ragged School.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TONY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 18.
—Black Monday at Westminster. Boys back at school wistfully wondering whether providential incursion of influenza, or beneficent epidemic of measles, may not presently impose another holiday. Meanwhile get into Committee of Supply on Civil Service Estimates. Attendance sparse; but CALDWELL all over the shop. Determined to make up for enforced silence of past ten days. Began on first vote on account of public offices. Why should Scotland pay for London Custom House, St. Martin's-le-Grand, and the like? Later on, vote for Royal Palaces called up. First Commissioner forthwith summoned to lay low the wall that frowns on the public from the frontage of Buckingham Palace gardens; to fling wide the doors of the mansion, and let CALDWELL, representing British public, roam at large where Kings and Queens have strayed. Up again when vote submitted for sustentation of Royal Parks and pleasure grounds.

"Why should these be charged on the estimates?" he sternly asked. "Let them be maintained by the local bodies."

One comfort about CALDWELL, regarded as Parliamentary orator, is that he cherishes no trivial prejudice about such matters as an audience, or of notice being taken by subsequent speakers of his remarks. Tonight his maximum audience was seventeen.

For all reply, the Minister in charge of votes bestowed upon him a patient smile. This neglect would kill some people. The man whom Mid-Lanarkshire delights to honour is absolutely indifferent. The homely hen, as SARK says, makes nothing out of the egg she lays. She does not eat it boiled or fried. Yet such sordid consideration does not prevent her from loudly clacking in generous delight at her unselfish achievement. So CALDWELL cackles. Though in justice to the hen it must be admitted that the feathered biped has the advantage of reflecting that, as a preliminary, it has added something substantial to the welfare of mankind.

Business done.—Rattled through Supply. All votes on paper passed by half-past eight. Elysian days for the Treasury.

Tuesday.—Spent pleasant instructive afternoon with the doctors. Only drawback to perfect enjoyment was the attitude and aspect of CHAPLIN on Treasury Bench. He, good man, had come down to pass Vaccination Bill through second reading. As our dear GRANDOLPH "forgot GOSCHEN," he forgot WALTER FOSTER, and eke Sir PRIESTLEY. A moment's reflection might have convinced him that those learned pundits were not likely to scamp rare opportunity of delivering lecture on so interesting and attractive a subject as Vaccination.

For his turn WALTER FOSTER had advantage of a table. In the absence of a sick bed a table indispensable to clinical lecture. Pretty to see how the Emeritus Professor of Medicine in Queen's College from time

to time critically eyed the mace stretched on the table, where in other circumstances "the corp" would have been conveniently disposed. But if the learned author of "Valvular Diseases of the Heart" had the table at his disposal, the former Professor of Obstetrics in King's College had "the corp," as it were, under his thumb. When he rose from the Bench immediately behind Ministers, put on his spectacles, and produced what looked uncommonly like a washing book containing his notes, Members on either side discreetly moved away, leaving him a clear space. Who could say that, reaching some abstruse portion of his argument, he might not turn to the man nearest to him, direct him to take off his coat, and proceed to use his bust for a series of illustrations? The hapless President of the Local Government Board sat immediately below the learned PRIESTLEY, in sole possession of the Treasury Bench. The Professor had merely to lean over, take up the limp arm, and baring it to the shoulder in full view of the crowded class, show the difference between the operation of vaccination when lymph is gleaned from the three acres, and when it is drawn direct from the cow.

CHAPLIN, not unconscious of the risk he ran, was too dispirited to observe the precaution followed by Members who shared the back bench with the lecturer. As the quarters of an hour sped, each more *mauvais* than the other, his chin sank lower on his breast; his face grew more sallow in hue; feebler flashed the gleam behind his



DR. CHAPLIN IN STEPNEY.

eye-glass. Sitting must needs close at ten minutes to seven. If Bill not read second time to-day, its chances of passing this Session grievously imperilled. The lecture evidently only half delivered; pages of the washing book still filled with profound analysis, sound diagnosis, advice not elsewhere dispensed under two guineas a visit. When it was over, there was no time for debating the Bill, and debate stood adjourned.

Business done.—None.

Thursday.—Next to the blood of the martyrs, nothing more precious than the pleasantries of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Compared with his position as a humourist the judge on the bench, or the police-court magistrate, is not in it. In the latter case it is understood that much is expected from the Usher. A candidate with a broad smile and a lusty laugh is said, in the neighbourhood of Bow Street, to have overwhelming chances for promotion to a vacancy. With us the nearest approach to the Usher is the Messenger. But if to-night, when ST. MICHAEL was convulsing the Court—I mean the House—with laughter, any of the estimable officials stationed either at the bar or behind the SPEAKER'S chair, had presumed to lead off the laughter, he would have received a month's notice.

There was, in truth, no need of friendly or professional assistance to make ST. MICHAEL'S jokes go off. "I tried a little sermon on economy two years ago," he said; and Lord! how we laughed. "It had no more effect on the rest of the House (laughter)—especially on my own colleagues (roars of laughter)—than if it had been delivered in Church." (Shrieks of laughter, amid which a stout Member above the gateway, conscious of a tendency to apoplexy, discreetly withdrew.)

But ST. MICHAEL'S supreme success as a

rival of SYDNEY SMITH was when he slyly observed that he is "an abstainer both from tea and tobacco." We laughed so that, really, he could not continue for a moment or two. When in the cool of the evening we come to analyse this particular joke, the ingredients seem scanty. But a joke isn't a quart of milk, or a pound of butter, that you may send round to the



Sir Michael. "Well, gentlemen, is it to be Tea or Tobacco? Don't all speak at once!"

County Council Inspector, and have it analysed. From your true joke there unaccountably exudes a certain subtle aroma, which, mingling with the atmosphere, titillates the nostrils and creates cacination. Of this mysterious aroma the House was rull throughout CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER'S speech. If ST. MICHAEL had only concluded by sitting down on his hat, he would have completed a triumph which, as it stands, will be ever memorable to those privileged to assist at it.

Business done.—A merry night with the Budget.

Friday.—Maiden speech of Stepney's new Member still talked of. Like other wise men, Mr. STEADMAN comes from the East.

The "lydies" in the gallery charmed with his rich vernacular.

"Only it would have been so much better," one said, "if he had come down in the picturesque garb of Stepney—velveteen suit, broad braid, pearl buttons and red kerchief, that dimly recall ancient Spain."

Is reserving that for occasion when he moves or seconds Address in reply to Speech from Throne. Meanwhile, the balmy accent of the East is for daily use; a musical addition to commonplace chorus of debate.

Business done.—Committee of Supply, but no votes.

DARBY JONES ON THE GUINEAS.

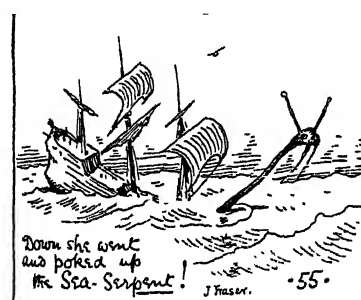
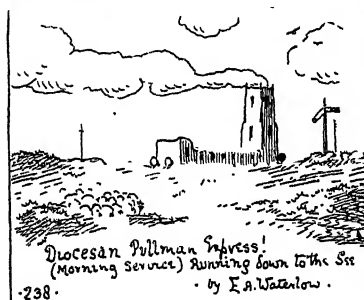
HONOURED SIR,—In these days, when Ten Thousand Pounds Stakes are growing as rapidly as Mushrooms in a Norfolk or Suffolk pasture, it seems almost invidious to allude to that Classic Contest known as the Two Thousand Guineas; but thank goodness! there are still Patrons of the Turf, to say nothing of the G. G. P. (or Great General Public), who cling to old Favourites with the Tenacity of the proverbial Ivy for the Immortal Oak, and prefer to win fewer Pieces with more Honour. By them, the race for the Guineas is always looked upon as the Stepping-stone to the Derby, as is the latter yet another help onwards towards the Doncaster Leger. But speaking from a Comparative point of view, how rarely has the Triple Crown of the Turf been bestowed on the Heroes of the Flat! There have been Giants over the three Courses, and also a great many Dwarfs. As my respected grandsire used to observe when comparing our Ancient Aristocracy with the "Newwretches" (so he termed them), "There be Dukes and Flukes turn an' turn about." However, knowing that you generally prefer eggs to cackle, I venture to lay the following, always mindful that a certain Ronald at Epsom certainly ruffled my Bays. Here goes:—

We Nine may be upset
When he's going strong and free,
The *Finch* his match have met
When the *Jay* is foremost "gee."
No *Voicy Saint* for those,
Who the *Cricket Weapon* see,
Who will tread on *Affghan* toes,
But *Lord Beaconsfield* for me!

Such, honoured Sir, is the result of the midnight oil and whiskey consumed in your Noble Interest, and in that of my Esteemed Patrons in general from Wei-hai-wei to Moreton-in-the-Marsh, by

Your humble and devoted lamp-lighter,
DARBY JONES.

UNCONSCIOUS HUMOUR AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY!



IN FUTURO.

"Students at the University of Freiburg are to be insured in the sum of £750 against accidents within the academic precincts."—*New York Critic*.

AFTER perusing the above, Mr. Punch cast his prophetic eye down the columns of the *Times*, where he read the following advertisements:—

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD.—Matriculation at this College insures an Undergraduate against measles, whooping-cough, scarlatina, twins, and railway accidents.

WHO WANTS A BICYCLE?—A brand-new, first-grade "Swallow," listed at £28, complete with lamp, bell, pump, and ball-bearings throughout, is to be given away! All you have to do is to enter yourself as a gentleman commoner at Trinity College, Cambridge. The above beautiful machine will be sent, post free, to every applicant on receipt of £30 as caution money.

DOUBLE ADVANTAGE.—Why not insure your life at the University of London, and at the same time get a degree?



THE PICK OF THE PICTURES.

WALK up! Walk up! Refer to *Mr. Punch's Notes* before opening your catalogue. Now—

No. 23. 'Tis by HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A., therefore it must be a first-rate work. *Ca va sans dire*. But who is it? Is he a Bishop? a Chancellor? or a Queen's Counsel? Lace all about him. Some more lace, perhaps a cap, on table at his elbow. He (whoever it may be) is saying to himself, "Shall I put it on?" The reply must be, "If the lace cap fits, wear it." Catalogue says 'tis "Mr. Littler, Q.C." "LITTLER" is a "persona grata." By the way, while on the subject, just drop into Gallery No. 3, and look at

No. 189. *Encore HERKOMER*, R.A. Admirable! "*A Tight Fit*." Here is more lace, and of a very superior quality to that worn by the gentleman who hangs out at No. 23. Judging by the expression of the unfortunate individual's countenance, he is sadly regretting his happy home, his easy smoking-jacket, and comfortable slippers.

No. 76. "*The Turned Head*." By MILLET. An uncommonly stiff-necked Puritan, who has got his head so awry that nothing but a surgical operation will ever restore it to its normal position.

No. 138. Here, Mr. EDWIN ABBEY, A., with great wealth of colour, shows how an obstinate young lady in yellow and green refuses to learn a new step which an affected dancing-mistress is smilingly insisting on teaching her. As the recalcitrant damsel is inclined to turn nasty and say rude things, she is being coaxed away by a gentleman with a glorified pincushion on his head. A hound, quite ashamed of the proceedings, is going away in the wake of an exhausted pupil, who, having finished her lesson, is being led out, staggering. It will probably be as popular as is the artist himself, for, say his admirers to him, "What's the odds as long as you're ABBEY?"

No. 152. By STANHOPE A. FORBES, A. Little child who has been playing, during service time, in the churchyard, is pursued by the sexton, and caught by her grandmother, who is coming out with her prayer-book. Little girl evidently has no taradiddle ready. Pathetic picture. Notice the remarkable roof of the church, apparently formed out of one solid piece of slate!!

No. 198. This will be the picture of the year. If it isn't, "we're another," that's all. Three cheers for the "Bits of rare Old Chelsea," here collected and exhibited by HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A. "God save the Queen!" shout the soldiers of the "Old Guard" on Jubilee Day; and the colour of their coats, of their left hands, and of the drapery, signifies their "reddiness" once more to serve their Queen and Country! "*Rouge gagne!*"

No. 222. Delighted to welcome the work of the President, Sir E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A. A Dancing Girl in a Marble Hall. The

catalogued number of the work is its best description, No. 222. Yes! as the slang of the *Æsthetes* used to have it, "*It is quite Too two two!*"

No. 233. Portrait of a Gentleman, who explains his sad case thus:—"My wife says, that even on a hot summer day I must not stand to an artist to have my portrait painted unless I wear my thick fur-trimmed overcoat." H. T. WELLS, R.A. "*Done in Oil Wells*."

No. 243. "*Dangerous Practical Joke*." Gentleman fast asleep, with head and arms on table, decanter emptied. Disgraceful, of course; but the lady, pardonably annoyed, is not justified in her attempt to draw his chair away suddenly, and bring him to the ground. One glance at the colouring will show that it comes from the hand of the master, W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

No. 228. Charming portrait. But why this dissatisfied expression when being painted by ORCHARDSON? "Oh, smile as thou wert wont to smile!"

No. 258. Who is it? At first glance, without reference to guide, it will be probably taken for a very indifferent presentment of H.R.H. Prince of WALES figuring, it may be, in some official costume proper to his dignity as Duke of CORNWALL, allowance being made for the colour of the robe detracting from the facial resemblance, just as "circumstances alter cases"; but if it isn't, who is it? [For solution of puzzle, refer to guide, No. 258; ask for No. 258, and see that you get it, as on Press-view Day it was labelled No. 237, which is Mr. BRAMLEY's portrait of "A Sadler" (not a bit leathery, but he is very much "up in the stirrups"), while No. 258 is Lord MIDDLETON, by WALTER URWICK, who has not employed much "middle tone" in this picture.]

No. 305. "*Poppy Land*." Lady, after picnic lunch and plenty of "Pop," somehow wanders away, and gets holds of a scythe. She has her eyes shut to her danger, and a Pickwickian smile illuminates her countenance. She "cuts a pretty figure"—as she will do, pretty severely too, if that scythe isn't taken away from her. H. A. OLIVIER.

No. 347. Represents a trial at Quarter Sessions in the old Justice-room of the very ancient Town Hall of Sandwich. No one, but the veriest Goth, could possibly have wanted this splendid old oak-panelling painted and varnished! One would as soon have it white-washed all over. But H. WEIGALL has done it, "to order" presumably, and immortalised himself by his life-like representation of the gas-chandelier overhead.

No. 343. Portrait of John Aird, Esq., by LUKE FILDES, R.A. So magnificent a beard ought to have been treated by HUBERT HAIR-COMBER, R.A. 'Tis a masterly portrait. The only fault is that instead of being full length it is Kit-Cat. Now, all who know the genial and hearty JOHN AIRD, M.P., must feel

that, on this occasion, they can't see enough of him. But, "bearded like the Pard," 'tis admirable, so far as it goes.

No. 346. Charming girl's portrait, by G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A. But oughtn't the drill instructor to have been called in to give the word of command, "Eyes right"?

No. 403. Oh! How the ladies will all like this!! "Here's a pretty baby boy!" "Such a sweet little pink of perfection-faced cherub!" "O, the Ticksy Wicksy Wee! Pooty 'itty sing! He shall have a nice gold chain and a medal to play with, he shall, the blessed little dear!" And who is the clever artist whose child this picture is? Why, SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A. And who is the smiling cherub . . . Why it's . . . Heavens! . . . "Sir George Faudel Phillips, Bart., G.C.I.E." "May he live long and prosper!"

No. 414. Portrait of Anderson Critchett, Esq., M.A. and F.R.C.S., by FREDK. GOODALL, R.A. Capital likeness of "Handy Andy," the Oculist, who deserves to be treated by a Master of 'Eye Art. Hope the portrait's health will improve during the season, but, it looks very delicate.

No. 445. By PETER GRAHAM, R.A. ("Rear Admiral"). This ancient mariner is never more at home than when he's at sea! Yeo ho, my lads, tack a bit, and steer round to

No. 448. By JOHN BRETT, A., another sea-piece. Here are two "variations in C"; No. 445 is C major, and No. 448 C minor.

No. 458. Picture by MARY GROVES. Three children about to sing to an organ accompaniment. We should have called it "A Threatening Squall." Tell that to the marine-painters.

No. 603. Marvellous painting is this "portrait of a shentleman," by JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A. This "Sargent" of the R.A., who has done so much to raise himself from the ranks, most assuredly deserves a "commission"; and that he has plenty of such "commissions" as he desires and deserves, is evidenced by what he exhibits in this year's show. Look at this No. 603. MR. MASHER WERTHEIMER and his poodle; the master with his tongue in his cheek, the faithful quadruped with his tongue out. "Sly dogs both." The master has evidently just concluded a first-rate bargain, and the "little dog laughs to see such fun!" MASHER ARTHEIMER himself is a veritable *objet d'art*.

No. 609. How superlatively disdainful of No. 603 appears "The Chairman of the P. & O. Steam Navigation Company," as, with tip-tilted nose, he tries to walk out of his frame in order to inform the admiring spectators that, though he and No. 603 own the same art-parent in Colour-SARGENT, R.A., yet that he, Sir THOMAS, has no connection with the gentleman at No. 603, *although, here, they are in the same line.* Bravissimo!

No. 628. Mr. GEO. S. WATSON shows us a reverend gentleman who has fallen fast asleep in his chair while preparing his sermon, thus probably anticipating the effect of his own preaching on tomorrow's congregation. In the next room, only separated from him by a strip of canvas, is

No. 623. M. CARL BREITENSTEIN, struggling with a violin-cello, and evidently saying to himself. "I'm an 'aggrieved parishioner!' I'll wake him up!" T. BLAKE WEIGMAN.

No. 626. Advice. If you find the place becoming too warm and "stuffy," just go and spend a quiet five minutes in front of this picture by Mr. JOSEPH FARQUHARSON. He calls it "The Weary Waste of Snows," but there's no waste here. Happy the purchaser who can buy these "nives" for anything like "Niv."

No. 959. And here's another, by THOMAS SOMERSCALES. Not snow, but sea. There's a warning breeze, and the sky is becoming overclouded! Get away as quickly as you can, and take this picture with you. Unhook it, and hook it.

No. 645. Miss HELEN CRIDLAND very cleverly depicts "Distraction in Church." During solemn service a naughty boy has caught sight of a beetle (not shown in picture), which he is evidently longing to pick up and throw at two small children who have also seen it, and are dreadfully frightened.

SCULPTURE.

The Committee of Arrangement is to be congratulated on the placing of the statues. First—

"The Statuary Quadrille," as intended to be performed by Nos. 1967, 1963, 1965, and 1961, respectively sculptured by ANDREA C. LUCHESE, WILLIAM R. CORTON, THOMAS BROOK, R.A., and ALFRED DRURY.

No. 1967 is a gentlemanly savage "setting," with a war-dance step, *en cavalier seul*, to No. 1962, a lady who refuses to take any notice of him until she has finished measuring her waist with a tape, and given the necessary instructions to her dressmaker.



TURTLE-DOVETAILING.

[“The latest development of phrenological enterprise is the establishment of a phrenological matrimonial bureau, to secure the introduction of persons desiring to be married to partners with suitable or harmonious phrenological endowments.”—*Daily Paper*.]

Miss Evergreen (who has been introduced to Mr. Slowboy). “WELL, IT MAY BE A LOVELY HEAD, BUT AIN'T HE GOT A BIG BUMP OF CAUTIOUSNESS!”

Nor is her attention to be distracted from her work by the quite uncalled-for blandishments bestowed on her by quite an outsider, who is a dark-green gentleman “mid noddings on” (No. 1694, F. W. POMEROY), who, holding up a cocoa-nut by its hair, is saying, “See what I’ve won at three shies a penny! Come and have a bit!” The third party in the quadrille, No. 1965, is so ashamed of her position that she casts down her eyes demurely, and refuses to notice the signs made to her by the other lady, No. 1961, who is waving a torch. Had these four appeared at a Covent Garden ball, they would have been ejected by the police.

No. 1895. “Rather Out of It.” A statuette, very perfectly executed, of Field-Marshal Viscount WOLSELEY, K.P. (“Kornered! Pah!”), who is casting an envious glance towards the position of

No. 1962. F.-M. Lord Roberts (HARRY BATES, A.), who, though much reduced in bronze, is mounted on a charger (with a tricky head), and is quite *en évidence*.

No. 1820. Beauty, quite unadorned, reclining on a tree. “Sleeper on a Branch Line.” GEO. COWELL.

No. 1934. Bust of a gentleman very much annoyed because his bath sponge will cling to his chin. ONSLOW FORD, R.A.

No. 1852. Enthusiast of “cup and ball.” Must practice every morning before dressing. FLORENCE PARKINSON.

No more time or space for further hints to all about to visit the R.A., which, on the whole, is as good as any previous show, and in some respects (herein notified), a great deal better.

NOT AN UNCOMMON DISEASE. — London “jumps” from Kentish “hops.”



THE KING OF THE SEAS.

King Coal (log.), "AHA! PEACE OR WAR, THEY CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT ME!"

NON-CONTENTS BILLS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am much interested in the American-Spanish War, and rush for my evening papers with the avidity of a chicken after flies. And I so admire their contents bills that I venture to give a few specimens.

THE LINKMAN.

Rumoured

GREAT NAVAL BATTLE

Expected.

THE SPITFIRE.

Approaching

BOMBARDMENT OF
HAVANA.

THE NIGHTJAR.

HORRIBLE MASSACRE
AT MANILA

Anticipated.

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EXTRA SPECIAL.

BLOWING UP OF A SPANISH
BATTLE-SHIP

Not confirmed.

THE GIMLET.

GALLANT CAPTURE OF NINETY-EIGHT
AMERICAN MEN-OF-WAR

's Spars.

Such, Sir, are some of the lurid advertisements which nightly attract coppers from my pocket when "the lights are low." I do not complain, because, like the sheep-dog, I am getting used to the cry of "Wolf!"

Yours pacifically,

NELSON O'HIGGINS BROWN.

Bird's Eye Hotel, W.

"DUM DEFLUAT AMNIS."

[The Spanish-American war is likely to have a depressing effect on the book-trade.—*Daily Paper.*]

PHYLLIS, when you ask me why
Nobody my books will buy;
Why each masterpiece of thought,
With consummate genius wrought,
No one asks at book-shops for,
'Tis undoubtedly, the war.

'Twas the same a year ago,
When the reason then you 'd know,
I replied: the cause must be
The confounded Jubilee;
Further back I traced a like
Slump to the infernal bike.

Ever thus from year to year
Patiently I persevere;
With my most uncalled-for rhymes,
Still I wait for normal times—
Still from year to year detect
Some fresh cause for my neglect.

THE CURRENT LANGUAGE OF FLOURS.—
"Heng it all! bread up another halfpenny a loaf!"



"I SAY, 'ARRY, DON'T WE LOOK FRIGHTS?"

BRAVO, BRIGHTON!

[The Brighton Town Council proposes a new bye-law, prohibiting "any loud and continuous outcry or noise" in the streets.]

"BRITONS never will be slaves,"
So we bear with touting,
Bawling hawkers, rogues and knaves,
Loudly shouting.

Harmless, tinkling muffin bells
We have stopped for ever.
Would we check discordant yells?
Never, never!

Freedom we must all enjoy,
That no laws can smother;
We're entitled to annoy
One another.

So the law protects the one,
Yelling when he need not,
But the thousand he may stun
It will heed not.

Bravo, Brighton, lead the way,
London then might follow,
Check the voices which, all day,
Howl and hollo.

Neither you nor I would seek
To discourage selling;
Fair to all, let hawkers speak,
No one yelling.

May you get your bye-law passed,
Helping to enlighten
Other English towns at last.
Bravo, Brighton!



Rector (short-sighted). "WELL, RICHARD, HARD AT WORK, EH? LET ME SEE, YOU ARE RICHARD, AREN'T YOU?"

Labourer. "NO, SIR, OI BE JOHN, SIR. YOU 'AD THE PLEASURE O' BURVIN' RICHARD LAST WEEK, YOU REMEMBER, SIR!"

A "PREVIOUS" ENGAGEMENT.

(From Our Own Commissioner with the Winning Side.)

THE Captain stood upon the ship
And rolled his eagle eye;
Seaward he gazed, then boldly raised
His phonoblast on high;
"My tars!" he said, "the time has come
For us to do or die!"

"This naval war has been in hand
Some half-an-hour or more,
And the patriot Press by now, I guess,
Blasphemes along the shore,
Waiting for us to paint the deep
Pink with the foeman's gore.

"They want their copy within the hour,
And a good half-hour has gone;
And a private ark is the only mark
Our guns have been trained upon;
A ten-cent tub that wasn't aware
That a war was going on.

"Now the Nation's Press is a whole-souled
crew,
And it don't like fooling-around;
And I'm blamed if I know (to an ocean
or so)
Where the enemy's fleet is bound;
But, top-side up or the other way on,
That fleet has got to be found.

"Shin up, shin up the various ropes
And look with all your might;
And let me hear if things appear
To be likely to loom in sight."
He ceased and worked his weather orb,
Closing the other tight.

Scarce had the cook got lashed aloft
When he made a useful find:—
"Oho!" said he, "what's this I see
Right aft?"—that is, behind—
"I calculate it's a man-o'-war,
Or something of the kind."

The skipper raked the spot and spoke:—
"I reckon that that is so;
And don't you make no darned mistake,
We boss this little show;
So bank the fires eternal high
And let her fairly go."

A shout ensued: the stokers heard,
And they came up fizzling hot;
Each mother's son embraced a gun
And begged to have a shot;
To teach the foe a thing or two,
And also what was what.

Nearing, they spied a friendly flag,
But they never eased nor checked;
"May I be dead," the Captain said,
"If that is all correct;
So get your range on the starboard port"
(Or words to that effect).

For joy the steward reeled to leeward,
A warrior born was he;
And the bo'sun's eyes as he sampled the
prize
Shone with a fearful glee,
With a light, you bet, that was never yet
Remarked on land or sea.

The signals flew, the cable flashed,
And the country felt the thrill,
When the probable rout of the enemy's
scout
Blazed in the evening bill,—
Just as the neutral ship steamed in
To her haven under the hill.

An Imperial Question.

Jawkins (in the smoking-room of the Bathos Club, referring to the Far Eastern crisis). I say the whole matter rests with the GERMAN EMPEROR!

Pawkins. And I repeat that the partition of the Celestial Empire solely concerns the Emperor of RUSSIA!

Cawkins. Or the Emperor of JAPAN!
Little Hawkins (timidly). But what about the Emperor of CHINA?

Jawkins (impressively). And who the dickens is the Emperor of CHINA, Sir?

[Sudden stoppage in the conversation.]



SWAIN Sc

HONOUR À LA RUSSE.

BRITISH LION. "WHAT! NOT COME IN HERE! WHY, YOU GAVE ME YOUR WORD!"
RUSSIAN BEAR. "MY FRIEND! *HOW* YOU MISUNDERSTAND ME!"
BRITISH LION. "DO I! ALL RIGHT! NEVER NO MORE!"

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR NOVELTIES IN LADIES' COIFFURES.



The Cottage Loaf.



The Roman Lamp.



The Number 8.



The Shower Bath.



The Bottle.



The Gondola.

DARBY JONES ON THE CHESTER CUP.

HONOURED SIR,—I think that You and my other Esteemed Patrons may assuredly mark Wednesday, April 27 as a Real Primrose Day, when my Straight-out Selection, *Disraeli*, romped in for the Guineas at Newmarket. It was ordained that Mr. *Punch* and his humble satellite, D. J., should be the ONLY foretellers of the victory of Mr. WALLACE JOHNSTONE's bay colt at the remunerative odds of 100 to 12. In all modesty I can only repeat the ancient Roman adage, *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*, which, you being a Public School and University Scholar, I need not translate for the edification of those only acquainted with the Vulgar Tongue. As usual, the customary acknowledgments of my Prescience are not to hand. The Diamond Rings, the Cases of Champagne, the Boxes of choice Cigars, and, above all, the Cheerful Cheques, which we welcome in our progress over the Hunting Country of Life, are all wanting. But, like the Flying Dutchman (the Mariner, not the Quad-ruped), I still intend to circumnavigate (if that be the correct definition) the Cape of Good Hope. It is true that I have received several communications respecting our Joint Success—this reads like a Culinary Triumph—but they mostly run as per following sample:—

"DEAR SIR,—Seeing that you have picked the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, we should be glad if you would settle at your earliest convenience our bill against you of £23 14s. 2d., otherwise," &c.

A plague on such sordid minds! Did I not bestow on them by the Gift of Prophecy through your inestimable Agency a Boon for which they might have waited during Years of Tears. I give them My All—My Brains—and nevertheless they bombard me as though they were the American Fleet and I Havana or Manila. But in the politest terms let me turn the minstrel tap on to the Roodee. "Charge, CHESTER, charge!" is my motto, and Chester will undoubtedly charge during this week. Let me alleviate the pecuniary difficulties of visitors to the Hereditary Earldom of H.R.H. the Heir Apparent by singing—

North American Coast I will shun,
And the *Maid with a smile* not advise,
But the *Aster Girl* may with a run
Be the tip that is good for the wise.
Yet I cannot forget that the *Reed*
May figure between 1 and 3,
And *Charlestown* may take a long lead;
But I'll swim with the *Man of the Sea*.

So, my noble sportsmen, weather the

storm in your appropriate Jerseys, and trust to the Double-sighted Glasses of my August Employer and His and Your low-lying, but truthful, Racing Recluse,
DARBY JONES.

[From what we learn, D. J. has, since Newmarket, developed into a very early Turf butterfly. We are not surprised, but earnestly entreat any sportsmen of his acquaintance to impress upon him that even a Purple Emperor or Camberwell Beauty originally owes its origin to Grub Street.—ED.]

CHIEFS FOR THE "QUEEN'S."—Queen's College, London, this week has been celebrating the jubilee of its foundation. This, the pioneer of Nuneham and Girtton, proudly claims to be first of these homes of "sweet girl graduates," destined some day to rule the world. Women have but to enter Parliament to govern the House, as they already reign over the home. In the meanwhile, "Queen's" has only to prosper in the future as it has in the past, and all will be well.

Thoughts (without Rhyme).

(On reading a review by W. A. of "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant.")

Who killed Cock-SHAW?
I, said the ARCHER,
With my little long-bow,
I killed Cock-SHAW.



BAD NEWS FROM NATAL.

(A Fancy Sketch at the Zoo.)

[The last Hippopotamus has been slaughtered at Natal.]

A SERIOUS MATTER.

Grandfather (to Miss PANSY, who is somewhat flushed and excited). What's the matter, my pet?

Miss Pansy (aged eight). Oh, grandpa, me and my kitten have been having the most awful row. We've often quarrelled before and made it up again, but this time we're not on speaking terms.

NOTE BY OUR POLITICAL OBSERVER.—France having annexed our Sovereign, the Heir-Apparent, the Duchess of YORK, and our Prime Minister, as well as other notabilities, will now probably discuss the question of War or Peace with—Dr. TANNER. We have a few more hostages to good faith still available. Indeed, Mr. *Punch*, if necessary, would not scruple to leave London for the Riviera with a return ticket guaranteed by President FAURE.

One Way of Looking at it.

Mr. E. Gotist (at the All-night Club). This war is deuced hard luck for me, for I always consume Havana cigars and Virginia tobacco, and now I shall get neither.

[Sighs mournfully.]

Mr. Cheerybob. Well, anyway, there's sure to be plenty of smoke somewhere.

[E. G. doesn't see it.]

THE MOST POPULAR FOWL ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR.—The Klondyke or Golden Plover, laying eggs averaging three shillings a-piece in the market. And, remarks DARBY JONES, the Plover generally lays five, six, seven, or even eight to one on the Field.

Q. What is the difference between a widower recounting his loss and the cry of a gouty person?

A. One is a tale of woe, the other a wail of toe.

LATEST CHINESE WARE.—Willow-willow-waily patterns.

DEFINITION OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN SELFISH AND UNSELFISH PERSONS.—I's and no-I's.

CULINARY ARGUMENTS NOT RELISHED BY THE DERVISHES.—KITCHENER's maxims.

THE ESSENCE OF MODERN WARFARE.—"Coal and commissariat."



THE PATRIOT U.S.A.

Owner of Spanish Poultry. "GUESS I'LL KILL THOSE FOWLS, ANYWAY!"

[According to the *Daily Mail*, "the hatred for Spaniards has grown so intense among the patriotic farmers of Westchester County, New York State, that they have begun killing all the Spanish fowls which they own. Colonel GREEN, of the Portchester Infantry, says he has killed six Spanish roosters which he owned, and that his neighbours are following his example."]

HERE'S three times three for Colonel GREEN
And Westchester farmers all!
The bravest patriots ever seen
To answer duty's call!
They might not meet the Spanish fleet
On the high seas cheek by jowl,
So with bowie and knife they began their strife,
And slaughtered the Spanish fowl!

They avenged the *Maine* on the farmyard don
Who dared in their ears to crow,
And his wives and chicks were set upon
With many a deadly blow!
E'en the hapless egg could no quarter beg
As it crunched 'neath the stalwart heel,
And the chick unborn must have known the scorn
That all honest patriots feel!

Here's three times three for Colonel GREEN
And that rooster-slaying band,
Who showed the foe what men may mean
When threatened their native land!
And the Eagle's cry well nigh bust the sky
As he soared o'er the foreign crew,
And in proud Madrid men their faces hid
When they learned what Revenge could do!

CYCLING CONUNDRUM.

Q. What article of the cyclist girl's attire do a couple of careless barbers recall to mind?
A. A pair of nickers.

BEAUX ARTS.

"CARAN D'ACHE" is the pseudonym assumed by M. EMMANUEL POIRÉ, just as HABLÖT K. BROWNE was known as "PHIZ." The name is easier to dash off in speaking than is POIRÉ; for "D'ACHE," were it only pronounced "Dash" (which it isn't), would exactly describe the artist's method, or at least that phase of it about which there is so much dash and "go." But "D'ACHE" is pronounced "darsh" (with a very liquid "r"), which upsets the simple and unpretentious English-speaking jokelet. What's in a name? Something. And here is something more than a name. CARAN D'ACHE is an artist of all work in black and white. We have not yet seen him in colour. His favourite subject appears to have been the Great NAPOLEON; specially his cocked hat and long coat. CARAN D'ACHE is very fond of "going Nap," which is more than any spectator will do when seated in front of his caricatures, all distinctly French, and the majority of them not to be easily "understood of the people," here though they will be generally appreciated. Some are irresistibly funny; as, for example, the drunken elephant. The animal tells his own tale—a performance quite unique. His exhibition is at 148, New Bond Street, placed by the artist himself, pictorially, under the special patronage of Mr. Punch. As CARAN D'ACHE he is hard to beat; as "Monsieur POIRÉ" he cannot be "pair'd," or coupled with anyone. He is *unique*.

FLITTINGS.

Pretoria, April 3.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—If you want to enjoy a quiet Sunday, don't come here at the time of one of the quarterly Boer *nachtmaals*, or religious festivals. I sit in a room of the Grand Hotel, with its *stoep* overlooking the Church Square. All round the Church, and right up to the Government Buildings, some hundreds of burghers have trekked in from all parts of the country with their twelve-span ox-waggons, till the place resembles a mixture of a gipsy encampment and a farmyard. The square, I believe, is public property, so four times a year the worthy doppers come to town and thus assert their right of ownership. They outspan their cattle, and boil their black pots at the very steps of the Legislature; and not even *alle machtig* OOM PAUL can say them nay. Still, in the day-time, it is a sight most distinctly worth seeing.

It is now late at night, but a vigorous chorus is going on, composed chiefly of Boer families chanting most dreary tunes, *fortissimo* and *lentissimo*, Transvaal babies and dogs trying to out-yell each other, cows lowing, and Kaffirs chattering, until one feels inclined to address them in forcible double-Dutch. Unfortunately, I cannot think of any more emphatic epithet than *boedelberedderaar*, which I am told means merely *baillif*.

The S. A. R. railway authorities cannot be said exactly to welcome the harmless Uitlanders on their arrival from the South at a desolate frontier station called Vereeniging. They are shunted about for five hours between midnight and dawn, and at 5.30 A.M. all their belongings are turned out on the platform to be minutely overhauled. They are then severally massaged and pommelled all over in the Douane, to see if they conceal any Maxim-guns or Mauser-rifles about their person. In spite, however, of all these precautions against any repetition of the Raid, I know of a lady who smuggled a revolver through, wrapped up in a kid-glove, which was actually handled by the unsuspecting Customs-officer as he investigated her dressing-bag.

I have shot OOM PAUL (with a camera) as he was leaving Government Buildings. Unfortunately the usual small boy contrived to thrust himself into the foreground at the critical moment, so there is another good caricature gone wrong. I am just about to have an audience of the President in his wayside shanty, and hope the old man will not order his "Zarps" to take me out to immediate execution for *lese-majesté*, or highway-snapshooting.

However, Pretoria is an excellent place to spend a few minutes at. In spite of all the depression, it seems to be going ahead, and they are running up some fine public buildings, especially the New Law Courts, where Justice (according to Boer ideas) will take up her abode till the last Outlander has been put in "tronk," and Boerdom will reign supreme. Then the Latter Lammas Sittings will be held, and KOTZE will cease from troubling, and the Millenium will be here. Till then, an Englishman can feel at home in the Residency.

Yours patriotically,

Z. Y. X.



HYDE PARK, MAY 1.

Country Cousin. "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS, POLICEMAN?"

Constable. "LABOUR DAY, MISS."

"DETERIORA SEQUOR."

["Here, in London, we created the darkness by the innocent process of cooking our mutton chops,"
Sir Wyke Bayliss at the R. S. of B. A.]

A FOUL impenetrable cloud

The blessed light of heaven shuts
 From your sad visage, like a shroud—
 Our Lady of the Smuts;

Each arabesque and traceried niche
 Its all-pervading soot-flakes choke,
 Daubed to a blackness as of pitch
 From lurid smoke.

Ah! that while filth we broadcast fling,
 To foul around in grimy drops,
 Our souls we should be bartering
 For mutton chops.

We yearn and pine for purer air,
 A London beautiful and bright,
 Whose form and colour should be fair—
 Whose marble white.

Thus musing with a heavy heart,
 Dejectedly we sit and munch;
 For, though of course we doat on Art—
 We must have lunch.

AN APPEAL TO AIMS.—London is the richest city in the world, and yet the London Hospital is in a very poor way. During the last two years there has been a deficit of £30,000 in the necessary income, and now a large capital expenditure has become imperative. The domestic arrangements require money for improvements;

electric lighting is a requisite that cannot be afforded. There is no photographic department, although the Röntgen-ray work is of the last importance. Then, what can be done? Why, the philanthropists *must* wake up and walk up. Legacies are valuable, but *bis dat qui cito dat*, and *post-mortem* charity is not nearly so satisfactory as the benefaction of "ready-money down." *Verbum sap.*

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 25.—Something pathetic about war-worn figure of CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES as he begged permission just now to intervene "for moment" in debate on second reading of Evidence in Criminal Cases Bill. It was a lawyers' night. You might almost hear the rustle of their gowns. The accessories of the scene lent themselves with singular effect to the illusion that we were in the Criminal Court. SPEAKER, in wig and gown, canopied in chair, looked the learned Judge to life. At the table below were the clerks, also wigged and gowned. There was the gallery of spectators facing his lordship; on either side the jury-box rising tier on tier. Nearest approach to prisoner in the dock was Sergeant-at-Arms seated in his chair, with innocence written in shining letters on his placid brow. The lawyers kept up the illusion by

rising in succession from either side and flatly contradicting the reason and the logic laid down earlier by their learned friend. As one star differs from another in glory, so did ALFRED LYTTELTON differ from BOB REID, EDWARD CLARKE from TIM HEALY, HEMPHILL from the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and CARSON from them all. TIM, invigorated by touch of his native earth, was in fine form, giving pleasant ripple to long languished debate. EDWARD CLARKE's brief speech one of the most finished pieces of oratorical debate heard in House this Session. A mellow voice; perfect elocution; gestures just enough to enforce argument or illustration; masterly array of argument; unfailing lucidity. Quite a gem of a speech. Like other gems moderate in size.

CAP'EN TOMMY strayed into this den of lions with the nearest approach to sheepishness possible to one of his dauntless build. Is just now chiefly occupied with keeping the nations of the world right in matter of the rights and duties of neutrals in time of war. In question hour others attempt to baffle Ministers with problems elaborated with the assistance of the midnight oil. The CAP'EN listens, and when they have all finished, cuts in and finishes the job. This evening PRINCE ARTHUR, furnished with papers, successfully resisted attack made from various quarters. When CAP'EN TOMMY fired a shot across his bows he straightway capitulated.

"I'm afraid," he said, with that mixed metaphor that bewrays the landsman, "that my hon. friend is getting beyond my depth."

The ocean of universal knowledge has no depths the CAPTAIN cannot plumb. Diving into the debate, on the sea of which bobbed the wigs of luminaries of the Bar, the old salt serenely disported himself, showing them all how to do it.

Business done.—Evidence in Criminal Cases Bill read a second time by 229 votes against 80.

Tuesday.—"Lest we forget, Lest we forget!" 'Twas BASHMEAD-ARTLETT murmuring his Recessional in the unwilling ear of PRINCE ARTHUR. MACLEAN—whose perennial air of having just comfortably dined struck Dr. AMBROSE the other night, and suggested to him a phrase the SPEAKER promptly called on him to withdraw—been wanting to know what the MARKISS said when China hinted that she would do anything in despite of Russia if assured of British protection? PRINCE ARTHUR made haste to disclaim any intention of guaranteeing Chinese territory. This was BASHMEAD-ARTLETT's opportunity, and he seized it by the hair. Been rather quiet of late; said to be suffering remorse for having worried GEORGE CURZON into a sick room. This opening to his old haunts irresistible.

"I wish," he said, "to ask the right honourable gentleman if he has forgotten the resolution of the House of Commons in which it was declared—"

SPEAKER down on him like hawk on hapless sparrow. "Do I understand, Mr. SPEAKER," twittered the sparrow, "that you rule my question out of order?"

"Certainly," answered the hooded hawk, "it is not a request for information, but a speech."

Life in the House of Commons, as BASHMEAD sadly remarked in the sympathetic ear of Mr. PATRICK O'BRIEN, would be tolerable only for the SPEAKER.

"Do I forget, dear TOBY?" PRINCE ARTHUR bitterly said, when, at twenty minutes to eleven p.m., questions being comfortably over, House began business of the sitting, "I think not. As you are good enough to say, considering the fierce light that beats about my seat in the House of Commons I get along pretty well. But if you ask me how I came to adopt on behalf of the Government the Sheffield knight's resolution affirming the sanctity of Chinese territory, which at the moment Russia and Germany were carving up, I frankly tell you I don't know. When the lady asked Dr. JOHNSON why in his dictionary he had mixed up the fetlock and the pastern of the horse, he answered shortly, 'Ignorance, Madame, sheer ignorance.' If you ask me why we walked into BASHMEAD-ARTLETT's clumsy trap, I answer, 'Temporary aberration of the tired intellect, dear TOBY. Pure idiocy.'"

Thursday.—The supernatural quietude that suffuses Committee on Local Government Bill threatened just now with rupture. Proposal made that County Council may appoint visiting Committee to prisons. JOHNSTON OF BALLYKILBEG moved to insert proviso that no men who had themselves been in gaol should be appointed on visiting Committees.

As far as *personnel* of House of Commons is concerned, this not such sweeping proposal as it would have proved fifteen years ago. At that epoch an Irish Member who had not been in prison was rare as snakes in Iceland. For one to make a speech in Parliamentary debate without incidentally alluding to something that happened (or didn't happen) "when I was in prison," was the exception. Different now; only small proportion of present race bear that mark of high distinction. Still, there are some who proudly claim it, as there are families who boast direct descent from the comrades of the Conqueror. On behalf of these JOHN DILLON protested, startling Committee with mention of alleged fact that BALLYKILBEG himself was of the elect. This news to most. Everyone asking what he was "in for." SARK says he believes it was for speaking disrespectfully of the POPE.

Business done.—Getting on nicely with the Local Government Bill.

Friday.—The MARKISS on his way home from the Riviera, bringing his sheaves with him in the shape of better health. Everyone glad to hear this. We're all proud of our MARKISS, in spite of the Legend of Talienwan and some others. In the comparative leisure of life in the sunny South the MARKISS has been sauntering along some of the untrodden ways of SHAKESPEARE. Much struck by passage he came upon in *Henry VI.*, Part I., Act I., Scene 1.

"The Earl of SALISBURY craveth supply
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny."

"Supply is all right," says the MARKISS, "thanks to ST. MICHAEL. Much charmed



Sir Micawber Hicks-Beach. "Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six; result happiness!"

when reading his speech on the Budget to find with what art he took credit for a government which, finding the national revenue steadily growing, increases, *pari passu*, the expenditure, being careful to keep the balance just on the right side, so they may boast that, having spent within a fraction of all, they have not

run into debt. Principle not new, of course. Mr. Micawber long ago formulated it. 'Annual income twenty pounds; annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six; result happiness.' But it's one thing to recognise a truth, quite another to embody it in practice. The first line of the quotation is all right as far as the latest successor to the Earldom of SHREWSBURY is concerned: 't'other is startlingly appropriate. Must hasten home and make a few examples. Shall swing TOMMY BOWLES from the yard-arm; drown YERBURGH in the biggest butt of wine to be found in the Junior Carlton's cellar; and, if the Lords show any sign of joining the revolt, I'll make BASHMEAD-ARTLETT a peer."

Business done.—Discussion on the MARKISS's foreign policy.

MAHMOUD EXPLAINS WHY HE LOST THE BATTLE OF ATBARA.

CHIEFLY BECAUSE HE DIDN'T WIN.

THE PROPER POSITION FOR A GENERAL WHEN THE FIGHT BEGINS.

THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING UNDER THE BED.

"No," observed Mahmoud to the interviewer, contemplatively hitting his A. D. O. over the head with a brick, "the reason you won was that I lost. Simple, isn't it? And curious, too, because your English soldiers can't fight for nuts. Your infantry is wholly useless, and your cavalry infinitely worse. You ask me, 'Did the British artillery do us any harm?' Not the least bit in the world; they killed nobody. The fact is, your big guns are nothing like ours; and your artillerymen can't shoot straight. 'Then, why were we defeated?' you say. Well—er—Oh, I really don't quite know. Seems funny, don't it? Our men are all magnificent soldiers, from me downwards—especially me. You say you saw part of our cavalry bolt as your troops approached? Ah, that was all my artfulness! I did it on purpose, so that you shouldn't have a chance to steal our horses! See?" Then, drawing himself up proudly, he exclaimed, "No, I did not run away. I am not a woman. As to hiding under the bed, where else, I should like to know, ought a General to be? They should always take up a position there; then you know where to find them. I first gave orders as to the disposition of my troops, and then, prudently, 'did a guy.' Don't your Generals get under beds when the shooting begins? H'm, very foolish of them to expose themselves to fire; they might get hurt. I never do. Had I known you possessed so many soldiers, I should, of course, have brought more; but that, being a Dervish Bank Holiday, I had allowed half my cavalry to go to their annual Beanfeast. No more at present. Adoo!"

"Come, Kate, thou art perfect!" As of course she was. "You have witchcraft in your lips, KATE!" as Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE hath it; and so, with these two quotations from the Bard, doth Mr. Punch heartily welcome Miss KATE TERRY on her return to the stage.



THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Squire Mayfly (just arrived at his pet piece of water). "AH, GLORIOUS TIME O' YEAR! MOST INSPIRING! EVERYTHING BURSTING INTO RENEWED LIFE! OUGHT TO HAVE A THUNDERING GOOD KILL TO-DAY!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Concerning Isabelle Carnaby (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) is the most brilliant book my Baronite has read this year. Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER has made her curtesy to the public before as a writer of dainty verse. This is her first novel. It may safely be predicted that, if success has its usual influence as an incentive, it will not be her last. It is probable pro-founder study and practice may add something to the weight of the *aramatis personæ*, and to the movement of the plot. In her first book Miss FOWLER has been content to present the very ordinary people whom we meet every day in Society, living their more or less undistinguished lives. Such as they are, they are faithfully reproduced. That she has capacity for probing pro-founder depths is shown in the exquisitely-written chapter where the *Rev. Mark Seaton* is financially ruined, and friends and neighbours with delicate movement come to his help. *Martha*, the old handmaiden, not only declines to accept the month's notice given by her mistress, and insists on staying on without wages, but on the plea of being relieved from "covetousness and the love of money creeping upon me in my old age," induces her simple-hearted master to take charge of her savings. Miss FOWLER's dialogue sparkles upon every page with the form and polish of comedy. When authors win established positions, some ill-advised friend bores the public with collecting their good things, and presenting them in disjointed form in a three-and-sixpenny volume. Any one so disposed would find sufficient material in Miss FOWLER's first essay. The charm of the book is added to by the little verse which precedes each chapter. One is short enough and good enough to quote as illustrating Miss FOWLER's shrewd humour and her dexterous turn of phrases.*

A woman's tongue is ever slow
To tell the thing she does not know.

That Queen Bess must have been a dangerously fascinating person is evident from the true histories of her Majesty derived from unquestionably authentic sources; that she was a marvellous beauty it is impossible to conceive, judging, that is, from her portraits, one of which, namely that by ZUCCHERO in Hampton Court Palace, forms the frontispiece of Mr. MARTIN A. S. HUME's most interesting and amusing book on *The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth* (T. FISHER UNWIN), compiled from papers in the Public Record Office. ELIZABETH was, indeed, "fancy free," but her time of "maiden meditation" must have been uncommonly short, seeing that as the youthful Lady ELIZABETH she indulged in such "romping"—to put it very mildly—as would have been considered indelicate even in those days of stiff costumes and of curiously free and easy manners when the costumes were off. Queen Bess was a consummate mistress of diplomacy, preferring in any and every case, whether political or social, to be mistress *par excellence*, in every sense of the word. Lucky the men who escaped her fascinations! That she never really intended to marry is, of course, a certainty, for she was a veritable *Don Giovanni* in petticoats. Miss BETSY TUDOR, "leading lady" of the British Historical Drama, was a thorough *artiste*, and she so stage-managed effects, and play-acted so admirably, as to be an immense favourite with her subjects in the pit and gallery. A tyrant is sure to be popular if only the tyranny be exercised on the right class. The imperial and imperious ELIZABETH, this strong-minded, vain, epicene queen, with her wonderful red hair and her "incurably diseased leg," incapable of true love, but yielding to every sudden fit of amorous passion, who lived only to be courted, flattered, fooled to the top of her bent (she herself regulating the fooling), and who, after condescending on occasion, like the blameless *Miss Sally Brass*, to be treated as "a good fellow, and a jolly dog, and so forth" by such Dick Swivellerian companions as were under her royal thumb, would suddenly turn like a raging wild beast on the lovers whose familiarities she had permitted and encouraged. Woe to any younger woman who should dare to cross her path! Her masterful diplomacy, inspired and carried out by CECIL and LEICESTER, as is well shown by Mr. HUME, went far towards establishing the future greatness of England. The fortune of this country was made by a successful Bet on the throne.

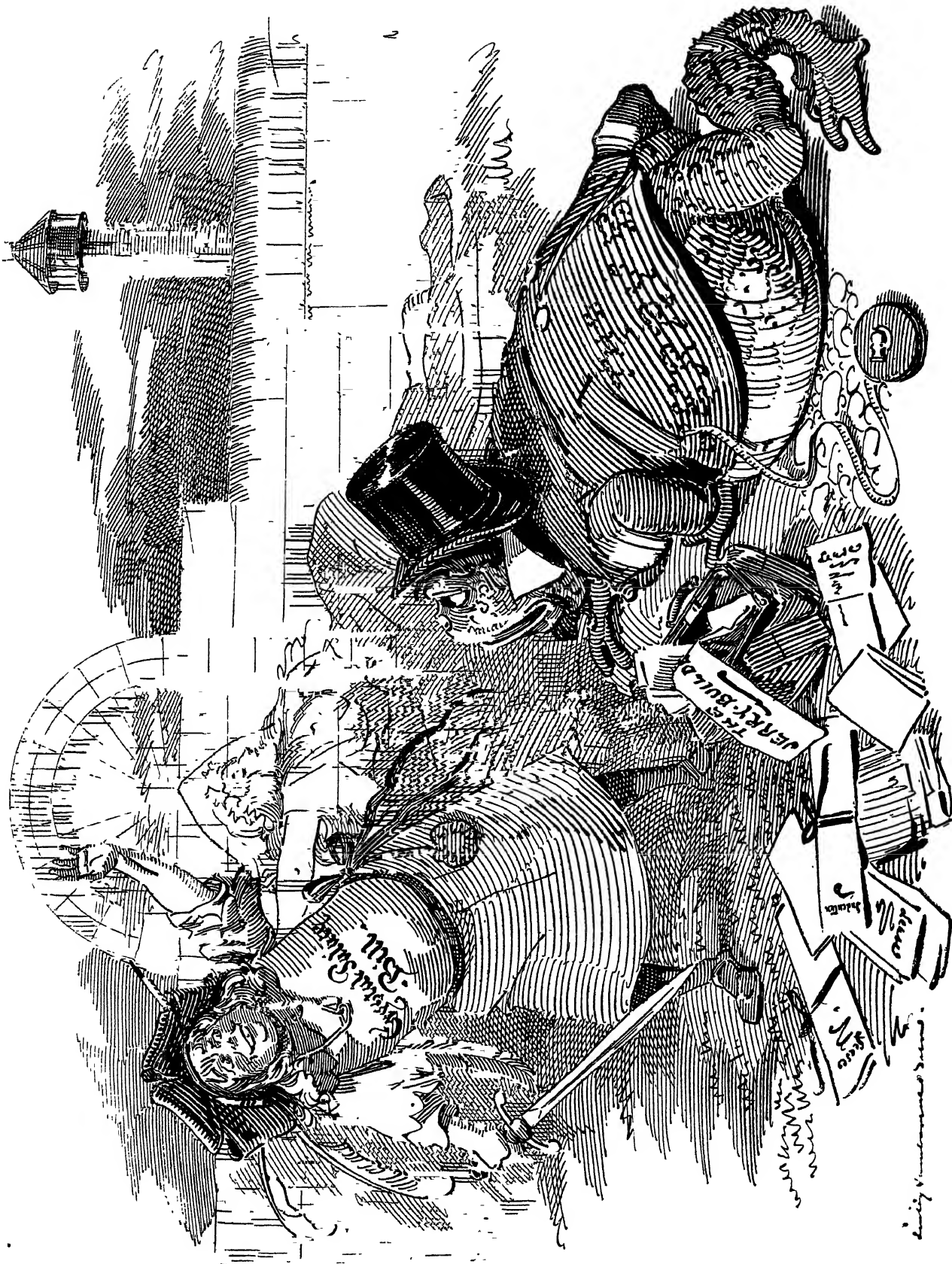
THE BARON DE B.-W.



"COME ABOARD, SIR!"

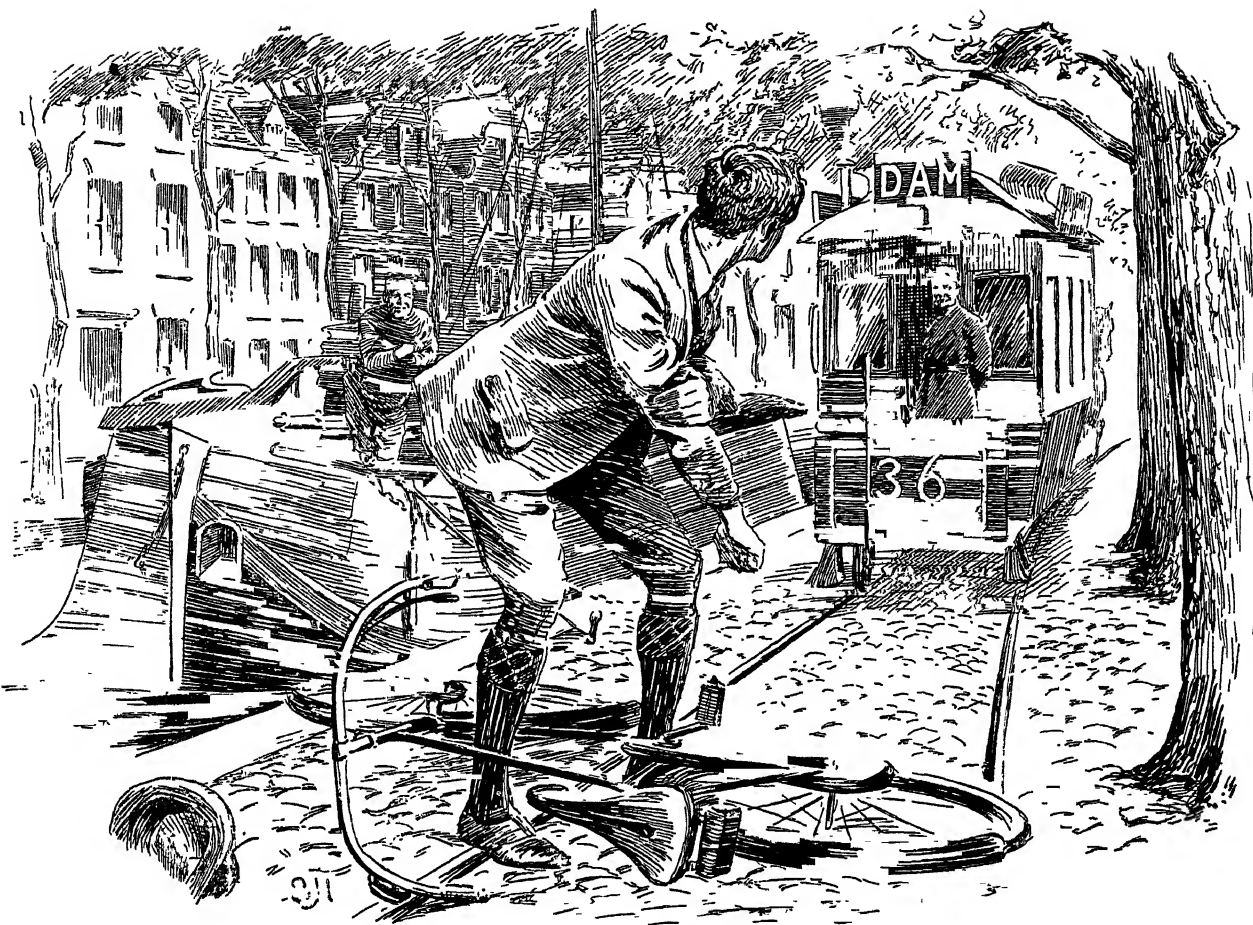
Admiral Punch (of H.M.S. "Britannia") greets the youngest Sailor Prince.

[According to the newspapers, Prince EDWARD of York last week abandoned the costume of babyhood, and was put into his first suit—a sailor suit—most fitting rig-out for the son of his father and the youngest cadet of the House of Britannia.]



TO THE RESCUE!

OR, THE FAIRY BILL, THE PRINCESS CRYSTALINA, AND THE DEMON TOAD.



SATISFACTION WITHOUT PROFANITY.

(A Sketch in a famous Dutch City.)

SPORTIVE SONGS.

An Aramis of the Past reproaches Mistress Somebody during a Spring pilgrimage to Scotia with reprehensible conduct to himself and three companions, whom she allured whilom.

A LITTLE Song of Somebody!
I sing in the early Spring,
Mid a mist of whiskey-toddy,
With the faint green on the ling,
That stretches for miles and miles
With a fir-tree here and there,
The sort of spot in the British Isles
That makes a Southron swear!

A little Song of Somebody,
Astral, yet worldly wise,
For she sprang from a sea of shoddy,
With her wondrous amber eyes.
From a sea of shoddy she sprang,
To arise by a Scottish loch,
And with her began the *Sturm und Drang*
That we do not greet with "Hoch!"

A little Song of Somebody!
Why was she ever born
To drive us to whiskey-toddy,
And give us the husk for corn?
Why did she smile the smile
That fettered our reason then?
Why did she try all Vivien's guile
In King of Rowan's Glen?

A little Song of Somebody
Who succeeded for what she bid,

And over the whiskey-toddy
We agreed She meant and did
In this brutal Northern air
That makes the blood run cold.
I allow she was passing fair,
We foolish and none too bold!

A little Song of Somebody
That in this budding time
Brings that Lancashire girl and shoddy
Into metre, into rhyme.
There were four of us Musketeers
Who swore to be leal and true,
But three have traversed the Sands of
Years,
And I pilgrim alone and renew
My vows with the bitterest rue
To you, Sweet Somebody, only you!
Why were you false, and oh! so cru—
El? (Pause.) *Mountain Dew!*
You drove me to *Mountain Dew!*

HINTS FOR BIKING BEGINNERS.

1. Insure your life and limbs. The former will benefit your relations, the latter yourself.

2. Learn on a hired machine. The best plan is to borrow a machine from a friend. It saves hiring. Should the tyre become punctured, the break be broken, the bell cracked, the lamp missing, and the gear out of gear, you will return it as soon as possible, advising your friend to provide himself with a stronger one next time.

3. Practice on some soft and smooth ground. For example, on a lawn; the one next door for choice. A muddy road, although sufficiently soft, is not recommended—the drawbacks are obvious.

4. Choose a secluded place for practising. It may at first sight appear somewhat selfish to deprive your neighbours of a gratuitous performance which would be certain to amuse them. Nevertheless, be firm.

5. Get someone to hold you on. Engage a friend in an interesting conversation while you mount your bicycle. Do you remember *Mr. Winkle's* dialogue with *Sam Weller* when he attempted skating? You can model your conversation on this idea. Friend will support you while you ride and talk. Keep him at it. It will be excellent exercise for him, physically and morally. Also economical for you; as, otherwise, you would have to pay a runner.

6. Don't bike; Trike.

During the Recent Wet Weather.

Mr. Tompkins. As usual, drip, drip, drip.
Mrs. Tompkins. Well, I rather like it. There's something of a poet-laureate about the sound.

Know-bodies.—The writers of "personal paragraphs."

THE NEW GALLERY.



No. 171. The Ghost's H' Aunt.

On entering the North Room and turning to the right, the visitor will be struck by—

No. 262. A prophetic pictorial illustration of an imaginary case. Here you may see Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR and Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN brought up before a magistrate, charged, after an all-night's sitting, with having infringed the licensing laws, by selling various intoxicating liquors at the bar of the House. ARTHUR looks anxious, and is evidently in a most painful position in consequence of a table having been thrust between his legs; while his companion, with an orchid, a little the worse for wear, in his button-hole, has assumed an air of supreme indifference to res. lts, and evidently wishes it to be understood that there exists no sort of collusion between himself and his companion in the dock. It is a pathetic picture, on which Mr. SYDNEY P. HALL is to be congratulated, and which may be hereafter remembered as "the Hall in the New Gallery."

Now proceed at once to—

No. 207. Do not consult your catalogue, the artist's name is on the picture, "ARTHUR MELVILLE." If this be a portrait, how pleased with the work must be the sitter, whoever she may be, at being thus immortalised! She is quite the Queen of the May-day, a Queen "of Shreds and Patches." It is "Rag Fair" idealised. Every visitor to the gallery owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. MELVILLE for giving them this "thing of beauty" which, as will be seen by reference to No. 207 illustration on this page, our talented artist has genuinely appreciated.

No. 209. The surplus of the rags from No. 207 have been collected in a wastepaper basket, and are now being emptied into a running stream. Notice the scraps in the foreground—we should say, in the forewater. There ought to be a notice up, "Rubbish must not be shot here," i.e., just at this point, as the infringement of the rule mars the effect of an otherwise charming landscape by ANDERSON HAGUE.

No. 221. "An Anxious Moment." Gentleman having sat for a full-length portrait, doubts whether the coin he has about him



HIGH LIGHTS BELOW STAIRS!

No. 207. "There, I told yer wot it 'ud be, Mr. MELVILLE, there's a ring at the front door bell—it's missus come 'ome and caught me settin' for yer in 'er noo Velassky gownd, and a nice mess I've made on it!" By ARTHUR MELVILLE.

will be sufficient to include the portrayal of his legs. He is searching his last pocket, when in a burst of generosity the artist, Mr. FREE LANCE CALKIN, decides to "throw in his legs anyhow." And has done so.

No. 223. Lady who can put up with anything from her husband except a paltry excuse. "So! You wish me to believe that, do you?" she is saying. The expression is wonderfully conveyed, and sincere congratulations must be tendered to the great COLOUR-SARGENT, R.A., who, as is evident from his excellent work wherever it may be seen, is not a man given to flattery.

"SARGENT won't flatter you, no, not a wee bit. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit!*"
Ars Poetica.

No. 236. "Pig-uresque." W. H. Y. TITCOMBE.

No. 241. Delightful picture by Miss MAY L. GOW. Gow on and prosper! Lovely mother and child both doing well, and done well, too. Only—child's left eye won't let its right eye know in what direction it is looking.

No. 200. Another delightful portrait by the COLOUR-SARGENT, R.A., showing how a lady, like *Mariana* in the moated grange, has become "a-weary, a-weary," while sitting to him for her portrait. She is annoyed with him, and is surreptitiously sliding off her chair. He should have called this sitter "An Early Riser."

No. 192. Lady playing "this little pig went to market" with fingers of left hand. Cleverly "taken in the act" by BYAM SHAW.

No. 88. Mrs. MARIANNE STOKES shows

No. 215. The Berthe-day Clayes-figure.
By J. J. SHANNON, A.R.A.

us how a knight in armour comforted his lady love when she had a toothache. "Never mind, dear," he is saying, "we'll send for MARIANNE; she'll paint it for you, and that will be a great relief."

No. 116. Another toothache picture! This one by Mr. GEO. BOUGHTON, R.A. But Mr. G. B.'s good lady has no one to comfort her. She is a *dame seule*. These two should be in Mr. TOOTH's exhibition.

No. 135. Clever painting this,—very. But, I beg your pardon, whom did you say it was meant to represent? "Mrs. Patrick Campbell," says the artist, E. Hallé. No! Go along with you, Mr. Hallé! *H'allez donc!* Perhaps it was meant to be Hallégorical.

No. 57. This picture would be invaluable to any advertiser of medicinal remedies for all sorts of afflictions. You've only to put the name of the pills, or whatever it may be, on the banner borne by the central figure, and there you are. No charge made to Mr. WALTER CRANE for this inspired suggestion for "The World's Conquerors."

No. 14. "A Trying Moment." The new song. Here is admirable Madame EAMES, admirably depicted, whom every opera-goer and concert-frequenter will at once recognise. She is, like a good child, "seen, but not heard," while practising a song to the rather hesitating accompaniment, on a harpsichord, played by a foreign cavalier, probably that eminent composer, Count FORINABAR. It is a story (a JULIAN STORY) with the moral, "Practice makes perfect." A "Story without words," which tells its own tale.

No. 129. "No more coughs, colds, or sneezings. Try our new waterproof cape!" Traveller for above-mentioned invention is touring in the lake country, and saying cheerfully, "Me voici! Here I am with my nice clean collar and wristbands, pot-hat in hand, and no umbrella! I'm a very dry subject for any artist, but here I will take my stand till he has finished my picture, as the more haste the less Speed will be able to do."

No. 163. Another by C. E. Hallé! He modestly calls it "The Signal." To

which those who like it can add the word "success," and those who don't can substitute the opposite. It represents a girl holding a cigar-lighting lamp. Title, "Alight here!" Represented with a good deal of spirit, especially in the lamp.

No. 151. "In a Glass Darkly," Mrs. NORA HARTLEY exhibits some lovely roses. They are indeed, as the sporting men say, "good pluck'd 'uns." Mrs. NORA is hereby Hartley congratulated!

No. 100. The Hon. JOHN COLLIER depict a charming ingenue.

"Oh! I am an ingenoo!
Don't I know a thing or two!"

Song from "The Dancing Damsel" (burlesque.).

No. 117. A gibbet on "Gallows Hill." Evidently painted by one of the "Hanging Committee." It is attributed to ARTHUR RYLE.

No. 392. "Ticklish." "Oh, dear!" muttered to herself the unhappy lady, "these flowers are tickling my ear and the back of my head, and I mayn't stir, or Mr. EDWIN A. WARD will be so angry!" A prize A-Ward-ed.

No. 306. We know that place; it is Sandwich. Just the very identical, with Dutch church and the marsh-land miasma rising, to which none of the Sandwich men will of course own. But they will be indeed proud of their own special moon, like a gigantic orange in the sky, as also of the solitary cow in the meadow, with its back turned disdainfully to the above-mentioned fire-balloony moon, over which nothing on earth, or in sky, would induce this particularly proud cow to jump. Yet the cow scorning the action, while below it, is "above it"! ARTHUR ELLIS *did it*. May some public-spirited Sandwich Man give him "*El-lis d.*" for his trouble.

Some artists must be hungry this year. Mr. WEIGALL has got one Sandwich in the R. A., and Mr. ELLIS another Sandwich here. Which takes the cake? But they're so full of Sandwich they cannot require it.

So, in the spirit of *Touchstone's* rhymes:

Here is an end, with Five One Three,
Of the Sixpenny List of the New Galleries.
Just half of the price of the Academies.

THE CUE FOR KEW.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We know that the high and mighty Authorities privileged to tax the down-trodden ratepayers are about to construct at enormous expense a new viaduct over the Thames in place of the present Alpine structure known as Kew Bridge. Permit me, as a constant riverain observer, to draw attention to the fact that this scheme is sheer waste of money, for at low water the volume of the stream is simply *nil*; a child could walk across the ill-concealed bed. Some twenty cartloads of gravel and a ton or so of freestone would make an excellent and convenient causeway of communication between Middlesex and Surrey. Indeed, were instructions given to the several water companies to pump a few more million gallons out of the river, there would be no necessity for either gravel or stone. Trusting that my suggestion may meet, through your esteemed agency, the Official Eye,

I am, Yours obediently,
AN ECONOMIST.

Ducks and Drakes Villa,
Strand-on-the-Green.

THE POLITICAL DOUBLE ALMOND.—A Question of Philippines.



AT A COUNTRY FAIR.

Mrs. Bloggs. "YOU 'LL NEVER GET ME TO BELIEVE AS THEM DELUSIONS IS REAL!"

THE LADY SACCHARINE.

["15,000 copies of Professor SCHENK's book have already been sold. In consequence of his theory that a saccharine diet tends to the production of girls, Viennese ladies now eschew sugar, and the demand for sweets has all but disappeared." *Daily Paper.*]

SHOULD they a *marron glacé* see
The ladies shudder tremblingly;
Ices they ban and sweets they flee,
Nor is there sugar in their tea
Where sugar once hath been.
The cane no longer flaunts his pride,
The vulgar beet hath drooped and died—
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady Saccharine.

Neglected lies the gay Bath-bun,
Neglected the mixed biscuit. None
Will look on wedding-cake. Not one
Dare taste a chocolate—all shun
Meringues like things unclean.

The change—how hath it come? Whence
flew
This sudden bolt from out the blue?
Whose was the ruthless hand that slew
The Lady Saccharine?

Royal Commissioners? Ah, no!
No foreign bounty struck the blow,
Nor the wild grief that 'gan to flow
When it was found that faithless JOE
Declined to intervene.
It was HERR SCHENK—but you have read
What HERR Professor SCHENK has said?—
So be the blood upon his head
Of Lady Saccharine.

Mr. Forthort (reading paper). Well,
here's bread up again a half-penny a loaf.
I don't know what we shall do!

Mrs. Forthort (suddenly inspired). Why,
live on biscuits, of course!
[Domestic economy immediately established.]



PRECAUTION.

Donal'. "A 'M SAYIN', TAM, WHAT FOR DAE YE TAK' YIR DRAM A' AT A'E MOUTHFU'?"
 Tam (gravely). "EH, DONAL', MAN, A ANCE HAD MA GLESS KNOCKIT OWER!"

THE WAR.

BEAUTY AND VALOUR.

OUR CORRESPONDENT RUNS THE GAUNTLET OF THE GUNS.

(With acknowledgments to the Daily Chronicle's Special Correspondent at Key West—issue of May 5.)

Two nights ago, to the accompaniment of ringing cheers, I dived into the deep off the blockading squadron. I was alone. I had asked for volunteers to swim with me to Cuba, but the response had lacked enthusiasm.

It was my design to be the first to convey to the insurgents a report of the sack of the Philippines.

Shrouded in murky darkness I came in under the guns of Matanzas, deeming myself fortunate to escape with the loss of my breath. Pushing on fearlessly into the interior, through the ruins of a blasted tobacco-grove, melancholy handiwork of Iberian despots, I reached the camp of *Libertad*, and received a veritable ovation.

The scene as I departed—for my destiny allowed me not to linger—was strangely striking. The military band, covered with parti-coloured bunting and Rembrandtesque in the *chiaroscuro* of the torchlit night, played a passion-pent ma-

zurka. Against the background of a toolshed shone out the gleaming muslin dress of a Cuban girl, more handsome than your readers would readily believe. Leaping from her coign of vantage on a pile of packing-cases, she drew towards me, the tears of joy still hot upon her cheeks, her bosom heaving with intolerable emotion. As she raised her *sombrero*—in the picturesque manner of the country—her raven tresses fell about her shapely feet. Then, laying aside her maidenly reserve, she flung her arms in one passionate coil about my neck; and in a voice that rang out above the leading bassoon, a wild note of longing mingled with its triumph, she shouted, "*Viva Cuba Libre*" (which was indifferent grammar) full in my trembling tympanum. A hundred rocks sent back the shattering echo.

Reluctantly I tore myself from her whelming embrace, and set my course upon the path of duty. Ah! shall I ever set eyes on that lithe and lissome form again? *Quien sabe?*

As I waded out from the beach in the dim promise of a roseate dawn the guns of the fort opened fire on me, with that deep roar and ruddy glare which are not infrequently associated with the discharge of artillery.

Diving below the surface, I emerged beyond range, though I could still catch

the sullen booming of their foiled attack. Later, I was pursued by what proved to be a friendly destroyer. Its bow-chaser was actually trained on the back of my head, when a wild cheer issuing from a thousand port-holes announced that I had been recognised by a thin red badge of courage that I happened to be wearing in my hat. I declined the courteous offer of a lift.

When at length, on the second day, I touched earth at Key West, the tale of my prowess had anticipated me. The town was *en fête*. The air was heavy with the breath of Union Jacks.

As I write at this hour, reclining on the poop of the flag-ship of the Press flotilla, clad in my summer night-gear (for beneath a tropical sun my sodden garments hang to dry upon the rigging), the assembled navy gesticulates.

I distinguish eight several orchestras, exclusive of the regimental band of the Dandy Cow-boys, discharging the British National Anthem at the astonished welkin. Massed in a fluttering bevy along the breakwater, the best girls of a thousand nautical heroes make me the cynosure of their sea-blue eyes.

For myself, I am unaffected; but I joy to see how the bonds that bind our kin to us grow visibly tighter each minute under my very nose.



THE PRIZE BRAND.

COUSIN JONATHAN. "THESE LOOK VERY NICE! WONDER IF THEY'LL BE THE BETTER FOR KEEPING "

PROCEEDINGS IN RE "THE MEDICINE MAN."

LAST week a warrant was issued against Messrs. H. D. TRAILL and ROBERT S. HICHENS, described as of various occupations in connection with general literary business, summoning them to appear at Mr. *Punch's* Court of First-Instance-of-Their-Doing-It, to answer the charge of conspiring together for the purpose of compelling Sir HENRY IRVING, lessee and manager of the Lyceum Theatre, by prac-

by the best critics that if he had not acted as he had acted on the production of this—this—er—er—remarkable piece—yes, remarkable piece—the entire fabric would have collapsed on its first being brought out and placed before the search-light of Public Opinion. What was true of himself was equally true of every member of his company. He could not exactly call to mind all the circumstances attendant upon his acceptance of this—this—er—quite remarkable drama. To the best of his recollection and belief he had

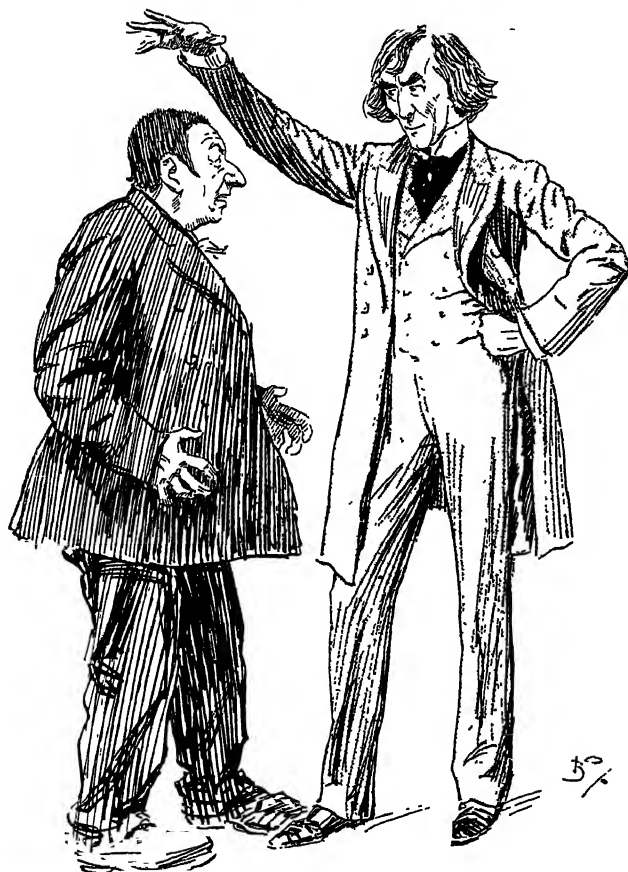
ments, had been produced. Ordinarily, Sir HENRY continued, he considered himself, and was generally considered, as "uncommonly wide awake," and hence his acceptance and production of this—er—remarkable drama, was only applicable to himself and his countless friends and supporters among the public on the hypnotic hypothesis. (*Applause.*) He had no hesitation in saying that it seemed to him that, while under the hypnotic influence of Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS, he had no consciousness of exercising an absolutely free will in the matter. "I believe," wearily added Sir HENRY, who had given his evidence with considerable reluctance, "that I did tell the public in my first-night speech that this piece would run till July. When I said this I must still have been under the hypnotic influence aforesaid."

Mr. BRAM STOKER, acting manager at the Lyceum, on being called, said he was the author of a mesmeric, hypnotical, diabolic kind of romance, entitled *Dracula*, and therefore knew all about hypnotism. Hypnotism in a book was one thing; on the stage quite another.

Mr. BEERBOHM TREE said, "Friends, Romans, countrymen!" He begged pardon; he thought he was *Antony*. Yes, he had tried hypnotism at the Haymarket Theatre. At that moment he could not recall the name of the play or its author. From his own experience, he should certainly be of opinion that his good friend Sir HENRY, when accepting this play, must have been under hypnotic influence. While on the subject, he might observe that there was a kind of hypnotism in *Julius Caesar* at Her Majesty's, and also a ghost, and if—Did you say I could stand down? Oh! certainly.

Mr. *Punch's* Own Reporter said he had never seen Miss ELLEN TERRY appear to greater advantage. She was wonderful! He emphatically said "appear," because there was very little to do that was worth doing, and little to say worth the saying; but whatever it was, Miss TERRY did it and said it inimitably. Sir HENRY was admirable as *Dr. Tregenna*. Mr. MACKINTOSH was repulsively powerful as *Bill Burge*, being in as marked contrast to Miss ELLEN TERRY, as was *Caliban* to *Miranda*. Mr. NORMAN FORBES was perfect as the silly, simple, fussing parson; and Mr. BEN WEBSTER, most ingeniously made up, did his utmost to make something out of a very, very small part, as did also Miss ROSE LECLERQ in what was, he supposed, intended by the authors to be the "light comedy" portion of the play. The plot of the play was weak and uninteresting. There was, here and there, a sharp line in it, but as a whole the dialogue was commonplace. Did he think Sir HENRY was hypnotised and going against his better judgment in the production? Well, he was bound to say it did look uncommonly like it; but he hoped the offenders would be leniently dealt with, and merely bound over to keep the piece—that is, their next piece—to themselves. He thought they might be dismissed with a caution, or ordered to come up for judgment a few months hence, if called upon to do so.

Can I suggest any improvement? Yes, it is this:—cut out *all* the dialogue and the non-essential characters; then reproduce it, set to Music, as a Play without words, the story being told in pantomimic action, after the manner of *L'Enfant Prodigue*.



"MIND V. MATTER"; OR, DR. PROSPERO TREGENNA AND THE BURGEE CALIBAN.

tising on him certain hypnotic arts, to accept and produce a certain drama, written by them in five acts, entitled *The Medicine Man*. It is expected that several other charges will be brought against Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS, notably by a certain Dr. Nikola, mesmerist and hypnotist, and by Count Fosco, who accuses them of having taken one of his chief characteristics, namely, his love for birds, and given it to Dr. Tregenna. Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS have not been seen since the first night of the piece, and up to the present moment have succeeded in evading arrest. The following evidence, however, was produced, fully justifying the course taken in the present proceedings:—

Sir HENRY IRVING, who appeared to be suffering from considerable exhaustion, said that he had known the defendants for some time, and was on good terms with them, as he hoped he was with every one. (*Applause in Court.*) They had no reputation as dramatists, and, on looking back, he could scarcely realise how he could ever have been induced to act as he had done. Though, by the way, he was assured

sat late at night some months ago, with Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS, discussing the subject of—er—mesmerism generally, and of what could be done with it if properly treated—of course by Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS—in a drama at the Lyceum, where, as *Mathias*, in a very strong sort of hypnotic play called *The Bells*, he had achieved a great and undoubted success. How long this discussion lasted he was unable to say: nor could he distinctly remember either his dropping off to sleep or the departure of Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS. On awaking from what he now felt morally convinced had been a hypnotic trance (*sensation in Court*)—yes, he would emphatically repeat, a hypnotic trance (*still greater sensation, and several ladies carried out fainting*)—he found on the table before him a contract signed by his own hand, in which he undertook to produce this hypnotic drama written by Messrs. TRAILL and HICHENS. In consequence of such promise the drama in question, after considerable personal toil and trouble, the authors of the work having had scarcely any practical experience of the stage and its require-



Waiter. "DID YOU RING, SIR?"

Traveller (as a gentle hint to previous arrival). ANOTHER FIRE, WAITER

IN THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN OF MAY.

FIRST breath of Summer! welcome glad!
 With rosy apple-blossom clad,
 And white-thorn in its bride's array
 That promises the flowers of May,
 And lilacs breaking into bloom,
 With long lithe sprays of golden broom,
 With chestnut boughs, whose dainty green
 But faintly hide the buds foreseen,
 And gilly-flowers yellow-brown
 That daisies red and white will crown,
 To show the sun-kissed primrose race
 That rivals live to join their grace!
 And violets with scented chime
 Ring out their scent with lemon-thyme,
 While sparrows multiply and ease
 Their appetite among my peas
 Just bursting from the mother-ground.
 Albeit, when I look around,
 I can't be angry—'tis their way!
 Our Spring time is but sparrows' play.

WANTED!—"For the Imperial Institute!" "4,000 New Fellows!" The Newer the better! *Advice*: If every Fellow who meets any other fellow says to him, "You're a Fellow," to which the retort courteous must be, "You're another," then, evidently one new Fellow is there and then created on the spot. Perhaps, as my dear old idiotic friend, Lord Dundreary, of the Sothern States, was wont to observe, "This is a sort of thing that no fellow can understand." But if the Imperial Institute Fellow takes the new-made Fellow's subscription and gives him a receipt, then in this case *le jeu est fait*, and the Fellow, who but a moment ago was only a simple fellow, will then be enlisted as an Imperially Instituted Fellow Q. E. D. Signed—HENRY DE HANWELL, Earl of Earlswood.

Shakspeare on Sarah B. and her Imitators.

MISS DASH, the distinguished amateur, undertook the rôle of *La Tosca*, in which Mme. SARA BERNHARDT made so great a success, but there were in it



"No Notes of Sally."

Troilus and Cressida, Act V., Sc. 3.

SUGGESTION FOR A NEW NAVAL SCHOOL.
 —Sir,—We have the "Blue-Coat Boys"; why not a lower school for younger chaps, who would be the "Blue-Jacket Boys"?
 Yours, 'MIDDY MCKIDDY.

TO A FAIR LINGUIST.

["A recent visitor to Billingsgate, who had worked there when a boy, was astonished at the comparative absence of bad language he noticed now."—*St. James's Gazette*.]

Oh! fisher maiden, who of old
 In accents of a vulgar scold
 Vociferated,
 Even to you can culture reach
 Since now we find your parts of speech
 Are expurgated.

Is it that your once uncouth mind
 By modern progress grows refined
 (Or only duller)?
 And can you show a soul less black,
 To compensate us for your lack
 Of local colour?

Alas! in this degenerate age
 Where should we find the average
 If once we struck it?
 When Billingsgate's a frost and sham,
 While ladies sometimes now say—dash,
 And bishops "chuck it."

WHY NOT?—There is a "Worshipful Company of Wyre Drawers," of which a Bishop (Mr. JAMES "of that ilk") is Master. Surely some well-known Parliamentary agent might start "The Worshipful Company of Wire-pullers," and himself (no name mentioned at present) become the first chairman.

MAY 7. "Lord ROSEBURY born." This should be observed as the real "Primrose Day."

NOTE FROM DARBY JONES.—On the week always back the strong.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 2.—It's all very well for MACDONA to get it put in the papers that his trip to China is undertaken for party and patriotic purposes. The MARKISS, cavillers say, has not made so much out of dismembered China as might have been expected from GEORGE CURZON's colleague. The Empire is thereby the poorer, and the Unionist Party suffer. Rotherhithe to the rescue!

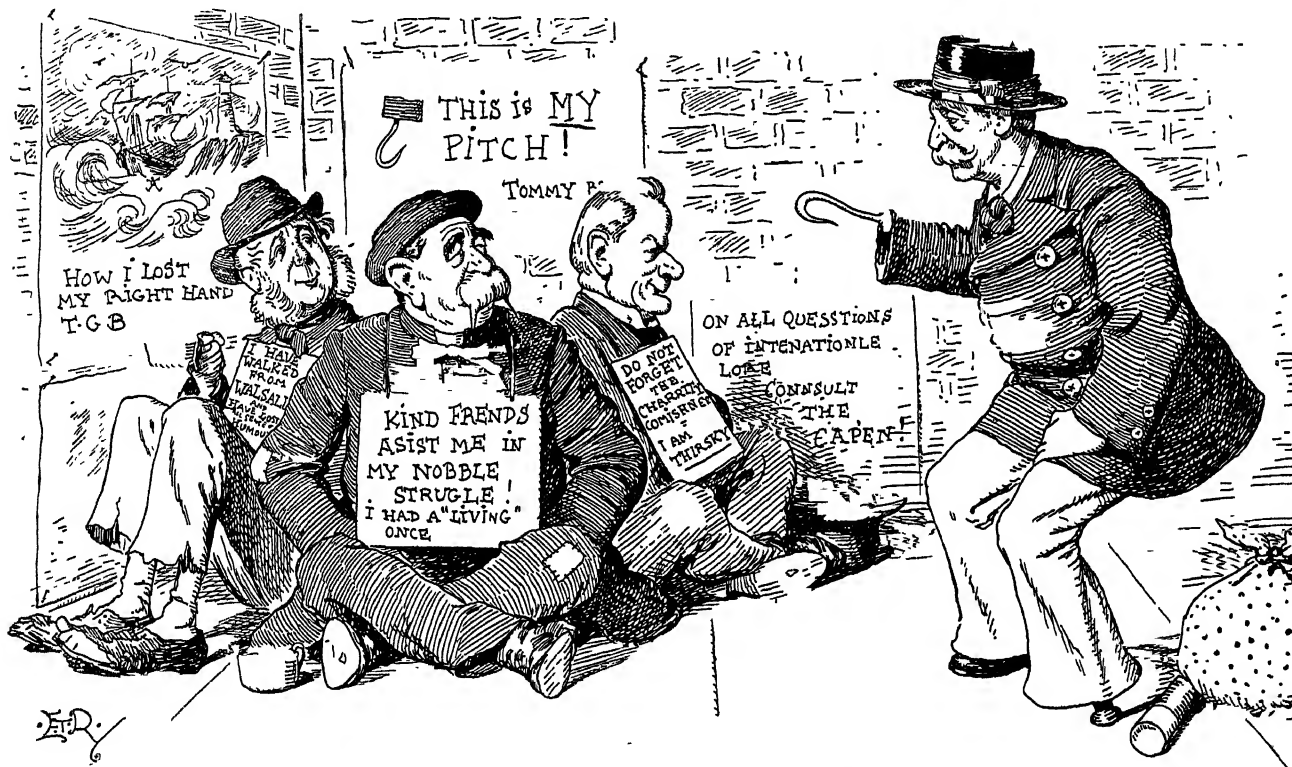
MACDONA, representing a private syndicate, will go out and see whether Germany and Russia combined can withstand Rotherhithe.

In days succeeding, coming early or coming late, he found his own familiar berth occupied. To-night hailed the SPEAKER from moorings at further end of bench below gangway. House, discovering his plight, roared with laughter and cheers. But what's fun to them is death to the simple-natured, warm-hearted old Salt, who had grown affectionately attached to his quarters.

Heaven is just, and the CAP'EN has not been solitary in his sorrow. MACDONA, spectator of it, suffered at least as much. Couldn't sleep o' nights; lost his appetite; finally resolved to flee the country. Try China; combine business with penitence. This the true inwardness of his disappear-

labours." All very well for young things like LORD CHANCELLOR to make light of superhuman effort. But we must take care of the MARKISS.

There is the staff, too, to be considered. No one who hasn't been Black Rod can imagine how wearing it is to mind and body solemnly to put on a sword-girt ancient uniform preparatory to attending in state a sitting of one branch of the High Court of Parliament, and five minutes later to be slipping out of it into a suit of dittos. It is the same in degree with all the officials of an underpaid, overworked staff, who too seldom receive mark of the public sympathy, which nevertheless unobtrusively abides with them.



OUSTING THE MAILED FIST!

A new (and rather dangerous) game for respectable middle-aged and elderly gentlemen.—It requires no sense of humour.

That's MACDONA's version, and Whip WALROND, moving to-day that he be discharged (as from a torpedo) from service on the Petroleum Committee, loyally backed him up. SARK knows better. Remorse, not unaccompanied by fear, accounts for MACDONA's flight. Just after Members came back from holiday, CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, making for his moorings astern the Treasury Bench, found them occupied by another craft. MACDONA, dropping down a tide ahead of TOMMY, had secured the berth. The CAP'EN naturally thought it was all a mistake, that MACDONA would sheer off as soon as he hove in sight. Not a bit of it. The CAP'EN, affecting to regard the matter in light of joke, winked his weather eye, and playfully poked MACDONA in the ribs with his mailed fist. MACDONA threatened to report him to the Harbour-master if he didn't keep clear. The CAP'EN, almost dazed by this audacity, paid out his cable and cruised about below the gangway, feeling more like a derelict than he had done since he was launched.

Turned out to be an organised plot.

ance from Parliamentary scene. At least, so SARK says.

Business done.—In Committee on Irish Local Government Bill.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—After brief recess their lordships once more buckled to their exhaustive labours. Yesterday, four minutes after public business had commenced, the MARKISS moved the adjournment. No one said him nay. LORD CHANCELLOR, putting question, declared "the contents have it"; rose from Woolsack, stepped in solemn state adown the hushed floor, past the humbled bar, so out into startled space.

To-day, growing more reckless, the House sat for full five minutes. Where is this going to stop? Hope there will be no ill-considered disposition to rush the MARKISS into another breakdown. In blooming health after his holiday. Always ready to sacrifice himself. If the House will go on prolonging its sittings, be sure no murmur will come from the MARKISS's lips. That consideration makes it more incumbent upon the peers not to recklessly extend his "sufficiently onerous

Business done.—In House of Lords, LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat on Woolsack at 4.15. Prayers over by 4.20. Ten minutes for private conversation. At 4.30, Clerk at table mumbles something over sheet of foolscap. LORD CHANCELLOR says in a breath, "Question-is-that-this-Bill-be-read-a-third-time-those-of-that-opinion-say-content-the-contrary-not-content-I-think-the-contents-have-it."

Here the MARKISS observes, "I beg to move that this House do now adjourn."

LORD CHANCELLOR responds: "Question-is-that-this-House-do-now-adjourn-those-of-that-opinion-say-content-the-contrary-not-content-I-think-the-contents-have-it."

4.35.—Noble lords go home glowing with consciousness of having done the State some service. LORD CHANCELLOR thinks of applying for increase of salary. This sort of thing can't be done four days a week through an aggregate of twenty weeks in a year for £4,000, even plus £6,000 for what fellows in the House of Commons indecently allude to as his dual office of Lord Chancellor.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Irish

Local Government Bill threatens to stick in the mud. Landlord section of Irish Members show disposition to pocket their bribe and go quietly away. The Nationalists equally ready to pouch their share of the plunder; but they won't go quietly away. TIM HEALY largely responsible for expansion of talk. If in course of night's sitting he speaks what will make two columns' report in Irish papers, it will never do for JOHN DILLON to have only a column and three-quarters. That put right, other Members insist on getting their share. SARK says if BROTHER GERALD could only manage to cut the cables that connect the sister islands his Bill would be through Committee in a week.

Amidst clamour of incessant talk, DALY suddenly flashes luminous forefinger on fatal flaw in Bill. Sub-section of clause 13 empowers LORD CHANCELLOR to remove from office any county coroner whom he may regard as incapacitated for duty. "Sir," said Mr. DALY, fixing the faltering Chairman with flaming eye, "I remember a few years ago there was much unpleasantness about removable magistrates. Now, Mr. LOWTHER, I don't want to see the county coroner made a removable fixture."

Committee roared with laughter. DALY regarded their flippancy with puzzled, yet haughty, stare. All very well for them to laugh. Laughter no argument. Let them, rather, set about to cut out from the heart of the Bill this cankerous worm. Through the saddening century Ireland has suffered much at the hands of the Saxon. To have her county coroners made removable fixtures may prove the last straw that will open the door to insert the wedge of anarchy.

Business done.—Still in Committee on the Local Government Bill.

Friday.—SARK sometimes a little reckless in his desire to give information. Just now showing round the House an American citizen. "Who are these?" asked the stranger, glancing at a group of waiters standing by the dining-room.

"Those?" said SARK, looking at the seedy black coats, the frayed shirt-fronts,

the not quite speckless napkins, and the well-oiled hair. "Ah! those are ex-Members."

Business done.—Debate on CECIL RHODES and all his works.

EASTWARD HOCH!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read in the daily papers that France is urging the Celestial Cow at Pekin to consent to be milked to the extent of thousands of square miles of territory, and that Germany, with a view of checkmating both England and Russia, is supporting her Gallic neighbour's pretension. Very likely, but not *wholly* with that object if my Röntgen Ray perception be of any account. Let me explain why? The population of France, unlike that of every other country, decreases year by year. No one knows this better than an Imperial Personage always on the Spree. He has said to himself, "Hum! hum! ha! ha! in a few years there will not be enough citizens to people France itself. Good, wonder-bright idea! Let us encourage them, meantime, to plant the Tricolour in all the remotest parts of the earth, and drain the *Patrie* of its fighting sons. When the European smash comes, what will the decimated Gauls do when opposed to the million-mailed fists of the Teutonic Michaels? What, indeed? Encourage French colonisation? Certainly, certainly, and once more, certainly! Hoch! hoch! hoch!" An excellent prophetic cartoon would be the Hamburg War-hen sitting on the Cochin China egg.

Your obedient servant,
HORATIO HAWKEYE.

Diplomatic Club, W.

TURF QUERY.—When the legal authorities shall have finally decided what is a place within the meaning of the Act, will they make illegal all "place betting?"

THE REAL HOOK OF HOLLAND WAITING FOR A GREAT CATCH.—Young Queen WILHELMINA.

A SONG OF SPRING-CLEANING.

(By a Perturbed Poet.)

Now will I sing
A song fraught with meaning,
'Tis of the Spring,
The horrid Spring-cleaning.
Annual pest
Which drives me demented,
Ghost of a jest
Some madman invented;
Like to the wit
Of practical joking,
No fun in it,
But simply provoking.

Nothing at hand—
Pens, pencils and papers,
Will at command
Cut curious capers.
Inkstand is found
In coalscuttle hiding,
Pens on the ground
'Neath carpet abiding,
Books anywhere
But in their own places,
Papers Well, there,
They've gone! Left no traces.

Rooms inside out,
One and then t'other;
Servants about,
Bustle and bother.
Vainly I try
To make an effacement,
Hunted am I
From garret to basement.
Pail, brush and mop
Are placed on the staircase,
On me they drop,
Yet mine is no rare case.

Oceans of dust
Ev'ry side rising,
Truly I must
Own 'tis surprising.
Whence did it come
Such great profusion!
Spoiling my home,
Causing confusion?
Varnish and soap
Hopelessly blending,
Signs, let me hope,
This Spring-clean is ending.

OPERA SEASON. WAGNER'S CIRCUS APPEARS IN COVENT GARDEN.



THE Opera Season has commenced. WAGNER much to the front, at all events, for the opening of the programme. *Lohengrin* heads the list with Madame EMMA EAMES, EDOUARD DE RESZKE, and "Sig. MANCINELLI" as "omnibus conductor."

Madame BAUERMEISTER is "always with us," and long may it be ere her well-known name is "gone from our gaze," as the poetic traveller observed when presenting his tourist ticket to the collector. For this Wednesday, WAGNER's *Die Walküre* is announced, under the orchestral

directorship of Herr HERMAN ZUMPE. "Zampa" we know, but "ZUMPE's" acquaintance we have yet to make. Success to the season, of which, the warbling WAGNER is to be the feature.

N.B.—C-L-N-L M-PL-S-N please copy. Old Musical Campaigner! Forwards!



A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.

Dauber. "NOW THIS IS THE PICTURE I WANT YOU TO SEE. IT IS CONSIDERED MY GREATEST PRODUCTION. AND, MIND YOU, I COULD ONLY GET ABOUT A MONTH FOR IT BEFORE SENDING-IN DAY."

Fair American. "REALLY, NOW? WELL, I GUESS YOU OUGHT TO HAVE GOT SIX MONTHS AT LEAST FOR A PICTURE LIKE THAT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Lady Jezebel (C. ARTHUR PEARSON, LTD.) is a story "with a vengeance!" How this vengeance is worked out, how retribution falls on the wicked, and how the good are rewarded, will be ascertained by the numerous readers to whom this weird sensational story will appeal, and to whom the Baron confidently recommends it. There is in the heroine a touch of *Mrs. Skewton*, mother-in-law of *Mr. Dombey*, with a dash of *Miss Havisham* in *Great Expectations*; while, in the plot itself, there is just a reminiscence of *WILKIE COLLINS's Moonstone*. All the same, it is none the worse for this flavouring, probably accidental. *Dr. Harry Durk* is the hero, and the tragic scenes take place in the house of his aunt, which, as the reader will already have guessed, is a 'aunted' ouse.

My Baronite suspects that *Mars* (HUTCHINSON) would never have been written if S. DARLING BARKER had not read *The Heavenly Twins*. The skittish, reckless, warm-hearted, well-meaning girl, of surpassing grace and beauty, is a difficult type to mould. It does not find its highest exemplification in *Mars*, whilst the effort at smartness in conversation, rarely rising above slang, is repellant. One good thing in the book is the scene where *Mars* meets the unrecognised destroyer of her father's life, and, all unconsciously, wins him to the decision to make retribution. That has promise in it.

The Pen and Ink Sketches made during a *P. and O. Voyage* by Mr. HARRY FURNISS, published at Effingham House, Strand, contain some of this artist's best work from his sharp-pointed pencil. Ladies shown as "dressing under difficulties" is excellent, of course as an effort of imagination, as how could a gentleman artist be admitted to the mysteries of a lady's cabin, even during the most eccentric conduct of the roughest and rudest sea without at least getting a considerable "dressing" himself? But at the illustration facing p. 100 has not Mr. FURNISS slyly shown us "how it's done," by representing a little black-and-white chap looking in at the port-hole of a lady's cabin? Perhaps.

In *A Run Through "The Nibelung's Ring,"* Mr. PHILIP LESLIE AGNEW (BRADBURY, AGNEW & Co.) gives us the clue to the

Wagnerian maze of *Das Rheingold*, *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*. To present a clear and concise summary of the "plot" is a task that would have taxed the powers of the keenest judge in summing-up, for the benefit of the jury, the case of *The Rhine Maidens Co. v. Wotan and Others*, in which so many interests of various parties to the suit are essentially involved. This task, which might have been the thirteenth labour of Hercules, Mr. PHILIP AGNEW has triumphantly effected, and if a convert to WAGNER wishes to become a master Cyclist (Wagnerian, not Bikerian), he cannot do better than study this book, and so to master the master, and thoroughly appreciate the operatic story of this golden legend of the Rhine and the Rhino. That WAGNER was well up in nursery lore, and had more than once seen a good old-fashioned English pantomime, when demons, dwarfs, fairies, monsters, and big-headed people occupied the stage, is, *chez nous*, a deep-seated conviction. What is one of the principal situations in the opening but an adaptation of an incident occurring in that truly sensational story, *Puss in Boots*? This book appears just at the right moment, when the Wagnerian operatic season has commenced. To every opera-goer this brochure of Mr. PHIL AGNEW S—who should now write himself down as Mr. PHIL-HARMONIC AGNEW—will be as interesting as it is instructive; while to the pleasure felt by all genuine Wagnerian "Cyclists" it will give a most welcome "fillip."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

ACADEMICAL DIALOGUE.

Mr. Know-Little, Junior. I say, what does "Cancellarius" mean at the University?

Well-instructed Senior. Let me see, wasn't there a dance called the Celarius?

Mr. K.-L., Junior. No, it's not a dance. It's a man. It's some University swell.

Well-instructed Senior. Oh, then—I see—it's derived from the verb "to cancel." He is the chap who looks after the votes of the Senate and the University papers generally, and cancels anything he doesn't like.

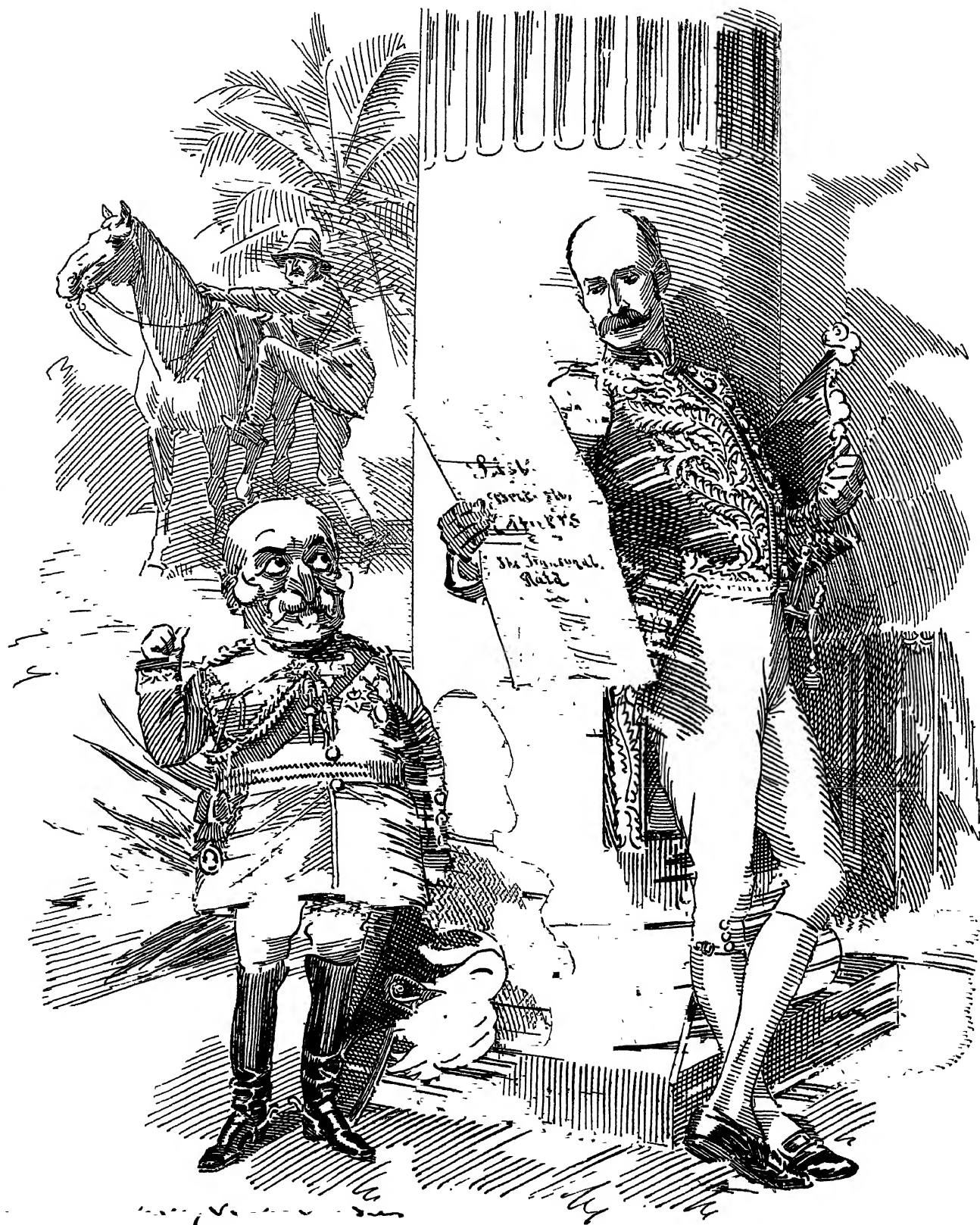
Mr. K.-L., Junior. Oh, thank you so much! [*Exeunt severally.*]

"Oh, did you ne'er Hear of a Gallant Young Waterman?"—The amateur champion of the sculls, yclept GUY NICOLAI'S, is to be rewarded with GOLD! At least, the union of the above-mentioned hero with Miss GOLD is announced. Fancy commencing married life with a Golden Wedding! Excellent omen.

APPROPRIATE.—In *The Golden Legend*, recently given at the Albert Hall, the part of *Lucifer* was given to Mr. BLACK. But he was, observed a critic, "somewhat disappointing." Evidently *Lucifer* is not Black, or not so black as he has been painted.



"GRAN'PA, CAN I HAVE A SHILLING, PLEASE?"
"WHAT D'YOU WANT A SHILLING FOR?"
"TO CHANGE INTO PENNIES TO SAVE UP WIV."



A CASE FOR CLEMENCY.

Field-Marshal Punch (addressing Lord Lansdowne, while indicating Mr. Cecil Rhodes). "Now, my Lord, they've reinstated him, how about Willoughby and the others?"

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Lover, head of a Firm celebrated for its particular wares, having been entreated by his Mistress to change his plebeian names and abandon business, answers in no amenable strain.

I quite remember all you said,
Your letters o'er and o'er I've read,
And hope you won't deem me ill-bred,
If I resent your tone, love!
My father made his "pile" with glue,
The "Hold-me-tight," invention new,
That caught the many, not the few,
In fact, it stood alone, love!

This compound gained a world-wide fame,
And still to-day it is the same—
I write without a spark of shame,
For it cannot be beaten!
The Public was not slow to see
That "Hold-me-tight" a gem must be;
And it brought in the £ s. d.
On which I went to Eton.

All opposite to humble me,
You claim a long-time pedigree
From ancestors who crossed the sea
On Welsh or Scottish borders
As henchmen, Frenchmen, *train de luxe*
Of brutal barons, Norman dukes,
Those I should style successful "flukes"
Who scored amid marauders!

You do not look with scornful eye
On Yankee heiresses, who try
In BURKE, DEBBETT or LODGE to buy
What's coarsely called a handle!
Yet their "Pap-aws," on dollars bent,
Ne'er scrupled how each dime or cent
Was day by day begged, stolen, lent—
Their game was worth the candle!

Now my "Pap-aw," with instinct true,
Put all his early pence in glue,
And so you hint you'll say adieu
If I don't "cut the shop," love!
His name was PAWKINS, so is mine,
An appellation not divine.
You "hold me tight," as you opine,
But with the shop I'll stop, love!

AT THE SERVICE OF THE SERVICE.

(A Forecast of the Future.)

SCENE—A lecture-chamber at a military college.
Lecturer discovered behind a table. Students taking notes.

Lecturer. I have now shown you a colonel and a major. I will disappear for a few seconds, and then appear as a captain.

[Dives under his table.]

First Student. What's the lecture about?
I got in too late for the beginning.

Second Student. It's on "the Militia."

Lecturer (emerging from his table in fresh regimentals). Now, my men, you must regard me as your friend as well as your commander. I am responsible for your well-being. (Applause, amidst which the Lecturer resumes his ordinary clothing.) And now, gentlemen, it is unnecessary to give you a sketch of a subaltern, as that genus of the army officer must be known to all of you. And before I go I would be glad to answer any questions.

First Student. Thank you, sir. May I ask why you have been giving this interesting entertainment?

Lecturer. Certainly. To show you, gentle-

men, your duty in the Militia. You will be expected to play many parts.

First Student. But surely not simultaneously?

Lecturer. Why, certainly. The old constitutional force is so undermanned in the commissioned ranks, that if the youngest subaltern of a battalion cannot do equally well for colonel, major, and captain, the chances are that—well, I would be sorry to answer for the consequences. And now, gentlemen, we will consider how a ballot for soldiering can be established without seriously affecting the cherished rights of the civilian.

[Scene closes in upon an unsuccessful attempt to solve the problem.]



Chemist (to battered female, who is covered with scratches). "THE CAT, I SUPPOSE?"
Battered Female. "NO. ANOTHER LYDY!"

COMPONENT PARTS.

[Professor SCHENK holds the theory that a saccharine diet tends to the production of girls.]

PROFESSOR SCHENK, though haply true,
Most certainly it is not new,
Your theory—I'm afraid;
Nursery traditions long ago
Said 'tis of sugar (don't you know?)
That little girls are made.

Then to produce the sterner sex
Why with recondite science vex
When nursery lore avails?
Because it clearly would suffice
To take, instead of "all things nice,"
A course of "snips and snails."



LET'S HOPE SO.

Agent (going round Farm with grumbling Tenant). "COME, SMITHERS, YOU'VE A CAPITAL FIELD OF WHEAT THERE—AND THAT'S WORTH MONEY NOWADAYS."

Smithers. "YES, 'CAUSE I'VE NONE TO SELL. YOU MAY BE SARTAIN SURE THEY'LL STOP FEIGHTING AFORE THAT'S READY FOR MARKET. THE 'MERRICANS ALLERS WAS THE RUINATION OF WE FARMERS!"

COME INTO THE COVENT GARDEN, MAUD!

OPENING night of the Common or Garden Opera and of a Wagnerian season with *Lohengrin* in German-cum-choro-Italiano. Bravo "choro"! Very good. All old friends; able-bodied EDOUARD DE RESZKE; a genuine VAN DYCK; Madame EMMA FAMES singing charmingly, but so puzzled as to what to do dramatically with *Elsa* as to suggest re-naming herself as DIL-EMMA FAMES. MARTA BREMA was the tragic female bore *Ortrud*; Mr. Dictionary TROMPIERE PRINGLE the Herald, or Heerrufer, and a newcomer, Herr FEINHALS, as *Telramund*. The last-named singer might be regarded by persons more familiar with sporting than operatic matters as something to do with "Captain Cor's Fin-als," but that is not so. Herr FEINHALS in his finals, meaning his finished style, came out strong. The Herr having come to stop, we shall not require a change of Herr for some time. Signor the Merry MANONELLI, removed from his conductor's perch in front of stage, now occupies a back seat whence he can command his musical army with greater ease. He is monarch of all he surveys, His right there is none to dispute, His bâton the drummer obeys, And so do the strings and the flute. Which is rhyme. Royalty in full force. H.R.H. patronising corner seat in omnibus, which was "full inside, all right," everybody making room for each other with utmost courtesy, remembering the golden rule, "*In omnibus caritas!*" Good commencement.

Tuesday.—A new *Romeo*, M. SALEZA, and a new *Juliette*, Miss SUZANNE ADAMS, both nice, but not strikingly remarkable for anything in particular. M. PLANÇON was admirable as the druggist, *Frère Laurent*. Miss BAUERMEISTER was the youthful old nurse, who is neither SHAKESPEARE'S old family servant, nor a soubrette. First appearance of Miss FANCHON THOMPSON, whose delightful song as *Stephano* went for very little, but we live in hopes. "*Qui vivra verra*," as the Page sings.

Wednesday.—A Weirdy Wagnery Walküre night. Not quite so

crowded as might have been expected by worshipping Wagnerians. No doubt as to treble-excellence of performance. Herr VAN ROOY as *Wotan*! Wot an artist! And Miss MARTA BREMA as *Brünnhilde* in this cast. Herr COSTA (memorable name at Covent Garden when prefixed by "Signor" instead of "Herr") and pretty Frau OZIUK were the "Heavenly Twins," *Siegmund* and *Sieglinde*. "PETER" PRINGLE good, as, indeed, were they all. There are five English "Misses" in the cast, and yet it was a hit! Herr HERMAN ZUMPE made his first appearance as conductor, and showed himself quite *au fait* at leading the way through Wagnerian wagneries. What a liberal linguistic education does the opera offer to us now-a-days! German one night, French another, and occasionally Italian! While the chorus, true to their ancient—some very ancient—traditions, stick to their loved Italiano in Covent Gardenio. Couldn't we have *Figaro* in Spanish, *Peter the Czar* in Russian, *Aida* in Egyptian, *Falstaff* in English, &c.?

Thursday.—Crowded house for popular *Faust*. H.R.H. in omnibus, corner seat. BONNARD first-rate substitute for suddenly indisposed VAN DYCK. EMMIE FAMES charming *Marguerite*. Costume artistic and comparatively unconventional. Sung in French. N.B.—Covent Garden no longer Royal Italian Opera. No Italians need apply. *On a changé tout cela*.

Friday.—Ever-popular *Carmen*. Splendid performance. SAIWA just the recruit to suit *Don José*, and ZÉLIE DE LUSSAN'S *Carmen* is well known to all as "one of the best," if not, just now, the very best. SUZANNE ADAMS, our Black-Eyed SUSAN, not so brilliant as might have been expected as the gentle *Michaëla*. Ever-popular "*Toréador Contento*" in French sung by M. ALBERS with spirit. As there had been a Drawing Room, ladies came in their diamonds, and there was quite a "Tiara Boom" in the boxes. No "Royalties" except for the owners of the opera, who take their "royalties" in cash. Good-night.

ADVERTISEMENTS FOR THE UNWARY.

ONE WHO HATES USURY desires to employ a few spare thousands lying idle at his bankers, in a manner useful to his fellow-creatures. He demands no security, and does not ask for interest. All he requires is an application, with the name and address of the 'would-be recipient. Apply to FAITHFUL, Post Office, Slowborough. N.B. The covers for response must be stamped.

A MILLIONAIRE OF ECCENTRIC TASTES, desirous of distributing some of his wealth in worthy and unworthy channels, takes this opportunity of placing his immense fortune at the absolute disposal of the human race. He scorns the suggestion of security or interest. A stamped (unused) newspaper wrapper must, however, accompany the application. Address, CRESUS, Post Office, Bethnal Green.

TO THOSE IN TEMPORARY NEED OF PECUNIARY ASSISTANCE.—The advertiser, a gentleman of enormous wealth, who has recently built at his own expense a cathedral for Central America, is ready at a moment's notice, after necessary scrutiny and precaution, to advance from £5 to £50,000 to suitable borrowers. That the latter may not be under any obligation, he charges 60 per cent. Address, SOLOR., Basinghall Street.

TO THOSE ON THE VERGE OF RUIN, an elderly ecclesiastic addresses a sympathetic note. He is prepared on any reasonable security—*post obits*, leases, reversions, ancestral lace, alienable heirlooms, and any other security recommended by his solicitors—to advance a sum that may drive the wolf away from the door, and restore prosperity to those sadly in need of the world's wealth. He would, of course, require a bill of sale upon the borrower's furniture, and the usual preliminary expenses. Payments by instalments must be prompt, to ward off harshness. As the aged ecclesiastic is largely engaged in other benevolent work, his interest by scoffers may be considered slightly "stiff." Terms, 20 per cent. per month.—Address, KINDNESS, care of BROKER, Cursitor Street.

A PERFECT GENTLEMAN, who thoroughly appreciates the aims of Sir GEORGE LEWIS to put down that hateful pest, the professional money-lender, is ready, at a moment's notice, to advance cash to any amount to approved recipients. Forms of application and conditions furnished on the receipt of a nominal fee. Investigations conducted on the most economical principles. References allowed to local County Court Judge, and other experts.—Address, in first instance, to J. P., Poste Restante, Boulogne-sur-Mer.

"NO REFERENCE, NO INTEREST, NO SECURITY."
—This has been the motto of the advertiser for many years. The advertiser, himself a solicitor, conducts his business for the alleviation of the wants of the needy, on the most economical principles. All he requires is a slight mortgage or something of that sort. His rate of remuneration is so absurdly small—something like a shilling in the pound per month—that he prefers payments in advance. Those who come to him once never go to any other. Country clergymen, retired officers of the army, widows and orphans preferred. Address, "ANTI-CUPIDITY," The Retreat, Spiderbury-on-the-Fly.

"THE SQUIRE'S LAST SHILLING" can often be retained for the owner's use by early application for pecuniary assistance. The advertisers, a syndicate who have recently realised a large sum of money by operations at Newmarket, Capel Court, and Monte Carlo, are prepared to advance ready cash on terms favourable to lender and borrower. First come first served. Send proposal with suggested security and interest, and a shilling's-worth of postage stamps. Silence a respectful negative. Address, THE MILLIONAIRE ADVANCE AND DEPOSIT BANK, 5e Etage, Rue de Jeremie Diddler, Brussels.

A FRIEND IN NEED, who has just returned from a visit to one of the most respected governors of H.M. Convict Service, is prepared to resume his consultations with those in difficulties. Special terms for minors and ladies living apart from their husbands. The Old Address—until further legislation.

AMERICAN NEWS.—The despatch from Admiral DEWEY arrived at last, so he is now to be known as Admiral Over-DEWEY.



"IN STRANGE ATTIRE."

"NURSE! NURSE! BOBBY'S OUT OF BED, AND RUNNING ABOUT IN HIS BANANAS!"

THE TRUE HISTORY OF OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

["Signor CESARE AUGUSTO LEVI, Keeper of the Torallo Museum at Venice, has discovered an old manuscript which proves that DESDEMONA was not 'averse to receiving the attentions of other men,' and that although OTHELLO 'used her roughly,' she survived him for several years."—*Daily Paper*.]

Come here, and I'll tell you a story. 'Tis all about a fellow Who wed an I-talian lady, and his name it was OTHELLO. Black as a chimney-sweeper he was, while she was so young and fair,

With large and beautiful dark blue eyes, and lovely long golden hair.

She live! with her parents in Venice, DESDEMONA was her name; To marry her to a blackamoor was, I think, "a great big shame." However, they went and did it, though she tried to kick, and she cried,

No good, for the poor young woman was forced to become his bride.

She hadn't been very long married, as I have no doubt you can guess,

Than she fairly sickened of Blackie, and matters got into a mess. The play by the late Mr. SHAKSPEARE sends Blackie clean off his head;

He smothered his wife with a pillow while she is asleep in bed. I own it's dramatic and proper, as seen from his point of view; But just as a matter of hist'ry, it isn't precisely true.

At least, so asserts Mr. LEVI, who ought to be "in the know." Or surely he would not have written thus giving away the show. These blacks aren't too sweet in their tempers whenever they feel a bit riled.

I guess he wallopped her finely for conduct which drove him wild; But as for his trying to kill her, as SHAKSPEARE declares he did, That's all a poetical license, in simple vernacular, "kid."

When coming to think it over, you cannot but pity the Black, Who knew his bride was "carrying on" with a lot behind his back!

We want to see DESDEMONA appear in "act six and last," As CASSIO'S wife,—poor fellow!—"with a" not-to-be mentioned "past."



"I HEAR YOU HAD AN ACTION BROUGHT AGAINST YOU BY A MAN WHO BROKE HIS COLLAR-BONE ON YOUR DOORSTEP. HOW DID THE CASE GO?"
 "MET THE SAME FATE AS HE DID." "HOW DO YOU MEAN?"
 "SLIPPED UPON APPEAL!"

THE DOMESTIC BALLAD;

OR, THE SONG THAT TOUCHES THE SPOT.

["It is all very well saying that sentiment is cheap, but that is said as a rule by your asinine critic, who doesn't understand human nature, a wretched being who doesn't realise that it means getting to people's hearts."—*Great Thoughts*. ("A Talk with Mr. F. E. Weatherly.")]

Oh, say not "Sentiment is cheap to-day!"
 How can the song that makes a man to weep

Or else (conversely) wipes his tears away
 Be cheap?

Nor say that sea-girt England's heart is dumb,
 Her feeling for the briny lapsed or lost;

That sailors on the foam have now become
 A frost;

That that unique creation, *Nancy Lee*,
 No more can stir the bosom as she stands
 Waving upon an eligible quay
 Her hands;

That he who ploughed the deep with such
 aplomb,
 Whose heart was ever open, brave and
 true,
 Whose yarns derived a racy flavour from
 The blue;—

For whom the total female neighbourhood,
 All free to use the Christian name of
 JACK,

Prayed that the list of wrecks might not
 include
 His smack;—

That he, the British type, whose breast
 achieved
 Ever new miracles of grit and pluck,
 Has now, to put it vulgarly, received
 The chuck!

No, never! Nor shall changing taste depose
 The simple serio-pathetic song
 Of love elated, or the sort that goes
 All wrong.

Under the stress of music's low appeal
 Oft have I noticed men about the Town,
 Strong men, encumbered by a heavy meal,
 Break down,

Hearing the tale of *Darby* and his *Joan*,
 Or that of those who whispered lovers'
 lore
 In the dear days of what is widely known
 As "yore";

Who, mad with memory of the morning dew
 That pearled the popped meads where
 once they met,
 Are recommended by the writer to
 Forget.

Ah! yes; for at the after-dinner hour,
 When even hearts of stone incline to melt,
 'Tis then the homely ballad-monger's power
 Is felt.

For then the mind with meat is overlaid;
 From finer fancies men politely shrink;
 I trow they would not willingly be made
 To think.

And so wherever England's sons have dined,
 And join the ladies with a listless air,
 Someone will call for my peculiar kind
 Of ware;

And surely get it. Ay! for still the old
 Old ditties shall endure and never pass,
 Thus differing from the Critic. Him I hold
 An ass!

TO JULIA UNDER LOCK AND KEY.

["The latest form of betrothal gift in America is an anklet secured by a padlock, of which the other party keeps the key."—*Daily Paper*.]

WHEN like a bud my JULIA blows
 In lattice-work of silken hose,
 Pleasant I deem it is to note
 How, 'neath the nimble petticoat,
 Above her fairy shoe is set
 The circumvolving zonulet.
 And soothly for the lover's ear
 A perfect bliss it is to hear
 About her limb so lithe and lank
 My JULIA's ankle-bangle clank.
 Not rudely tight, for 'twere a sin
 To corrugate her dainty skin;
 Nor yet so large that it might fare
 Over her foot at unaware;
 But fashioned nicely with a view
 To let her airy stocking through:
 So as, when JULIA goes to bed,
 Of all her gear disburdened,
 This ring at least she shall not doff
 Because she cannot take it off.
 And since thereof I hold the key
 She may not taste of liberty,
 Not though she suffer from the gout,
 Unless I choose to let her out.

In a Garden.

Daisy. What's that, WILLIAM?

Gardener. It's an 'ose, Miss.

Daisy. A nose! Does it smell the flowers?



"GOD SAVE THE KING!"



["The Lowther Arcade is to be sold by public auction early in May."—*Daily Paper*.]

[INDIGNATION MEETING BEING HELD AFTER CLOSING-TIME AT THE LOWTHER ARCADE, MR. JACK-IN-THE-BOX IN THE CHAIR, TO PROTEST AGAINST BUILDING A HUGE HOTEL OR THEATRE ON THE SITE OF THIS HISTORIC THOROUGHFARE.]

THE FUTURE OF LOWTHER ARCADIA.

IN the early hours of the morning a few days since, an influential meeting of the residents of the Lowther Arcade was held to protest against the selling of the Crown Lease. The Chair was occupied by Mr. JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

The Chairman addressed the meeting. He was glad to find before him so influential a gathering. They were there to protest against any scheme that would drive away the present industry from the Strand. (*Cheers*.) He would detain them no longer, but request his friend, the Master of the Hunt, to move the first resolution.

Thus called upon, a doll in a red coat, richly trimmed with gold lace, addressed the meeting. He said he had known the spot from the earliest period of his existence. He considered the place delightful to every one. He thought it would be a great mistake if the Lowther Arcade were abolished. (*Cheers*.)

A gentleman, who described himself as "the Miller," claimed for their residence the title of "The True Temple of the Legitimate Drama." Where in England could be found that admirable production, "The Miller and his Men," in all its perfection, from the first set-piece of "robbers drinking," to the final "trick explosive scene," with its red-fire stage directions? (*Cheers*.) Where in all England could be found a more brilliant orchestra, with its musicians giving their undivided attention to the scores before them, and the occupants of the proscenium boxes devoting their whole being to the play, although from their position they were evidently unable to see any of the actions of the performers? He protested against the destruction of the Lowther Arcade. (*Cheers*.)

A green parrot said he wished to speak on behalf of his fellow creatures in their dear old home. They had been very happy there. (*A beat on the drum by the rabbit.*) The time had passed very pleasantly. (*"Coco" from the Swiss clock.*) It had been the residence of their parents. (*"Pa, pa,"*

"Ma, ma," from a seven-and-sixpenny speaking doll.) It was the abode of harmony. (*The remainder of the parrot's speech was drowned in the tunes of half-a-dozen musical boxes.*)

When silence was again secured, a tin Lifeguards-man insisted on being heard. He said that so far the speeches had been pacific. But was that enough? (*"Hear, hear."*) Were they not able to defend themselves? In his own shop—he begged pardon, barracks—he knew that they had laid in boxes no less than three thousand infantry, an encampment with real tents, and any number of batteries of artillery, from the sixpenny pea-shooting gun up to the two-guinea field-piece that let off real gunpowder. (*Cheers*.) He would never

confess himself defeated, and he trusted that his bravery would soften the heart of that mercenary female who had thrown him over to accept the offer of a sixpenny dearer rival. (*"Shame."*) But this was a private matter. (*"Hear, hear."*) And as a public man, he stuck to his motto of no surrender. (*Loud cheers.*)

At this point of the proceedings a door was opened, a watchman entered, and the dolls of the Lowther Arcade quickly assumed the inanimate attitudes appropriate to listless toyhood.

MY CIGARETTE.

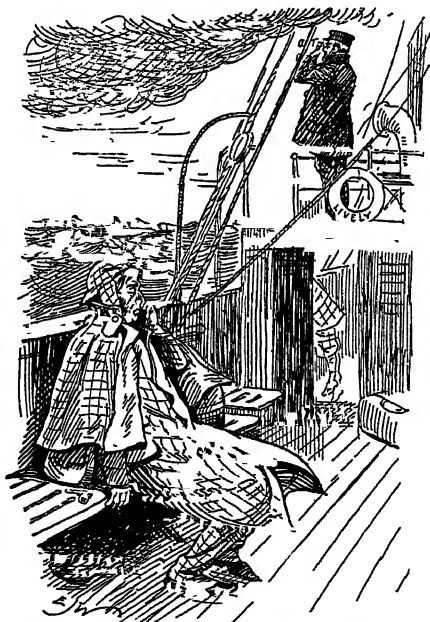
[*"The cigarette, which was banned for so many years by the faculty, is now upheld by the Hospital as 'a panacea against many of the smaller ills of life,' and women are urged to seek the solace of tobacco when troubled by domestic or other worries."*—*Daily Graphic*.]

TIME was they boded woes untold
Whene'er thy snowy length I rolled,
Croaking with raven voice that Death
Lurked in thine all too fragrant breath.
I heeded nothing what they said,
Nor marked the wisely-wagging head,
But, blindly loving, lingered yet
O'er thy sweet joys, my Cigarette!

And as I watched with dreaming eyes
Thine inter-wreathed fancies rise,
Lo! at thy magic softly stole
A peace divine upon my soul.
My troubles vanished. Filled with thee,
What was the weary world to me?
Sorrow and care I would forget
In thy sweet joys, my Cigarette!

But now thy dark eclipse is past,
Thine hour of triumph dawns at last;
While Slander, dumb and put to shame,
No longer dares besmirch thy name.
The sick and sorrowful shall flee,
All trustful confidence, to thee,
To find a cure for care and fret
In thy sweet joys, my Cigarette!

BAIT APPRECIATED BY BOTH CRICKETERS
AND FISHERMEN.—Lobs.



MOTTO FOR L. C. & D. STEAMERS.

"On toward Calais, ho!"

King John, Act III., Sc. 3.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With Acknowledgments as before.)

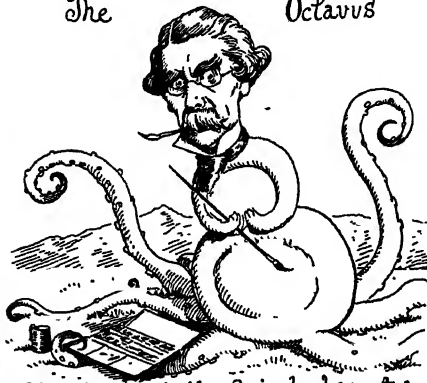
The Villistaph



This tempest and most versatile little Animal is killy skilly at every sight of mewsick. He keeps a quiverfull of mewsickle arristicrats that call out "Bach together." He personally conducts them through requyummis and things and they get people in the face trying to keep one eye on his conducting-rod. It must be a great straine for the eyesite. He is awfull good at Irish Jiggs too - that must be a pleasant change for them all after the congrigashen is all left.

The

Octavus



This clever sorshable Animal has got a mainer for eights of everything. Eight gets all sallybrights - eight wines, eight bayters, eight clocks and then they all come eight and stillleight at him like anything. He will soon be a cetyginnary in all over - that be a sellite to him. - Hes a extraordinary surgen so he knows all about joints anothings and is wonderfull good at dyett. He spends all his spare time tickling up the palette. He is a grate, bleever in creamashen and says we shall come to it some day - I dont call that polite, do you. I thought that was reserved for those that is not regular attenders at church or made faces at gouve ness.

The Padd.



This curious little Creature never comes out in the same place only about once a year - that keeps his vallew up. They take him round in a selloon-carriage with his name very large on the outside hermiticly seeld and deckerated with maden-have ferns and rare browcades. They stop at the towns and let him out to play for a few minutes then all the ladies in sally dresses weep and gassp and shreek out "Divvine!" and setta and rush about after him till the police steps in - then they kiss the legs of the pyahno and mone for a fortnight after. He looks more like a mopp than anything I think.

ALEXANDER, AND OTHER CONQUERORS.

THE present play at the St. James's has yet some weeks to run, and to our thinking that run could be, even now, considerably prolonged. Mr. "IRILEY" POTTER's drama, *The Conquerors*, is marked by strong situations, somewhat too strong, as understood by the majority of persons, and is most excellently acted. I do not remember having often seen Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER to greater advantage than in this character of the wilful, unprincipled school-boy lieutenant, whom nothing but a severe dig in the back, with a knife, from the hand of a wildly impulsive lady can bring to his senses; and I am fairly certain that Miss JULIA NEILSON (Mrs. FRED TERRY) has rarely been more artistically successful in the portrayal of any character than she is as *Yvonne de Grandpré*. It is an admirable performance, as is also that of her husband, Mr. FRED TERRY, whose personal identity is completely lost in the characteristics of the French officer, *Hugo*. The retention of the unnecessary, and painful incident of the two poor tradesmen shot as spies by the brutal German general can only be justified by the clever acting of Mr. HOLMES-GORE and Mr. ARTHUR ROYSTON as *Merle* and *Bossignol* (farical names), and of Mr. W. H. VERNON as *General Von Brandenburg*. To my mind it is perfectly possible to suppose *Yvonne* actuated by personal and racial hatred of the invader. It is for the author to decide.

Miss FAY DAVIS, as *Babiolo*, is charmingly irresponsible, and Mr. H. V. ESMOND gaily and gallantly depicts the troubles of a somewhat silly young Prussian struggling between love and duty. Mr. H. B. IRVING is again a bilious-looking, cowardly villain, a clever study in black and white; and Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER's peasant woman *Jeanne Marie Baudin*, is a remarkable and memorable performance. Mr. BEVERIDGE's *Major Von Wolfshagen*, with just that least taste in life of continental Corkasian brogue, probably to be found in the BARI VON LINDENS of Germany, is also excellent. The farical French element or "comic relief," brought in for Miss M. A. VICTOR, seems unnecessary, but it may be taken as a proper balance to a piece, where all *The Conquerors* being German, it is but fair that, on the French side, there should be one irresistible maiden Victor.

CURIOUS ANOMALY.--That *Christobal Colon* should be seeking the destruction of the American Fleet, and that *Lafayette* be captured by a cruiser of the United States.

FLITTINGS.

Johannesburg, April 18.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—They call this "the Golden City," but I think it should be termed the Dust-heap. Every street is a perfect dust-bin. On every other shop you will read the pathetic notice, "Come in—closed on account of the dust." And this is supposed to be the rainy season. What the place is like in the Summer, I cannot imagine; but a "London particular" in Fleet Street must be far preferable, judging from the little simooms caused by the slightest amount of traffic. Even the solitary water-cart raises more dust than it lays. There must be pecks enough of Johannesburg dust to have ransomed any amount of Reformers. As for the sportsmen who frequent the autumn races at the suburb of Turfontein, they return each day looking like golden dustmen, or stone-broke scavengers, as the case may be.

Everybody, by the way, is complaining of depression, hard times, and so forth, yet the tidy sum of £80,000 was subscribed last week for the various sweepstakes, and the "totes" or totalisators do a roaring trade.

Our good friends the Boers are so determined to Hollanderise the place that they have erased the last three letters of the word "street" on all the familiar blue and white enamel plates at street corners. The policemen seem to be selected for their inability to direct one in English. I was sent (with great civility, be it admitted) to seven wrong places the other day in order to find the Lost Property Office, and then failed to regain my belongings after all. And yet it is an English town—witness eight smart hansoms that have recently appeared upon the streets.

On the whole, Johannesburg, the Gilt-edged, is not exactly an earthly Paradise for the Outlander at present, and to-day we shake its dust out of our clothes, and flit to the Garden Colony of Natal.

Yours, moving on,

Z. Y. X.

MUSIC AND MONEY.—Any speculator with good notes, up to a tenor, may do worse than invest in BENNETT's "*Maiden Mine*." If properly worked, the returns should be considerable. When Mr. WHITNEY TEW "obliges again," why not associate his name with the celebrated "*Tew m'ami*"? If this doesn't suit his voice then let him try a change of air. We're sure he will be only Tew pleased!



Master. "BLAZED EVERY ROSE-CARVED BUTTRESS FAIR." BROWN TERTIUS, DO YOU KNOW WHAT A BUTTRESS IS?"
Brown Tertius (after deep thought). "PLEASE, SIR, IT'S WHEN YOU'VE GOT A LADY INSTEAD OF A BUTLER!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 9.—GEORGE CURZON back to-night after long bout of sickness. Pleasant to see the hearty welcome that cheered his return. Both sides vied with each other in genuine heartiness of congratulation. The House always prompt with kindness of this nature. But there are degrees of warmth, and the warmest was showered on the young Under-Secretary. This all the more gratifying because it is a position won against certain disadvantages.

One is attributable to his godfathers and godmothers in his baptism. Why they should have inflicted upon him, even on second thoughts, the name of NATHANIEL is a secret discreetly lodged in their tomb. It gives an opening to persons of small spite, who, when they can allege nothing new against an annoyingly successful young man, with subtle inflection of voice allude to him as "GEORGE NATHANIEL." Then he brought from the University, with other youthful possessions pathetically envied by older men, a certain cock-sureness attested by a couplet of alluring banality. If the manner had been all, it would have been offensive. Behind it was a resolute will, a settled purpose, native capacity, and, not least, a habit of industry, and love of work.

The House of Commons, as SARK may have said before, is the quickest and surest judge of character in the world. It hesitated for some time about GEORGE CURZON, showing disposition to adopt the superior

person theory. Perhaps he would still have suffered from that libel if PRINCE ARTHUR, who knew him intimately, had not secured for him opportunity of showing the metal he is made of. That given, the rest was certain. It would be tragic if so promising a career were cut short by physical infirmity. House generously and genuinely pleased to find that rumour also was a fable.

Business done.—Through Budget Resolution in Committee of Ways and Means like winking.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Lord BRASSEY entering House to-night on a holiday visit, home from his Governorship of Victoria, uttered a hurried oath. The Recording Angel, like *Mr. Toots* and Lord SALISBURY, would say it was "of no consequence," being merely the customary ceremony on a peer taking his seat for the first time in a new Parliament.

Since BRASSEY carried an added *Sunbeam* into the waters of Australasia a great deal has happened. Coming back, he is, SARK says, chiefly struck by the extreme quietness of things. That not unnatural, since never had a peace-loving, equable-tempered Governor such a series of adventures as have befallen BRASSEY since he left the Thames. He began by being nearly wrecked, running into Cape Town for safety. On land he was pitched off his horse. At sea he tumbled in out of his boat.

All things considered, looks pretty well. Mustn't be hard on us if we live more monotonous lives, especially in Parliament. In the Commons, if it weren't for the early

morning struggle for CAP'EN TOMMY'S moorings, and the excitement of betting on the daily event, suicide would be an inevitable relaxation. The Lords more accustomed to that kind of thing. Life with them is a perpetually placid pool, stirred only by the emotion of excitement as to whether the sitting shall be strictly limited to five minutes' duration, or whether, as CANNING threatened the Dutch, they should "clap on twenty per cent."

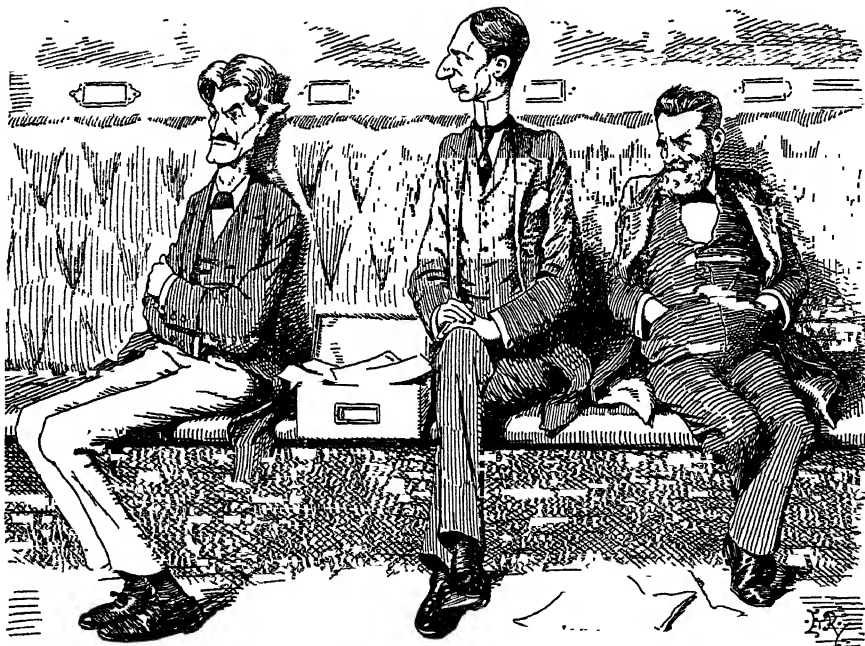
To-night Duke of FIFE almost ruffled equanimity by attempting irregularly to work off a speech. CARRINGTON had given notice to raise question of restoration of commissions to Dr. JIM's comrades in his famous raid. Decided to postpone intention, and said so. When he sat down up-gat the Duke, and began what was doubtless a convincing and eloquent speech.

"My lords," he said, "I rise to join in the appeal which has been made by my noble friend—"

Quite a crowded House in anticipation of interesting debate. Noble lords stared in amaze at his Grace, who was evidently getting into stride with his speech, under impression that CARRINGTON had made his. Half-a-dozen hands pulled at the ducal coat-tails; CARRINGTON explained he hadn't given the cue; FIFE mustn't play without the drum; so the Duke (of course, in a Parliamentary sense) "died with all his music in him."

Business done.—Dreary night in Commons, feebly squabbling round receipt of money bribe for passing Irish Local Government Bill.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Another



IRISH LOCAL GOVERNMENT.

Mr. G. B-l-r, Mr. D-nb-r B-r-t-n, and Mr. T. W. R-s-s-l-l.

quiet evening in Committee on Irish Local Government Bill. Quiet scarcely the word for it; dull better, drearily, dolefully dull. But as habitually happens, dullness means business. It's on your firework nights that no real work is done. Attendance chiefly confined to Irish representatives. When bell rings some two or three hundred Britishers come in to vote. That, they think, is all that can be expected of them.

With occasional assistance of ATTORNEY-GENERAL, and comforting, if silent, presence of DUNBAR BARTON, GERARD BALFOUR slowly fights his Bill through thicket of amendments. Rarely has similar work been better done. Patient, courteous, quick to see points, ready in reply, with a firm grip that knows when temporarily to relax, he disarms opposition. TIM HEALY, truculent no longer, takes him tenderly under his wing. Only for that, JOHN DILLON would be equally friendly. The landlords, who at the outset breathed fire and sword, threatened revolt and rapine, have disappeared from the scene. Over it rests the kindly smile of CHARLES HARRIS HEMPHILL, sometime H. M. Sergeant-at-Law, now, for the most part, sole representative of the late Government on the front Opposition Bench. HEMPHILL's bodily presence of inestimable advantage to Minister in charge of a Bill. It expresses the essence of mellifluous good temper, is the very embodiment of peace.

"A thorough-going Home Ruler, friend-of-the-tenant, and all that," says SARK, "yet he doesn't look as if he could say 'Boh!' to a rack-renting landlord. The sort of man you'd expect to find quietly drawing from somewhere a pension of £1,000 a year paid in guineas."

Business done.—Local Government Bill beginning to rattle along.

Friday.—Pretty to see Members of Kitchen Committee furtively watching WILFRID LAWSON as he walks about lobby and corridors. They are responsible for sale of liquor on unlicensed premises under roof of Westminster Palace. WILFRID, after long winking at illegality, feels con-

strained to take action. Has instructed his solicitor accordingly. Any morning we may wake up to find the Kitchen Committee in the dock at the police-court, with long reports in the newspapers and pictures in all the weeklies. Just now a suspicious lull in proceedings. WILFRID's solicitor something in position of Spanish fleet. Has put out to sea; no one knows where he is; Kitchen Committee have uncomfortable sensation of his proximity; their flesh creeps with apprehension of any moment feeling on their shoulder the hand of his myrmidons.

Try to pump Sir WILFRID; attempt to bribe him with offer of unlimited refreshment. He only stares into space, or, looking round the lobby, lets his eye casually, as it were, rest upon the buttoned and belted figure of policeman. MARK LOCKWOOD, a man of war; has seen more than one season's service in Dublin. Lord STANLEY, scion of a crusading race; in comparatively modern times his forbear received on the stricken field the last words of MARMION. Yet, following Sir WILFRID's glance, they both walk uneasily away, wishing that WALROND would extend to them the boon conferred on their colleague MACDONA, and give them "leave to go to China."

Business done.—JOHN DILLON once more brings up question of distress in West of Ireland. BROTHER GERALD reiterates his reply; admits existence of distress while showing that, *more Hibernico*, it is in particular instances ludicrously exaggerated. Meanwhile Government have established relief works. Then REDMOND cadet blusters in; takes the floor; makes two prodigious speeches; KILBRIDE shrieks; HANDY ANDY FLAVIN is flamboyantly funny. English and Scotch Members, after patient endeavour to get at truth, go away pained and disgusted. Alack, poor Ireland! The peasants starve that M.P.'s may orate!

THE LIVELIEST VEGETABLE NOW ON THE MARKET.—The Spring Onion.

DRESS AT THE OPERA.

LORD DYSART, in a letter to the *Times*, would like to know whether it is legally possible to enforce the rule as to evening dress at the opera in the absence of an accurate definition of it duly advertised in the newspapers? The following might answer this requirement:—

ROYAL OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—This evening at 8. *Lohengrin*. Gentlemen must wear coats, known as "swallow-tails," and trousers, both entirely of black cloth. Coloured coats not allowed, but dinner jackets winked at. Shepherd's plaid trousers, and fancy checks forbidden. Waistcoats may be black or white, the front wide open. Knitted jerseys not allowed. White shirts with starched linen fronts absolutely essential. Flannel shirts forbidden. White collars, and white or black ties indispensable. Socks of black silk. Boots or shoes of black leather, known as "patent." The colours and materials of under vests and braces are alone left to the choice of the wearer. Knickerbockers and dressing-gowns absolutely forbidden. N.B.—Pyjamas, though occasionally worn before midnight, cannot be considered "evening dress."

LYCEUM LYRIC.

See *Doctor Tregenna*
(Which rhymes with Gehenna),
In salts or in *sewna*

He doesn't prescribe;
His manner's despotie,
His method's hypnotic—
Effect is narcotic
On those who "imbibe."

And *Burge*, brutal scowler,
Not handsome, but growler,
Whose wife is a howler,
'Cos injured,—that's why,—
Is changed from a brute-man
To sulky half-mute man.
Says Doctor, that 'cute man,
"How's this?—'All my eye!'"

THE GAZETTE.

THE following official announcements have not yet been made:—

The British squadron will shortly leave Wei hai-wei. Its destination is at present uncertain, but it will probably be Hong Kong, Count MURAVIEFF having intimated that he will not take exception to its presence in that port.

Work has been resumed on the new cruisers now building in Portsmouth, in consequence of the CZAR having withdrawn his objection to their completion.

H.M.Ss. *Valorous* and *Terrible* have received orders to sail from Southampton to Cowes. In the event of no objections being raised in Europe, they will leave their moorings at an early date.

WHAT CAUSES THE RISE IN BREAD?—Why, the war in the Yeast, to be sure.

SONG TO LORD ROSEBERY.—"He will return, I know him well!"



Bucolic Boot-boy. "I SAY, SARAH, WOTEVER BE A CREEMATORIUM?"
Metropolitan Maid. "OH, YOU ARE AN IGNORANT BOY! WHY IT'S FRENCH FOR A MILKSHOP, OF COURSE!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THERE is not anything left to be said in praise of *Pendennis*, the second volume of the Biographical Edition of THACKERAY'S works just issued by SMITH, ELDER. But the familiar friend has an added charm in the introduction by the novelist's daughter. THACKERAY, like SHAKESPEARE and TENNYSON, left peremptory instruction that no attempt should be made to write his life. The mandate only partially prevailed in the case of SHAKESPEARE. The uniqueness of his position amongst men is finally attested by the fact that though practically no materials for chronicling his life exist, volumes about himself and his supposititious doings crowd the book shelves. TENNYSON'S memoirs by his son were published the other day. Now Mrs. RITCHIE, with loving, discreet hand, lifts the veil from the household figure of THACKERAY, and shews him at school, with his family, at his work with pen and pencil. It is a new and happy thought to supply the record piecemeal, doling out chapters, each one pertaining to the period at which a particular novel was written. We like the old book all the more when we read how, making holiday at Spa, THACKERAY "had another good spell with the first chapter of *Pendennis* this morning before breakfast, such a good one as authorised two mutton chops along with my coffee." "Having completed my story this day," he writes to his mother just forty-eight years ago, "and wrote [only a great author could thus flout LINLEY MURRAY] *Finis*, I am very tired, weary, and solemn-minded, so I say God bless my dearest mother and G. P. ere I try to go and get some sleep." My Baronite turns over the well-remembered pages of the first chapter and the last, and finds new pleasure in the closer touch with THACKERAY made possible by these notes.

My Baronite holds that a pretty homily called *Sowing the Seed* (HARPER) should be carried in the sabre-tache of every cavalry subaltern, and also circulated among reckless senior officers who ought to be old enough to know better. It will teach them not to encourage the young to sow wild oats on the beach of time. At present it seems that they do not "realise" their responsibility. Mrs. HENNIKER-MAJOR (though she is

accustomed to waive her military rank and call herself FLORENCE HENNIKER, as here) is a practical soldier-woman; and if the scenes of this book chiefly alternate between country-houses and race-meetings, where war-paint is not wanted, you know that she would be just as good on parade or in the mess-room. This, among other qualities, distinguishes her from the common military authoress. Her style has an unstudied ease; her people talk and live as people actually do; and her men are not less alive than her women. Only now and then the sense of her duty as a book-maker (off the course) weighs upon her; at such times her botanical deviations have perhaps a certain suggestion of perfunctoriness. For the rest, she is refreshingly natural. *Alex Devereux*, only lightly sketched, as most of her characters, is a charming study; and so is *Major Savile*, who fails to "realise" what a lot of graceful mischief he is doing in his picturesque career. THE BARON DE B.-W.

OPERATIC NOTES.

MADAME EMMA EAMES a musically charming *Juliet*, but, dramatically, too staid a young person for WILL SHAKESPEARE'S heroine. M. SALEZA vocally excellent and dramatically energetic as the love-sick *Romeo*. PLANCON admirable as "holy Friar." The reverend gentleman must have belonged to rather a Go-as-you-please Religious Order to have been able to celebrate a quiet marriage service in his own private cell, where *Romeo and Juliet* are married by "special Shakspearian licence."

Tuesday.—Audience drawn to Opera to-night by two "Gees," i.e., GOUNOD and GLUCK. *Philemon et Baucis* and *Orphée*, both in French. The first specially delightful; second too long. In the latter, Miss MARGARET REID was "*un amour*" comme *L'Amour*, and Miss SUZANNE ADAMS, a pretty *Eurydice*, with the song of the Opera. We were looking forward to the *Nozze* in Italian for Thursday, but on a *chagné tout cela*, and it is to be an encore of ZELIE DE LUSSAN in *Carmen*.

Wednesday.—"Lohengrin-and-bear-it," is the non-Wagnerian motto. But the non-Wag had better stay away and come for the *Nozze*, which was to have been to-morrow, and now we shall not see *Nozze*, as the Opera is to be *Carmen*. DE RESZKE, the "Johnnie" of that ilk, excellent, and Madame NORDICA perfect. Von MILDE, as king, quite Von STRONG. Taking into consideration the extreme youth of the boys and girls engaged as chorus, it isn't half bad. But isn't there a law about keeping up such very young persons after early bed-time hours? However, that is a question for the management. House full and enthusiastic.

Thursday.—*Carmen*, with ZELIE DE LUSSAN, always good. What has become of *Nozze*? Evidently some hitch in *Figaro*'s wedding, as announced, with the fair SUZANNE.

Friday.—A French and German Alliance night. *Tannhäuser*, in French, with chorus of pilgrims straight from Rome, singing in Italian, and after that, polyglottic. King PLANCON, regal; Mynheer VAN DYCK dramatically and vocally good; and as *Wolfram* (awful animal combination suggested by name), Mr. RENAUD excellent. His song to the star, in Act III., exquisitely sung, would have delighted the shade of Dr. WATTS, whose poem of "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," probably suggested the idea to Warbling Wagner.

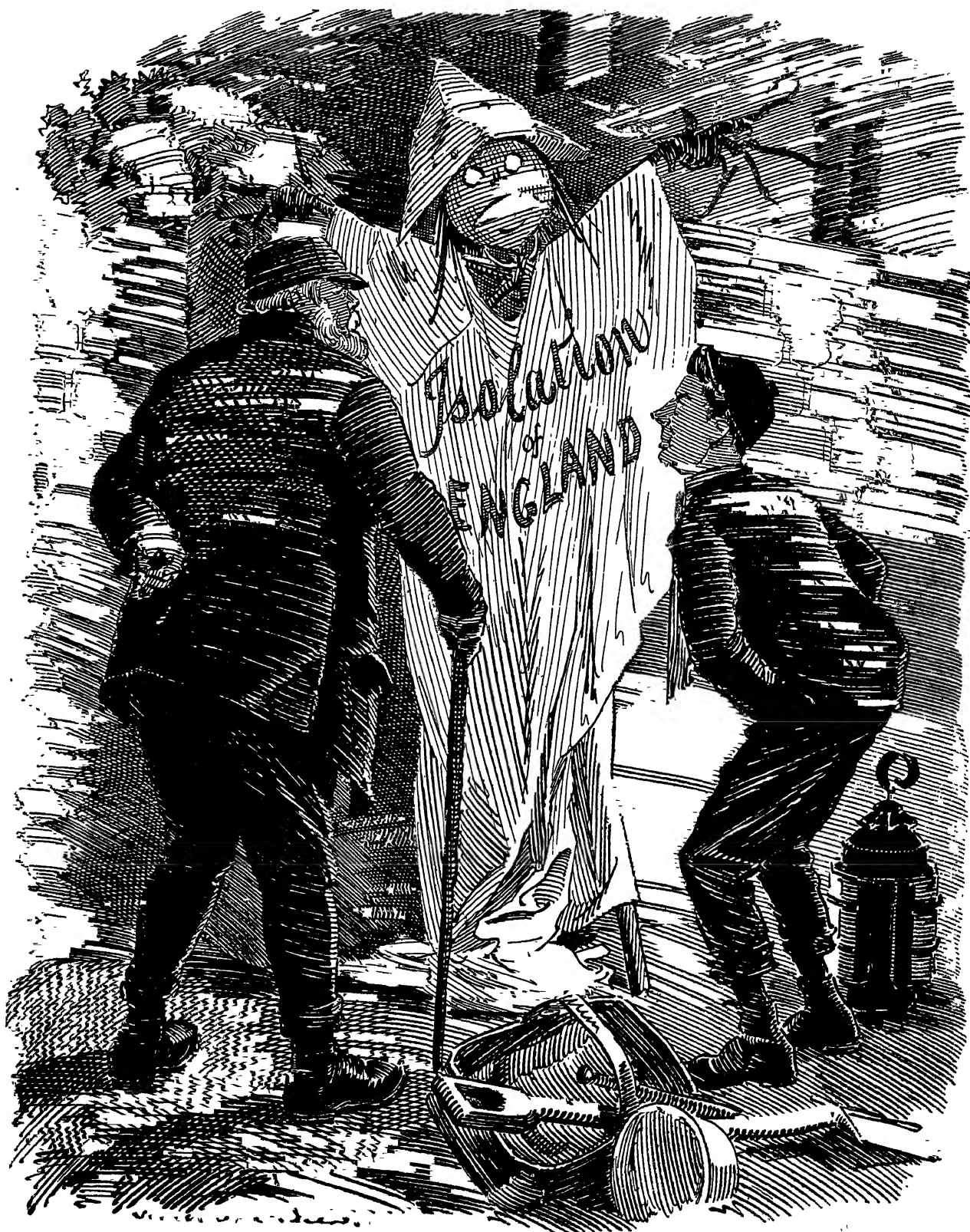
THE JAPAN DINNER.

(From Notes made on the Spot.)

Friday.—Dining with Japanese Society at Métropole. Gorgeous affair. His Excellency TAKAKI KATO, the Japanese Minister, in the chair. MARK ANTONY ought to have been here to meet KATO. Dinner enlivened by strains of Bijou Orchestra discoursing sweet music—(good champagne)—composed by Treasurer of Society, a remarkably fair-skinned, good-looking gentleman, ITO MUTCHAI DINA BEVANISHI. (*Capital cham!*)

Then, a little later, immensely tall Jap, with flowing bowl—I mean "beard"—I'm all right—(first-rate cham—glass with you, certainly)—I did see this very tall, bearded Japanese nobleman (LANCAI-EARLI-SPENCA) rise on his hind legs and hear him make excellent speech about Japan. It strikes me his English is remarkably good. Another native nobleman, the Lord High Admiral CHARLAI TAKASEATATYORKO, also 'dresses us. (*Never tast'd berrer champagne!*) Seems to know 'll about it. Not speak good English. Forget all rest—begin to get sleepy. Am much 'debted—humorous gen'lman, who sittin' on my right hand (don't mean that he actually sat on my right hand, or I could not have made these usef'l notes at time), for much 'formation 'bout those present, also for supply'n' me with 'crrrec' Japanese spellin' of names. Jap'nese S'ity's dinn'r mosh exsh'len' insh'tooshun. Brings 'bout such ming—a-minglin'—ideas.*

* Yes. So we should think by the above. —ED.



Jack-o'-Lantern Joe. I SAY, GUV'NOR, THAT MADE 'EM JUMP
Sagacious S-l-sh-ry. "YES, JOEY. BUT—AHM!—DON'T YOU THINK YOU 'VE MADE IT JUST A LITTLE BIT TOO AWFUL?"

DARBY JONES ON THE DERBY.

ONCE more, honoured Sir, the Blue Ribbon of the Turf is waiting for a worthy Recipient of the Honour, and it is somewhat quaint that the quadruped bearing the name of the Illustrious Statesman who confounded the Order of the Garter with French Cooks in his simile, should now be Premier Favourite for the Great Race, which many Foreigners of my acquaintance believe to be run in the County of the Peak.

Indeed, it was only yesterday that I received a letter from my esteemed friend, Count GROGONOFF, of Warsaw, regretting that the CZAR had forestalled him in the purchase of *Galtee More*, but announcing that he fully intends to buy this year's winner, "*si c'est possible de trouver cette misérable ville de Derby*." The Count is a Down-trodden Pole, and to discover his whereabouts is, I may mention, the constant object of many Russian explorers. Hence his antipathy to the Autocrat of All the Russias, the exact number of which I have never been able to ascertain, even with the assistance of that Universal Guide to the Best Society known as the *Almanach de Gotha*, no doubt published under the special supervision of our whilom Duke of EDINBURGH. Of course, I have written to the Count to an address in Paris, which need not be mentioned, explaining that our National Racing Carnival is held on the Chalk Downs of Epsom, and not in the vicinity of the Head-quarters of the Midland Railway Company.

I think that this Illustrious Nobleman (he ought to be King of CRACOW) will be a Great Addition to the Sporting Circles of the British Empire. He is a Napoleon in strategy, and withal a Cosmopolitan Humourist. At Deauville Races, many years ago, when I first made his acquaintance, he remarked, in his Franco-Polo-English, "I have put my *chemise* on *Gil Blas*, for if 'e do not win I could not afford to 'ave 'im wash." Luckily, the Horse in question was worthy of the Count's confidence. I shall certainly introduce this Eminent Continental Sportsman to my friend Captain KRITERION, the talented author of "*Four-year-olds that have Won the Derby*," an exhaustive work, which all Publishers have refused to issue by reason of their Cowardly Fear of the Law of Libel. I think that if the Count and the Captain put their knowledge-boxes together, tired hansoms will not be wanting them to run rapidly to all suburban meetings.

Epsom, honoured Sir, is never a delightful spot. If the Sun be shining and the Breeze blowing, your complexion speedily rivals that of a corryfay (shaky on the spelling) at one of the Lighter Theatres; if, on the contrary, the Tears of the Heavens descend, the most superbly attired personage, after ascending the Hill, speedily assumes the guise of a hard-working Miller or Journeyman Plasterer. Epsom is either all glare or all gloom. But it is certainly as business-like as the Stock Exchange, and a Country Cousin, who has just bolted the Rough and Ready Fare afforded by the Grand Stand Refreshment Rooms, may go into the Ring and lose thousands of pounds in company with Dukes, County Councillors and Curates out of work. That is where the Glorious Socialism of the Derby Day comes in. East and West, North and South mingle together with North-east and South-west,



"WHERE DO THE BEES GET THE HONEY FROM, DADDY?"

"WHY, FROM THE FLOWERS, OF COURSE, TOMMY. I DID THINK YOU KNEW AS MUCH AS THAT!"

"OH, I KNEW. BUT I WANTED TO FIND OUT IF YOU DID!"

and all manner of other Points of the Compass. Depend upon it, when they used to adjourn the House of Commons for the Derby, Honourable Members knew where they would meet with their constituents. I even believe that Sir WILFRID LAWSON would, if he trod the classic Turf, meet some of his most ardent supporters from Cumberland.

But to revert to Surrey, and chortling *Charlie is my Darling*, I break with a cue needing some handling, in order to chalk my tip up to the Expectation of Yourself and other Noble Patrons. Never mind; give me the rest that we all require. I weigh in for Pegasus the Unbeaten, and here goes:—

The *Finch of Finance* has no signal from me, Nor *Galopin's Son*, nor the *Whiskey Man's Gee*, But the *Masculine Heir* may try hard for 2, 3. Beware, oh, beware of the *Yellow and Black*, Round Tattenham Corner he'll prove he's no hack, When the *Godsend* assuredly power will lack. But before him I hope you'll *Lord Beaconsfield* see, While *Exeter's County* is galloping free. So I'll wind up my bid with a long sounding D.

Such is the Augury of the Old Weather Gauger. Some call me by a different and not so flattering epithet. But with your esteemed confidence, I would draw upon the world, did I know where the Terrestrial Bank was situated, and you would back my bills as well as my horses. Always your devoted henchman and hypnotist,

DARBY JONES.



"TO WHAT BASE USES," &c.

"WHAT? THIRTY BOB TO DRIVE YOU DOWN TO HEPSOM WITH THAT 'OSS! IT'S A HINSULT TO 'IM! WHY, TEN YEARS AGO, HE RAN IN THE BLOOMIN' RACE HISSELF!"

CRICKET FOR ANGELS.

[A certain Nonconformist divine, according to the *Glasgow Herald*, was recently asked to become vice-president of a local cricket club. He accepted the post, subject to the fulfilment of the following stipulations.]

PRAY, cricketers, remember, if you want to play with me,
How you carry on your little conversations,
You must give up wicked swear-words and abjure the big, big D,
And moderate your hasty exclamations.
Should a ball rise unexpectedly and take your wind away,
This is no excuse for making such a pother;
You must bear it like a Christian, for I certainly sha'n't play
If there's any stronger language than a "Bother!"

You must a'll be good teetotalers. Beer savours of the Pit,
And is of every evil thing symbolic.
It's ruin, moral, physical—I would as soon admit
The Fiend himself as liquor alcoholic.
And as for gin and whisky—pour the filthy stuff away!
Who drinks these deadly, poisonous pig-washes?
Bring tea and ginger beer instead! I certainly sha'n't play
If there's any stronger drink than lemon-squashes.

Of course you mustn't gamble! (When we once begin to bet
No power on earth can ever check or turn us.)
Nor smoke, for the insidious seductive cigarette
Is the *facilis descensus* to Avernus.
But if you'll follow me, and fling your vices all away,
Observing my conditions well and duly,
Why then it is just possible I may consent to play,
If there is no stronger batsman than yours truly.

QUERY.—*Black and White* has selected as one of the pictures of the year, H. A. PAYNE's *The Witch Lady*. Refer to it. There are two ladies. It being not so easy to select the Witch at a glance, would it not be more appropriately termed *The Which-is-Witch Lady*?

PORT ARTHUR.

(In the metre of Mr. George Meredith's "*Alsace-Lorraine*," in "*Cosmopolis*.")

"WHAT, more of this poetry?" the rebellent reader will exclaim.
Why not? If only the Editor will go on printing it,
I can write it by the millennial mile. The trick
Is easy enough when once you start. All the same
To use your adjectives as nouns, and your nouns as adjectives,
and all the rest anyhow, is a bit
Difficult;
And to make the whole lot incomprehensible is as bad; however,
here goes.
There by the Pe-chi-li Gulf, sun, moon, stars, Relative and
Mother imperial, likewise LI HUNG CHANG and some more,
A stuttering, feeble grip the coast marine Yellow of the land.
But one fine day
Magnanimous magnanimous, whoever he is, contrives insult
To LI HUNG CHANG jacketed yellow rouble bribe and then
Expellent the British Fleet in never before
Manner politely withdraws heading for day beam night's dead-
born,
Like a lustreless Phosphor, which sounds as though it were a
match
That wouldn't strike, but equipollent conflict—what that is,
goodness knows!—
Also the opinion of the man in the street all ascorn,
Beneath his Purgatorial Saint's evocative stare,
Harried to brain-awake someone succourful to catch
Drowning man straw, and sent them back again,
In whirled imagination mastodonized, but only to Pe-chi-li.
Will Britons be inconscient slaves dumbled by decreescent doubt?
Burst braggart bully redundant as superfluous moonshine,
Wagging hullabaloo hi-tiddly-hi Wei-hai-wei,
Jabberwocks juggling incandescent flapdoodle, who won't?
Dazing exuberant mutton bones repentant rain,
Corpse-strewn conundrums incarnadine!
I hope you understand what this is all about;
I don't.

MOTTO FOR MR. KENSIT.—"*Point d'Asperges*."

A TURN AT THE TOURNAMENT.

SCENE—The Interior of the Agricultural Hall. Enthusiastic Audience assembled to see the Royal Military Tournament. Illustrious Group in centre box draped with Indian muslin. Energetic Officer with flag salutes, and shouts something.

Young Lady Visitor. Oh! what are they going to do now?

Soldier Companion (referring to programme). Oh! tent-pegging.

Y. L. V. Oh! how do they do that?

S. C. Why, a chap on a horse rides at a peg, you know, and when he gets his lance straight, don't you see, makes a dash at it when he can, and then, there you are.

Y. L. V. Thanks, so much. I don't know what I should do if you were not here to tell me all about it. (After a pause.) And what are they doing now?

S. C. Cyclists' display. You see, those men are on cycles.

Y. L. V. Oh! so they are. And are the guns they are letting off really loaded?

S. C. Only with blank cartridge. You know, they only use ball on active service.

Y. L. V. Thanks, so much. It is so interesting to be told all about it. And what is the man with the red cap that they have knocked down?

S. C. Oh! he has been taken prisoner. You see, when they put down the "bikes," he gave in. He is supposed to be a Russian, and they are keeping him in custody.

Y. L. V. But why is he so cheerful? He seems to make everybody laugh!

S. C. Probably a press correspondent to a comic Russian paper.

Y. L. V. But I thought that Russian journalists, when they were funny, were always sent to Siberia?

S. C. Yes; that's why he is so pleased at having fallen into the hands of the English. You see, they've now got a hurdle strapped on to two bikes. And now they put that wounded man on it.

Y. L. V. How interesting! But doesn't it wobble, rather?

S. C. Yes; but they haven't got a surgeon with them, so they may have as much fun as they like.

Uncle (to nephew). Now, JOEY, I want you to look at "Shoulder to Shoulder," because it is full of instruction. You know all about the Spanish Armada, don't you?

Joey. Yes. Uncle JOHN. But have those fellows in false wigs guns that will go off?

Uncle. You see, here we have three periods. First, time of ELIZABETH, when the land and sea forces were practically the same; then came Trafalgar, with WELLINGTON, the Peninsular War, MARLBOROUGH, and last of all, our campaign in Egypt; and here we have

Joey (interrupting). Yes, uncle, it is all in the book, and as you don't seem to have got it quite right, perhaps you had better read it for yourself.

Ratepayer. Now, I do call this musical ride nonsense. What's the good of going through the Lancers on horse-back. It would be no good in a battle.

Political Economist. But, my dear Sir, this sort of thing stimulates recruiting. Since the Tournament began, the army has been nearly doubled.

Ratepayer. Ah! there is something in that. [Is satisfied.]

Youthful Athlete. I say, this wrestling on horse-back is rank rot. Much better do it on the ground.

Thoughtful Student. But see how useful



Hostess (to friend, who has been brought in to take pot-luck). "I'M AFRAID, MR. SIMPSON, WE'VE ONLY GOT A VERY POOR DINNER TO OFFER YOU."

Mr. Simpson. "MY DEAR MRS. JONES, I BEG YOU NOT TO APOLOGISE! I ASSURE YOU I THINK IT QUITE DESIRABLE TO UNDERFEED OCCASIONALLY!"

It would be if the cavalry had lost their swords, and had to fight without them.

Y. A. (appeased). May be; and it isn't bad fun, and if they've lost their swords, they may as well have a lark.

Smith minor. This stuff from the gym isn't worth much. We have enough of that at old WACKEM'S.

Charles (his friend). They ain't half bad, are they, though?

Smith minor. No; but take it all round, I think we do it better at WACKEM'S. But won't they be jolly stiff, to-morrow.

Young Lady Visitor. And was the town of Benin really taken like that?

Soldier Companion. So the guide says; but of course there wasn't such a large audience.

Y. L. V. You have been invaluable, Captain JONES. By the way, have we seen any of your regiment in the competitions.

S. C. Hem! no; the fact is, the Auxiliary Forces—the Volunteers, you know—have their day to-morrow.

Y. L. V. Oh!!!!!!

Sightseer (aged sixty). Same old thing year after year. Blessed if I'll come again.

Sightseer (aged fifteen). Isn't it prime? I only wish it went on for six months, and I had a season ticket admitting to every performance.

[Final explosion, patriotic melody by the band, and curtain.]

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY.—The umpire's part.

IN MEMORIAM.

The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

BORN DEC. 29, 1809. DIED MAY 19, 1898.

SOME in the promise of an early prime,
 Ere yet the first assault is dared and won,
 Death takes with envious hand before their time,
 Leaving the task undone.

Some, ripe in manhood, at their army's head,
 As even now they touched the topmost tower,
 With shining harness on have fallen dead
 In victory's crowning hour.

But you, O veteran of a thousand fights,
 Whose toil had long attained its perfect end—
 Death calls you not as one that claims his rights,
 But gently as a friend.

For though that matchless energy of mind
 Was firm to front the menace of decay,
 Your bodily strength on such a loss declined
 As only Death could stay.

So then with you 'tis well, who after pain,
 After long pain, have reached your rest at last;
 But we—ah, when shall England mould again
 This type of splendour past?

Noble in triumph, noble in defeat,
 Leader of hopes that others held forlorn,
 Strong in the faith that looks afar to meet
 The flush of Freedom's morn—

Could we, Her own, forget you to our shame,
 Lands that have lived to see Her risen sun
 Remembering much should witness how your name
 And Freedom's name are one.

But we shall not forget, nor Time erase
 Your record deep in English annals set;
 What severance marred your labour's closing days
 Alone we shall forget.

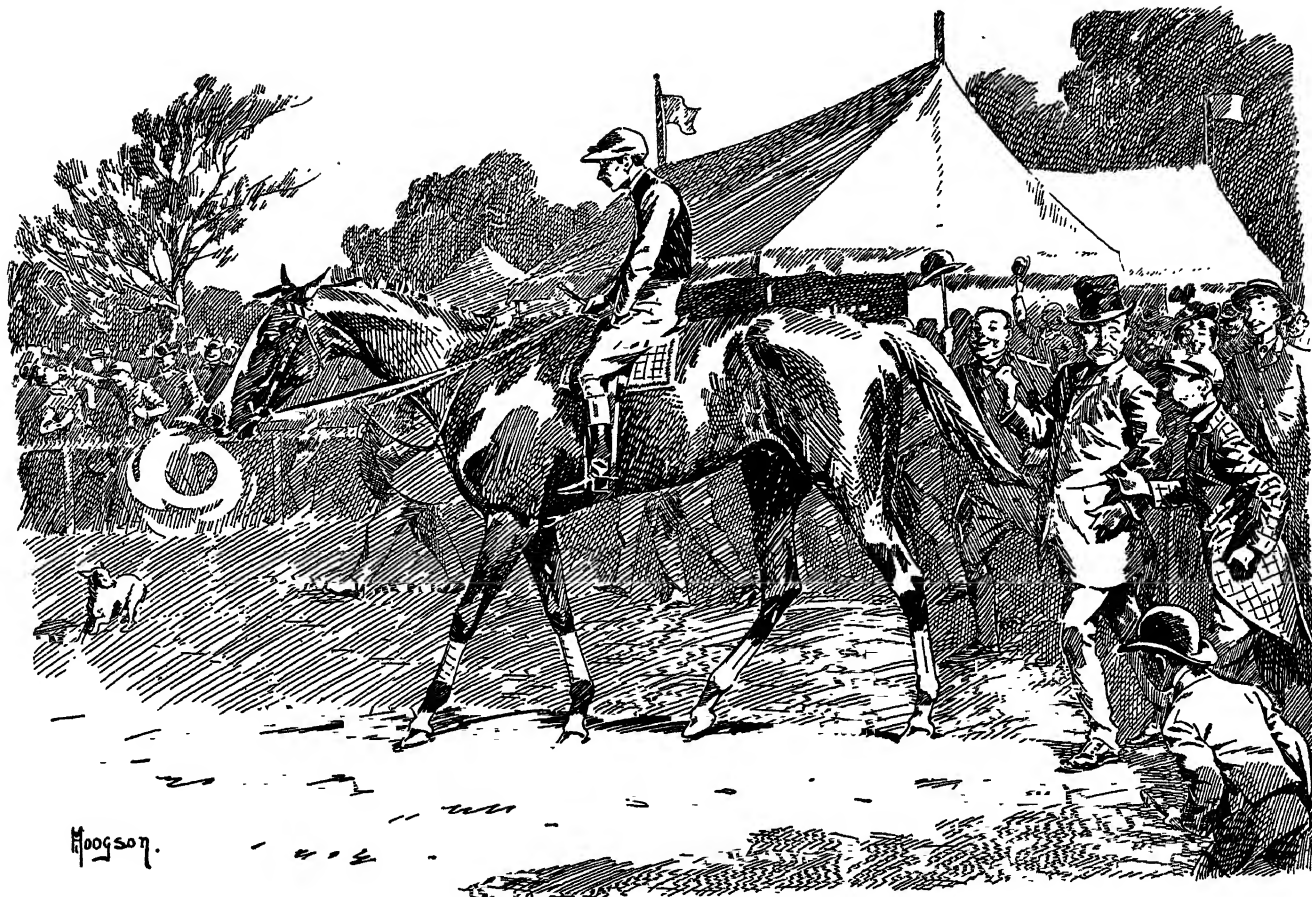
And now, with all your armour laid aside,
 Swift eloquence your sword, and, for your shield,
 The indomitable courage that defied
 The fortune of the field—

As in the noontide of your high command,
 So in the final hour when darkness fell,
 Submissive still to that untiring Hand
 That orders all things well—

We bear you to your resting-place apart
 Between the ranks where ancient foe and friend,
 Kin by a common sorrow at the heart,
 Silent together bend.



MAY 19, 1898.



COLD COMFORT.

SCENE—Badly beaten horse walking in with crowd.

First Sporting Gent (to Second Ditto who has plunged disastrously on his advice). "TOLD YER HE WAS A FOREGONE CONCLUSION FOR THIS RACE, DID I? WELL AND WHAT MORE D'YER WANT? AIN'T HE JOLLY WELL THE CONCLUSION OF IT?"

OTHER "WHYS?"

[“He was tempted to ask an extremely elementary question, viz., ‘Why should the writing of books be encouraged, and why should the demand for modern literature be stimulated?’”—Duke of Devonshire at Royal Literary Fund.]

MINOR artist, tell us why
Still to paint you needs must try;
Surely you must quite forget
RAPHAEL, TITIAN, TINTORET!
Though their colours may be faded,
You can never paint as they did.
Since your skill to theirs is small,
Wherefore, artist, paint at all?
Linnets, chaffinch, robin, wren,
(You we ask, as well as men,
Wherefore raise a feeble twit,
Which, you doubtless would admit,
Cannot venture to prevail
With the glorious nightingale?
While his tones each hearer thrill
Let your lesser pipes be still.
Why should we who knew the best
Ever listen to the rest?
After SHAKESPEARE, why to-day
Tolerate a modern play?
After GLADSTONE— Ah! but no,
Thus far we forbear to go,
Lest, if lesser statesmen cease,
Even Dukes might hold their peace.

MOTTO FOR ONE WHO CAN WRITE ONLY
WITH A STEEL PEN.—“*Nil nisi magnum bonum.*”

SITUATIONS WANTED.

(Condensed Ads. Style.)

GOOD GENERAL; L. C. C. sch'sh'p; stud. Roy. Coll. Sci.; certif. wash'g; gold med'l baby linen; exc'l't refs.; will oblg' l'dy.—“DIPLOMA,” Coll. Dom. Agency.

ADVERTISER seeks situation as plain cook. L. C. C. scholarship. B.Sc. (Lond.) 1st class honours, D.Sc. (Lond.), with special distinction for treatise, “Chemistry of Chops.”—“ABIGAIL,” Burlington House, W.

PRACTICAL SCULLERYMAID disengaged. Senior Science Scholar, Girton; 1st class Science Tripos, Camb. Late lecturer and demonstrator in Scullery work.—Apply, “BOTTLES,” Girton.

YOUNG LADY, leaving present situation, seeks re-engagement in eating-house. Highest testimonials, and distinguished University career. M.A. (Edin.), Ph.D. (Leyden). Sausage and mash a specialité.—“STEAK AND ONIONS,” Bolt Court, E.C.

PARLOUR MAID (superior), in quiet family. Good music, piano, violin, cello. L. C. C. scholarship; Diploma, R.A.M., and certif., Berlin Conservatoire. Willing to work before breakfast, but must have rest of day to practice.—“EUTERPE,” Wagner Cycling School, Berlin.

HOUSEMAID (intellectual), desires situation. 1st class Mods., 1st class Litt.

Hum., Oxon. Tall, refined, attractive; obliging. Leaving present situation because she wishes to better herself. Would not object to coaching young gentleman for Responsions.—“LADY MARGARET,” Somerville, Oxford.

ON AN “ORIGINAL IDEA” AT THE ROYALTY THEATRE.—Sir,—I have not yet seen *My Innocent Boy*, but have read several criticisms on it, wherein the writers praise the authors of this farcical comedy for their original idea of a widower with a marriageable daughter, wishing to keep her existence in the background in order that he may wed a young girl. Not very original, seeing that this idea is the essence of the plot of *Little Tiddiekins*, in which CHARLES MATTHEWS and Mrs. FRANK MATTHEWS were so admirable. CHARLES MATTHEWS was the widower, engaged to be married, who spoke of his daughter, that is, his step-daughter, a lady of about forty, as a mere child, in fact, as “Little Tiddiekins.” If the essential motive of the plot of *My Innocent Boy* is not precisely the same, it seems, as described by those who ought to be competent professional witnesses, uncommonly like it. Yours truly,

LAUDATOR TEMPORIS ACTI.

P.S.—It is modestly advertised as “The Best Farcical Comedy ever produced in London.” Dear me! Remembering not a few farces and comedies and farcical comedies, I feel that I really ought not to miss seeing this phenomenal production.

MR. PUNCH'S "ANIMAL LAND."

(With acknowledgments as before.)

The Phil



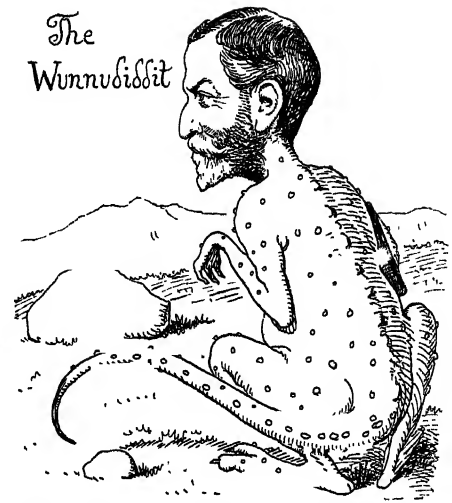
This comical little creature draws the heavenly pictures. He has made the portraits of all the elite of Petticoat Lane. The critics say he is a master of technique. It must be very nice to be called names like that. I never get it. He draws a mixture of Albert Durrer and Mr. Sargent and Sir Daniel Leino. He owns a most beautiful fringe that few can rival. I don't mean to give him such a disliking when I started - I do hope it won't make him proud and hoity.



The Sarabee

This remarkable animal is the idle of the parizzians. It is very snakey and dramatic. It has the most blood-kerdling little ways of attracting attention. When it trattles it takes black tiegers and coffins and shellitens along with it to make people talk and shudder. It has a most lovely sencing voice that is audible in the cheap stalls when you can't hear a word the June premier has got to say for himself. It is quite a sculpher too in its way and has got a stewrio where it paints in trousers. That seems very forward and excentrick but we mustn't be too sensurivous I suppose.

The Winnuabit



This abnoxious little animal is the anonymous author of this Ceres. He got all in among the Stone Age once and kept all on doing the most absurd pictures. He is a kind of Presterick Pegg. They were a very lot according to him they occupy all their spare time chopping one another up and dodging the most ethsome Wmoy Animals. These pictures is coming out in book-phorm now so this is the END. What a relief to crowd heads and others that has got left out, and what a mercy, set release from his atrocious stile of spelling. How dreadful plain he is too.

A KEW-RIOUS CALCULATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—An official publication promulgated for the benefit of the few, not the many, called the *Kew Bulletin*, has just been issued. It states that the number of visitors to the Royal Gardens during the past year (1897) was 1,239,683, being 157,192 less than in the preceding year (1896). The total number of visitors on Sundays was 485,544, and on weekdays amounted to 754,139. The largest score was 84,431 on June 7, and the smallest 57 on March 18. Then follows an elaborate table of the attendance during every month in the year.

IT WOULD BE EXTREMELY INTERESTING to ascertain how these accurate returns are determined. There are six public entrances into the Gardens, not one being provided with a turnstile. Scores of visitors pass the gates without even seeing or being seen by the German-General-attired guardians of the portals, hundreds of residents in the neighbourhood often use the Gardens two or three times a day, and there are several official entrances. No gatekeeper has ever been known to check anything except the prohibited handbags of the visitors. Whence, then, is this elaborate and circumstantial statement derived? Perhaps Mr. THISELTON-DYER could explain. I am certain that no one else could, except perhaps the Cormorant. The fact of the matter is that a strong effort is being made to prove that the General Public does not need earlier opening of their own property. *Nous verrons*. In any case, if returns of visitors

are to be issued let them be trustworthy; and the only way in which they can so be rendered is by the erection of turnstiles at all the gates. Unfortunately, "faked" statements like that issued by the *Kew Bulletin* are often accepted as Gospel Truth in Parliament and Press. And Mr. THISELTON-DYER is an acknowledged apostle of culture—especially of Haughty-culture.

Yours obediently,

VICTORIA REGIA.

The Pagoda, Kew Gardens.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 16.—Cleverness of Ministry in compounding Irish Local Government Bill has hitherto met with full reward. The recipe alluringly perfect. "Take," as the cookery books say, three-quarters of a million sterling per annum out of Imperial Exchequer; divide it into two pretty equal proportions; give one to the landlords, one to the tenants. In serving out, dress the dish with revolutionary sauce composed of reform in local government; flavour it so that it may as nearly as possible resemble Home Rule, only on no account let that name appear on any of the labels. Stir well and serve hot.

None of your company will thoroughly like the dish; but all will partake of it. Landlords (holding their nose against the odour of Home Rule) because of their share of the three-quarters of a million; tenants (sniffing appreciatively at the

Home Rule flavour) because of the money bribe and the concession of demands which exceed ISAAC BUTT's first Home Rule scheme; Right Hon. gentlemen on Front Opposition Bench, and the party that leads them, because a Conservative Government is practically doing what, in attempting to accomplish three years ago, they themselves came a cropper; the Conservative majority because they are good boys, and do what they are told. Only person not considered or consulted is the British taxpayer, who will have to find next year, and through all succeeding years, the three-quarters of a million with which the pill is gilded.

Hitherto discussion in Committee been left almost entirely to Irish Members. To-night clause reached which absolutely pledges House to vote the money. Almost startling to hear the English accent in other voice than that of BROTHER GERALD. LAMBERT moved to omit provision in clause which secures payment of the landlord's bribe. Honest MICHAEL DAVITT, who is neither to be coerced nor coddled, supported amendment. WILFRID LAWSON, summing up differences between ROBIN HOOD and HER MAJESTY's Government, preferred the single gentleman. He robbed the rich to help the poor. They plundered the poor to fill the pockets of the rich. General topsy-turviness of situation illustrated by TIM HEALY lending a knee to BROTHER GERALD whilst he fought these cavillers. Opposition, of course, of no avail. Only 70 went into the division lobby to support amendment, 235 flocking in the other side.

Business done.—Resolved to pay three-quarters of a million sterling a year, passage money of Local Government Bill between London and Dublin. No return ticket issued.

Tuesday.—Various ways of pronouncing name of our new possession, Wei-Hai-Wei. Lord KIMBERLEY calls it "Why-On-Why." That the burden of his speech to-night. "Why-On-Why did you take the place?" he asked the MARKISS. "And Why-On-Why won't you tell us what you are going to do with it? Above all, Why-On-Why did DON JOSE make that Long Spoon speech at Birmingham last Friday?"

Pretty to see the MARKISS's look of polite surprise at the latter reference. Speech? DON JOSE? Long Spoon? Dear me! KIMBERLEY not a man apt to be carried away by his imagination. Must be something in it since he talks in this way. DON JOSE certainly lives at Birmingham. The MARKISS fancies he was formerly in some business way connected with the town. Quite likely, therefore, that he had been making a speech there. It only it had occurred to KIMBERLEY to send him (the MARKISS) an intimation that he intended to refer to the matter, he would have made inquiry; probably been able to obtain a copy of the alleged speech.

"As it is," added the MARKISS, taking up the notice paper and critically examining the terms of KIMBERLEY's interpolation, "it would be impossible for me to see in this notice an intention on the part of the noble earl to enter into a lengthened examination of and dissertation upon Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech at Birmingham."

Thus airily dismissing the topic, discussion of which rumbles through every capital in Europe, the MARKISS set himself in matter of fact way to say as little as possible about Wei-Hai-Wei.

Business done.—Commons pegging away at Irish Local Government Bill.

Thursday.—Shock of the news that comes to-day from Hawarden, telling how at last the silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl broken, is lessened by the long note of preparation for the worst. Through weary weeks the English-speaking people have been sitting by the bedside of England's greatest son, waiting for the inevitable end, which those who loved the patient sufferer most were least willing to see delayed. Nevertheless, now the blow has fallen, and men say to each other in hushed voice, "GLADSTONE is dead!" there comes upon the senses realisation of all it means for mankind.

Here in the House of Commons, where he chiefly lived, where for three-score years, in sunshine and in shade, he played a leading part, the gap is widest and deepest. Since on March 1, 1894, he quietly walked out, after making what few who listened knew was his last speech, we have had time to realise how supreme was the guerdon of his daily presence. It was not only that there was withdrawn from debate the greatest Parliamentary orator of the century. With his departure the House of Commons suffered loss of a note of dignity, a colouring of lofty character, which remain irreparable. Happily, the normal tone of personal conduct in the House of Commons is high. Anything mean, unworthy the character of an English gentleman, any tendency to tamper with the truth, any suspicion of dishonest intent, is



Clergyman. "AUGUSTUS, WILT THOU TAKE THIS WOMAN——"
Bride (late of Remnant & Co.'s Ribbon Department). "LADY!"

swiftly, angrily resented. Beyond and above that ordinary condition there was a something magnificently, though simply, lofty in Mr. GLADSTONE'S moral attitude.

His strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure.

He had a manner of old-fashioned courtesy that was contagious in fashioning debate. His subtle influence for good in these respects was, up to the last, far-reaching. When he sat on the Front Bench on either side of the SPEAKER'S chair, he was as a loadstone, concentrating upon himself all regards. It was natural enough that strangers in the gallery, paying a rare visit, should turn to feast their eyes upon Mr. GLADSTONE. That was a touch of nature that made them kin with Members who saw him every day. If he stood up to speak, he of course engrossed attention. His distinction was that, when he sat as a listener, he was, in most cases, more closely the object of regard than the man speaking. Members watched him keenly, wondering what he thought

of this or that just said, and whether there was probability of his being dragged into the debate. Once on his legs the brooding meditation bubbled into excitement. From first to last, however far off the last might be, he held the attention of the House, charming it with his eloquence, even where he could not convince it by his argument.

The fascination he had for the House of Commons it wielded over him. When the time for separation came, it was as hard to think of him wending his way through daily life without spending some hours in the Commons as it was for the House to conceive itself upstanding with this prop withdrawn. It was an unpremeditated thing that he never re-entered the House after his historic speech, when he flung down what PRINCE ARTHUR described as "a declaration of war against the ancient constitution of these realms." Perhaps he feared its potent spell. Having deliberately resolved to retire from Parliamentary life, he felt it wiser not to



SELF-EVIDENT.

Mr. P-nch (to Stable Tow). "WELL, JOE, WHAT'S YOUR FANCY?"
Joe Ch-mb-rl-n (knowingly). "DISRAELI."

subject himself to the temptation of even an hour's return to the old familiar scene. He could not forget how, just twenty years earlier, having, in consideration of "my time of life," arrived at the conclusion that he would do best to spend what remained in retirement, he retraced his steps. I remember well, how, in the Session of 1875, within a month or two of his letter to Lord GRANVILLE confirming his resignation of the Leadership of the Liberal party, he began furtively to look in at Westminster. It was characteristic of his unconsciously dramatic tendencies that he dressed the part of a man who had no personal concern with what was going forward. Whilst leading the House up to the close of the Session of 1873—as when, later, he resumed his position—he made a practice of leaving his hat in his private room, a habit which led to a memorable scene in the Parliament of 1880. When in the Session of 1875 he occasionally looked in, he brought with him not only his hat, which he kept on when seated, but his overcoat, his walking-stick, even his gloves. What were Parliament or politics to him, "at the age of sixty-five,

and after forty-two years of laborious public life," voluntarily withdrawn from the scene? A casual wayfarer passing down Parliament Street, seeing the gateway of Palace Yard open, he had just dropped in, and, above all things, hoped he didn't intrude.

At the time of his second retirement, the weight of twenty years was added to the burden of his prodigious labours. His mind was as bright, his intellect as keen, as ever. But the flesh truly was weak. So he came not any more, and the House of Commons is poorer through all time to come by the loss of his illuminating presence.

Business done.—MR. GLADSTONE'S.

Home he's gone and ta'en his wages.

Friday.—Lords and Commons for once in absolute unity. In both Houses address to the QUEEN voted, preliminary to burial of Mr. GLADSTONE in Westminster Abbey, and the setting up of a monument. The speeches testify that the mighty dead has left behind him a peerless, imperishable monument in the record of a long life brilliant with achievement, unsullied by meanness, wholly spent in doing good.

Through eighteen centuries and a half no man has walked this earth who brought to his fellow-men an equal amount of advantage, material, moral, and intellectual.

THE SCHOLAR-FARMER.

[The petition for a School of Honours in Agriculture at Oxford has been rejected.—*Daily Paper.*]

OXFORD! of whom the poet said
 That one of your unwritten laws is
 To back the weaker side and wed
 Your gallant heart to wobbling causes;

It is with mute surprise and pain
 I mark a breach of old tradition;
 I hear you will not entertain
 The Ploughman's plea for recognition!

It cannot be that you have gone,
 Like old Prometheus' private vulture,
 And prematurely sat upon
 The rallying corpse of Agriculture!

You, on whose nicely watered plains
 Where'er the rural student trips, he
 Is sure to notice some remains
 Suggestive of the Scholar-Gipsy;

Ford of the Ox! whose ancient name
 Is full of fine bucolic feeling,
 How could you thus ignore his claim,
 The learned farmer's, lowly kneeling?

He spoke of ensilage and germs,
 Of fallow land and pigs in clover;
 You answered in derisive terms,
 And lightly passed his Georgics over.

He proffered butter-churns; he knew
 The patent cream-extractor's odd use;
 He tested milk; but you, you threw
 Cold water on his dairy produce.

He wove for you a Cereal crown,
 And craved in turn an Honours title;
 You knocked his cornucopia down,
 And gave him beans for cold requital!

Oh, Oxford! in your hours of ease
 Content to spurn the newer knowledge!
 What if the foot-and-mouth disease
 Should hit you hard in court and college?

What if, through pestilence or drought,
 You failed for very lack of victuals,
 While all your prophets, driven out,
 Made Cambridge flow with beer and skittles?

THE SHADE OF COLUMBUS SPEAKS.

(Christopher Columbus died May 20, A.D., 1506.)

FAR in the golden West I found
 The land that made two worlds as one,
 And joined at once on common ground
 The Rising with the Setting Sun.

But now I hear the battle shout
 As East and West dispute the sea.
 And cry of slaughter, raid, and rout,
 Of Freedom making men unfree,
 Of pillaged homes and starving men,
 And I repent me of my deed,
 When I contrast the Now and Then,
 The Then to which I gave the lead!
 O! Peoples, pause awhile in strife
 That mingles thus both shame and fame,
 I may not speak to you in Life,
 But know in Death Peace* is my name!

* The crest of COLUMBUS is the Dove, which is the emblem of Peace.

"SHADOW'D."—The Earth, as is evident to the *Globe* (May 20), at sunset. Our terrestrial proceedings are being most carefully watched.



OUR YEOMANRY—SWORD EXERCISE.

A Suggestion for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

A WHITSUN HOLIDAY.

(A Page from a Modern Diary.)

Monday.—Up with the lark. Breakfast not ready. Spent my spare time in closing the boxes. Got the family into the train with difficulty. Devoted the day to travelling. Reached our destination tired out. Glad to get to bed.

Tuesday.—Up with the lark. Did the sights. Had no time to look at anything, as I had to attend to the tickets. Saw all the museums. My party coming out when I had got the catalogues. So managed our visits that there was no opportunity of discussing meals. Got back in time for *table d'hôte*, but preferred sleep to food. Went to bed.

Wednesday.—Up with the lark. Off again travelling. On the road all day. Having to fit in the corresponding trains, had no leisure for meals. Arrived at our new resting-place late at night. So off as quickly as possible to bed.

Thursday.—Up with the lark. Spent the morning in sight-seeing under the customary conditions. Waited upon the family. Looked after the catalogues and umbrellas. Food again at a discount. Dispensed with dinner. Glad to get to bed.

Friday.—Up with the lark. Time to return. Back again by a train. No food. No rest. Half-way home. Arrived in time to see the lights being put out. Off to bed.

Saturday.—Up with the lark. Continued my journey post-haste. Wrote up my diary. Find that I have got over several hundreds of miles; but for the life of me cannot remember anything that I have seen. Don't recollect any square meal. Back again, tired, and only pleased to be in bed.

Sunday.—Sleeping.

Monday.—Up with the lark. Recovered from my week's "rest," and glad to get back again to work.

ADVICE TO HONEYMOONERS ABOUT TO START ON A CONTINENTAL TRIP.—The most appropriate place for "les noces" should be "The Hotel Marry-time, Calais."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

(A personage of the Speculative Order still addresses a Lady of the same persuasion, after ten years' courtship.)

ONCE more we met on the Derby Day,
The rollicking, frolicking day of play,
And my thoughts were wandering far away.
(Wasn't there fun in the time gone by?)

Ten years ago 'twas Ayrshire won,
And I betted you odds just ten to one
When Crowberry nearly the crack had done.
(Wasn't there fun in the time gone by?)

You followed the Duke in the next year, too,
When Donovan mastered the "Brewer's Brew,"
And the Goldmine did what it could for few.
(Wasn't there fun in the time gone by?)

Then we were plighted hand in hand
As we went to the hill from the bleak Grand Stand;
I deemed I had won the best prize in the land!
(Yes, there was fun in the time gone by!)

But when Sainfoin had beaten Le Nord
(I rhyme it in English), you struck no chord,
But looked, I remarked, most terribly bored.
(It wasn't all fun in the time gone by!)

Brave Dorset Common upset that chance
That a Gouveneur triumph would give to France,
When the numbers went up how your eyes did dance!
(Once again fun in the time gone by!)

Never united, but fancy free,
Sir Hugo was not for you or me.
If La Flèche had won we now One should be.
(There were tears in the laughs of the time gone by!)

Isinglass cost us many a pound,
We imagined that Raeburn would cover the ground,
But our love was as sure, as our tips unsound.
(Happy go lucky in time gone by!)

You were always a Tory from birth, I know,
And I—well, a sort of Unionist foe,
But Lord ROSEBURY caused us the bitterest throe.
('94, '95 we had best pass by!)

In Ladas, Sir Visto, we had no claim;
We scorned the Primrose Minister's name.
We were broken, but Love still fanned our flame.
(The time wasn't long in the passing by!)

Next came the season of '96.
As usual, both of us made eggs chicks.
You had got nothing, and I the same—"nix."
(Still we laughed gaily in time gone by!)

The Prince's Persimmon made matters seem right;
The horizon with wedding and wealth was bright,
But you would wait a year for Velasquez—good night!
(How I do mourn for the time gone by!)

Now I remind you, for ten long years
I've battled with betting and terror and tears,
And I've never a hope but is cradled in fears.
(The time isn't long in the passing by!)

I'd the winner! The port, of my Mecca, in you,
And at Jeddah my vows I will once more renew.
Though a Decade of Derbies is known to the few.
(But the "Yes," after all, makes the time fly by.)

SATISFACTORY NAVAL INTELLIGENCE.—The French dockyards are very busy in building new warships, having in view a possible war with Great Britain. *Tant mieux.* We have always readily accepted these tributes to our maritime superiority when the time comes for annexing them.

NOTE BY OUR IRREPRESSIBLE ONE (*wandering, as usual*).—Q. What is the only canine horticultural equivalent to the dog-rose?
A. The colley-flower! .. [*Durance vile waiting for him.*]



DISENGAGED.

Miss Britannia (meditatively). "I THINK UNCLE SAM WOULD BE A GOOD PARTNER; AND SO WOULD LITTLE JAP! I WONDER IF MY 'COUSIN-GERMAN,' WILLIAM, WILL ASK ME TOO!"

OPERATIC NOTES.

Royal Birthday Night, May 21.—For *Die Meistersinger* house crowded with worshipping Wagnerites. The minority delighted but overpowered, as is the fate of minorities. With the Brothers DE RESZKE, PLANCON, PRINGLE (which for the look of the thing should be spelt "Pringel"), SOULACROIX, and EMMA EAMES in one cast, with Conductor MANCINELLI in the chair, the most exacting Wagnerite could not wish for more, and will never again be satisfied with less.

Wednesday.—*La Favorita* ought always to be the opera *par excellence* for Derby Night. But as the place of the favourite was taken by *Jeddah* at Epsom, so *Faust* walked in at Covent Garden. SUZANNE ADAMS came out as a charming *Marguerite*, with a lover *Van Dyck Faust* not quite up to the mark. It is satisfactory in this cast that VAN DYCK should first appear as an old master. VAN DYCK good in the trio. Poor Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Martha*, for the first time these many years, suddenly gave in and fainted. The curtain lowered; much sympathy; considerable excitement; then, on the curtain being raised, every one delighted to see Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, the suffering *Martha*, tenderly supported by EDOUARD DE RESZKE, who, as the designing *Mephistopheles*, was infernally kind to her. And so, with his support, *Martha* managed to get through her share of the opera.

Thursday.—Borro's *Mefistofele*. Awkward way of spelling *Mephistopheles*, when one has to substitute "f" twice for the accustomed "ph." Much the same as if we came to spell physician "fysician," and to take "fysic." Madame CALVE, doubling the parts of *Marguerite*, "with the golden hair a-hanging down her back," so as to make a strong contrast between "the fair one with the golden locks" and a dark-haired HELEN of Troy, with nothing classical about her but the name. But what matters the hair, if we only get the music? And not only the music, but also such acting as that with which Madame CALVE delighted a crowded house. Monsieur BONNARD as *Faust*, "*le Bonnard des dames*," mighty good, and PLANCON a fine fiend. MANCINELLI meritorious.

Friday.—*Meistersinger* as before. Wagnerian Cyclists inquiring when the Cycle is going to begin? Report says that on the Cycle days and nights breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, teas and suppers will be provided in the house at certain fixed intervals of rest during the performance, and for the sake of those to whom some repose is a physical necessity, there will be a cessation of opera during a few small and early morning hours, after which Wagnerites will be themselves again. At least, that is what that well-informed person, Signor BENJAMIN TROVATO tells us.

A DRAMATIC CUE.—*Mr. Punch* is sorry to see by personal inspection that the medallion-tablet affixed by CHARLES KEAN to the memory of his father, EDMUND KEAN, on the wall of the parish church of St. Mary Magdalene, Richmond, Surrey, is rapidly wasting away. The great actor's nose is visibly diminishing, and his complexion is that of very mottled soap. Up! up! then, ye gallant historians, headed by Generals Sir HENRY IRVING, CHARLES WYNDHAM, BEERBOHM TREE, and GEORGE ARTHUR ANDER, and repel this charge of Neg-



Millionaire (who has been shown into fashionable Artist's studio, and has been kept waiting a few minutes). "SHOP!"

lect! No doubt the Rev. Canon PROCTER, Vicar of Richmond, would act as chaplain to the forces.

SKENDALOUS!—Two emissaries from the office of *The Cantab* were deputed to interview Mrs. KENDAL during her recent visit to Cambridge. The report of these two interviewers—neither dared go alone—is published in the above-mentioned University journal. It is excellent and instructive reading, and should send up the paper's sale to an enormous extent. Mrs. KENDAL permitted the interviewers to approach her. Here was her mistake. Anyone positively objecting to be interviewed should not admit such unprincipled villains, as the lady's unfortunate experience of journalists shows them to be, into her presence. And apparently she was alone! The unprotected female in the presence of two journalists armed, it might be, with cold

steel pens, and capable of anything! "I do not," declared Mrs. KENDAL, "believe in newspaper articles; they are all false. And as for editors—they are the most venal class in existence. There is not one who cannot be bought"—she might have added, "and sold," but she didn't—"and who will not lie if anyone makes it worth his while." Ah! there's the point, "worth his while." Now, Mrs. KENDAL, save up your money, and, that you may have proof positive of the truth of your assertion, you will find that next Wednesday *Mr. Punch* is to be "bought"—for threepence!! Can't take less. Order early.

THE new "Russian naval programme" is quite in accord with what PETER THE GREAT, that eminent shipbuilder, would have recommended. Thus it is that Russian history re-peters itself.



PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Nervous Traveller. "LOOK HERE, YOU KNOW, I'M NOT GOING TO RIDE BEHIND THAT BRUTE!"

Post-boy. "LOR' BLESS YOU, SIR, IT'S ONLY 'ER GAMMON. WHY, SHE 'LL BE AS QUIET AS A SHEEP WHEN WE ONCE GET 'ER FIXED BETWEEN THE SHAFTS!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

INSPIRED by his theme, *The Millionaires* (HUTCHINSON), MR. FRANKFORT MOORE has lavished on the work glittering strands of wit. His dialogue, unbrokenly brilliant, does not tire because it seems so easily done. My Baronite would advise the gentle reader to take a sheet of foolscap and attempt to imitate it. The scenes are chiefly set on the shores of the Mediterranean, the gay life of the English-American colony being reproduced with a pleasant tincture of acidity. Mr. Moore's most life-like people are his Irish and his Americans. *Lord Ballyseedy* is delightful, and is with characteristic undutifulness outdone by his niece *Angela*. The understanding between the two distinctly varies from that established in ordinary avuncular relations.

FLORENCE WARDEN has written many a better novel than this *Little Miss Prim* (F. V. WHITE & Co.). It will serve to beguile a leisure hour, or several leisure hours, according to "the taste and fancy" of the reader, who may take it at a gulp or in small doses. It excites, but disappoints.

My faithful "Co." reports that MR. LUCY's new edition of his *Life of Gladstone* is more interesting than ever. An additional chapter completes the work, and tells the sad doings of the last ten days. But in spite of the recorded cloud, the book is as bright as gold—gold its worth.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

At the Free Library.

Clerk (after search). Yes, Miss, I'm sorry to say that *The Men who made the Empire* is out at present.

Miss Gogo. How unfortunate! I did want to read all about MR. GEORGE EDWARDES!

TESTIMONY OF EXPERTS.—The financial results of the Military Tournament are likely to be as good this season as in former years. Two great military authorities have spoken highly of the performances; one is Private View; the other General Public.

HOTEL SIGN SUGGESTED BY A RECENT CONTROVERSY.

IXION HOTEL, RAMBLEBURY.

NOTICE.

Lady Cyclists in "Rational Costume" are informed that *Respectable Skirts* for use at all meals are on hire at the Bar.

BENJAMIN BLIZZARD,
Proprietor.

Place aux Dames at Epsom.

Mrs. McGuffin (who has just heard Lady O'TOZZLE state that her father's horse won the Derby in days gone by). Well, that's not much to boast of! My uncle had a colt that won the Oaks three times running.

[And all her lady hearers believed her.

CHEAPER STILL.—If some new stores are started with the idea of underselling the lowest prices at a certain well-known Bromptonian establishment, would not they assume the motto of "Out-Harroding HARROD?"

SHIPS TO BE SCUTTLED WITH BRITISH COAL.—We have plenty of coaling stations, yet the *mot d'ordre* for the British Fleet will never be "scuttle."

SONG OF GRATITUDE FROM "CARMEN" (for *Car-voyageur in the new carriages on the L. C. & D. Continental*).—"Cor-ri-a-dor contento! Cor-or-ridor! Cor-or-ridor!"

THE ONLY NATION WITH WHICH ENGLAND ALONE MIGHT BE DISINCLINED TO COPE.—A Powerful Combi-nation.

BEFORE THE PUBLIC AMUSEMENT COMMITTEE.

THE inquiry into the proceedings of *A Runaway Girl* at the Gaiety Theatre took place to-day in this Court.

Miss ELLALINE TERRISS (Mrs. SEYMOUR HICKS) said that of course she was bound to like her part very much. It was so new and fresh. She played an *ingénue*. For the first time? Oh, dear, no! Why, she was always playing an *ingénue*. Being asked if ever before this she had sung a love-song with the lime-light on her, accompanied by a "chorus without," Miss TERRISS replied that she rather thought so. Unable to explain why there was nothing strikingly dramatic for her to do, or remarkably original for her to sing, in this piece, but she wished the Committee to understand that the piece was not written by Mr. Hicks alone. If it had been written All for Her, why, then—(Applause, during which witness smiled sweetly, curtsied, and withdrew.)

Mr. LOUIS BRADFIELD, who addressed his replies to the Committee in a light and airy manner, said, Am I the Gaiety *jeune premier*? Why, certainly. Style founded on FRED LESLIE and HICKS, with a touch of ARTHUR ROBERTS? Well, if you say so, good, but not aware of it myself. Consider a touch-an-go jaunty manner, a high-coloured make-up, and a light, summery costume, varied by suddenly earnest sentimentality, with occasional wink, or a demurely sly expression, a useful voice, a capable pair of legs for step-dancing, the qualifications for "a Gaiety young man." In present part of *Guy Stanley*—(by the way, he objected to being called a Guy)—he had not much to do or sing. Should probably work it up. Stand down? With pleasure. Ta, ta! See you later.

Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, who spoke in a rather low tone, and did not seem quite at his ease, said he was an old hand at stage business. Knew it all. Other people copied him, yes. Why shouldn't he copy others, and try his hand at writing a new musical play? Not alone. Oh, no. In conjunction with SEYMOUR HICKS. Did not see him in Court. Sorry. *Hicks illæ lacrymæ*. Collaboration excellent; ahem—oh! yes—might have got on better without collaborateur. Did they speak his dialogue on the stage? He hoped so, but couldn't say. In fact, couldn't recollect exactly what his dialogue was. Could swear some dialogue had been written. With SEYMOUR HICKS? Oh, yes, but—Well, he would rather not say any more on the subject. Forgot whether he had ever seen *Fra Diavolo*, or played in *The Thumping Legacy*. Was sure he hadn't played in *The Chieftain*. Might have seen it. Could not say he remembered the Courier in that Opera, or the Courier's song. Perhaps Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS did. Did they intend this to be a genuine comic opera? Certainly, emphatically—that is—they commenced with that idea,—but—somehow—couldn't explain how—probably—eh?—oh! yes—in the course of rehearsals—it gradually became a—a—in fact, a "Gaiety Piece." Good-day. (Here the witness nodded pleasantly to the Committee, and stepped down.)

Mr. Punch's own critic being called, said he agreed with last witness. The piece began with the promise of genuine *Fra Diavolo*ish comic Opera, but the promise was not "kept to the ear." Was it light, bright, and amusing? Certainly it was. Everybody seemed to have an equal chance of making his or her part stand out from the rest, and Miss ELLALINE TERRISS, Miss ETHEL HAYDON, Messrs. EDMUND PAYNE and FRED KAYE took every advantage of the numerous opportunities thus offered. As to the story, that, as Mr. Toots had remarked, was "of no consequence." Quite sympathised with the troubles and trials of authors and of Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS in their gallant attempt to make a cake all plums. EDMUND PAYNE was inimitable, and FRED KAYE as natural as if he were in a comedy, except when he suddenly remembered that he was in an extravaganza.

Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS, in reply to several questions, said, he considered this new piece much the same as its predecessors. It opened well,—yes—and there was certainly a promise of light comic opera in it. For his part, he should prefer genuine comic opera. He wasn't so idiotic as to try and educate the public; he always let the public educate him. They got what they wanted, and therefore he got what he wanted. Would he express any opinion as to the merits of *A Runaway Girl*? Yes, he would, with pleasure, when *A Runaway Girl* had finished her run; not before. There were parts in it for everybody, which was saying a good deal.—a good deal more, in fact, than the parts have to say for themselves. As a title, "*A Runaway*" might not be quite appropriate; he hoped she had "come to stay." If the Committee would excuse him, he would be glad to get away, as he had twenty-five board meetings to attend, and some fifty theatrical companies, home and abroad, to look after, so if they would dispense with his further attendance (Applause, during which witness bowed and retired.)



Jane. "THERE'S A DEAL OF DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BOARD SCHOOL AND A BOARDING SCHOOL, ISN'T THERE, MISS EFFIE?"

Effie. "ONLY THREE LETTERS, JANE."

Jane. "I SEE. YOU MEAN I N G."

Effie. "NO. I MEAN L. S. D.!"

ADVERTISEMENTS ACCORDING TO THE ACT.

["The Act of Parliament requires a tradesman to give an 'absolutely true' description of his goods."—*Decision of the Court of Appeal*.]

MUSTARD OF THE WORST QUALITY.—This much wasted, necessary article of consumption in a highly adulterated condition can be obtained at a cost immensely in excess of its value at—

THE ROAD TO RUIN.—The direct course is to borrow money at something over 150 per cent. from PLANTAGENET DE VERE, né LEVY SPIDERWEBB.

THE UNIVERSAL MONEY PROVIDING SYNDICATE, LIMITED.—As might have been expected from its name, a swindle. Full particulars of the method it was proposed to take to absorb the cash of the shareholders can be obtained of the Secretary.

THE NEW PIECE IS STILL RUNNING, thanks to the house being crammed with "paper" at every performance. It is a mercy for a "deadhead" to look in. It is necessary, however, to warn proposing theatre-goers that the pieces in the programme are quite the worst on record.

AN EXCURSION TRIP FOR THOSE WHO SEEK EXCITEMENT can be obtained any day by starting at noon for the seaside. First-class passengers guaranteed third-class company. Time occupied on the journey amounts to about three times that advertised. Crush and disgust with place of destination guaranteed. Usual discomfort en route home. Possible smash at the end of the journey.

THE HONEST PUBLICITY SYNDICATE.—This to-day is started to describe the merits or denounce the demerits of all new ventures. As a commencement it declares that its own articles of association are of the most fraudulent character.



NOSCE TEIPSUM.

Lady Cyclist (touring in North Holland). "WHAT A RIDICULOUS COSTUME!"

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

Fair demoiselles that in the quest of modes
Have made with us your transient abodes,
Towing across the rather captious main
Your patient, panting mommas in your train,

While poppa in his daily working collar
Pursued at home the desultory dollar—
Behold our sacred feelings rudely shaken
To mark the desperate turn that things
have taken!

We hear of female patriotic leagues,
Banded to pulverise our French intrigues;
How you have given way to warlike pas-
sions,
And mean to do without the latest fashions;
To cut, in fact, the modistes of our town,
And never wear another Gallic gown.

Merely because our democratic press
Felt drawn towards a Monarch in distress;
Because our free Republic had to do
Just what her friend, the Tartar, told her
to;

Because, perhaps, we took about a week
To send your telegram from Martinique;
Or, lightly winking, looked the other way
When Spanish cruisers came to coal, or
stay—

For this you swear to sever your connection
With those who frame the ultimate con-
fection!

Ah! can you thus so easily forget
The blessed memory of LAFAYETTE,
(Meaning the man, of course, and not the
liner.)

Than whose performance nothing could be
finer,

When, by the bravery of France, you broke
Perfidious Albion's confounded yoke?

But let it pass. Besides, in any case,
The Artist knows no prejudice of race;
Cosmopolite as is the wanton wind
We others work at large for Womankind;
We have no local bias in our breast,
But simply lean to such as pay the best.
And as with Art, so too, in turn, should
Beauty

Rise glorious about the claims of Duty;
To no peculiar land or kin attached,
Her haunt is where the choicest modes
are hatched;

All human ties she barter for a bonnet,
As though her future state depended on it.
Has not this instinct (even found in blacks)
Turned half your men to Anglomaniacs?
London for tailors; but, for woman's
gear,

Where shall you find its habitat but here?
Ah! would you waive the source of all
your grace,
And spoil your pretty nose to spite your
face?

And this your sacrifice, *par trop de zèle*,
Pray, how should it affect the fighting
male?

Your warriors praise you now with "Nobly
done!"

But what will follow when the war is won?
What if you found your WORTH-less beauty
scorned,

And Mars should mock at Venus un-
adorned?

Be wise in time; trust not your native
charms,

But come where Paris waits with open
arms;

For though her heart is in the Bonds of
Spain,

Of Yankee pockets how her hands are fain!

TRUE NOBILITY.—At the recent meeting
of the Nobel Dynamite Trust Co., the net
profit was declared at £232,773, with a
dividend of twelve per cent. Nobel
indeed! They'll have to keep up to
their mark in future, remembering that
"Nobel-esse oblige." Everything and every-
body Noble in this Company. No "Nobble."

WHERE MESSRS. SPIERS AND POND OUGHT
TO HAVE THEIR HEADQUARTERS.—At
"Cater 'em Junction."



THE BOËR-HOUND.

JOE CH-MB-RL-N (*to clever old dog, Kr-g-r*). "SLIP YOUR MUZZLE, WOULD YOU? WELL, ANYHOW, YOU CAN'T SLIP YOUR COLLAR!"

A NEW TERROR FOR CELEBRITIES. PORTRAITS BY WIRE.

[According to the *Daily Mail* it is possible to transmit portraits by wire.]

EXPERIMENTS IN TELAUTOGRAPHY BY A BEGINNER.

DARBY JONES REFLECTS ON EPSOM AND MANCHESTER.

HONOURED SIR,—When, on Wednesday last, a coach laden not only with copious Hampers, but also a very Hilarious Party, halted at the *Doomed Cock* of Sutton, not one of that Jovial Band opined that the return journey would be undertaken, by Myself, at all events, under most depressing auspices. Count GROGONOFF (titular King of Cracow) quaffed the life-inspiring B. and S. with Captain KRITERION, and vowed eternal friendship; Sir WILLOUGHBY BINKO (who has assumed a Baronetcy dormant for Two Centuries) drank his favourite beverage, champagne and stout commingled, from a silver goblet which had once figured in the Palatial Hall of EVANS's, and shared his morning draught with BEN FRONT, the celebrated cueist; while I— But why pursue the subject? Briefly, the Universal Toast, Tory in its assimilation, was "Derby and Disraeli!" It would be of no interest, Sir, to you or to my other honoured patrons to relate how, immediately afterwards, a slight difference of opinion (always allowable among Gentlemen) arose between the Captain and the Baronet as to the Joint Wagers incurred by them in supporting the Favourite for some Young Dear Friends of theirs. Suffice it to say that the Count cast oil on the waters of speculation by exclaiming, "Ve vill cot your moogs up between us!"

Peace then reigned, and self-complacency was established when we took up a commanding position on the Chalk-it-up Hill. Several of my companions pointed out that on the Hill the Sportsman was relieved from those Coarse Importunities to which he might be subjected by Layers of Odds in the Licensed Enclosures round about the Grand Stand. Moreover, the Dreadful Welcher would be avoided. Captain KRITERION, who is a Bit of a Bard (indeed, he backed *The Bard* in A.D. 1886, and was prevented from settling by Family Grief) was most humane on the subject, and wrote an "Impromptu" (as he termed it), on the back of Mr. DORLING's Correct Card, to the detriment of the advertisements. I took a copy of this Districh, and knowing that you sip at Pierian Springs, I venture to reproduce his not inelegant Quatrain:

"Some good in vilest humankind I own.
Nor even at the Welcher cast a stone;
For, when with eager eye his place I scan
After the race, he is a *non-est* man!"

"Bravo!" cried the Count, who had evidently taken a great fancy to KRITE-

RION. "Dere certainly spoke ze man of experience that does it."

Of what moment to detail such comparative Trivialities as the victory of Mr. BARNATO (every one glad to see the Old Colours over a new skipper), or the Fascination which Mr. ARTHUR JAMES had for backers in the Stanley Stakes, or the Wandering Minstrels who live on Lobster Claws and Disabled Pineapples, and other Indigestible Refuse of the good and great, or the Ladies and Gentlemen of all and Indescribable Degrees who bring the scent of Monte Carlo over the Surrey Downs. Luncheon-time passed in Sybaritic Fashion, save that numerous Females of the Gipsy Persuasion continuously dirtied my nether Sartorial Requisites by the application of their thumbs and forefingers to the calf of my right leg, in the hope of Filthy Lucre for Indifferent Soothsaying.

Of course, we had the usual Sweepstakes over the Great Event, at Five Pounds *per capitem*, my juvenile acquaintance, the Hon. GEORGE FLIFLATT, late of Oxford College, who providentially appeared on the scene, kindly providing my *Quantum Suff.*, which otherwise I could not have found, being at a loss for change. The Count held the hat, and KRITERION drew the numbers. The former was lucky enough to secure *Disraeli*, and the other the Duke of DEVONSHIRE's representative. I found myself credited with *Warrern*, while FLIFLATT obtained *Jeron*, which, by a singular belief in his starting, had been included in the Lottery.

Here I pause to draw breath, as did Countless Thousands when they saw a Disreputed Outsider called *Jeddah*, named, I believe, after a disreputable Port on the Red Sea (it ought to be called Dead Sea), romp home in front of one of my Strong Tips, the fast-fitting *Batt*, at the extraordinary odds of 100 to 1 against. The success of Mr. LARNACH's colt was hailed with a low moan by all on our Dismal Drag, save and excepting KRITERION, who, having also drawn "the Field," which included the Arabian, quietly slipped the whole of Our Sweep into his capacious pockets. The Count alone gave a cynical smile, while regarding this heartrending operation. For myself, I felt *non plus*. So, borrowing FLIFLATT's ticket, I made tracks for the Paddock, where, if you remember, my chief. I met you in company with a most Cheerful and Affable Companion, Sir FRASIER PUNNETT, of Wagstaff Hall, Salop, whose crest I find in DEBRET's *Record of the Nobility* to be "on an arm sinister a double strawberry mark erased gules." This genial gentleman (he gave me a Rothschild cigar, a

priceless gift considering the war), cheerfully observed, "Well, I'm sorry the Duke didn't quite hit it off with his bat, but he didn't score battly after all. *Dunlop* couldn't stay the course, as he was probably tyred. Regarding the winner, he ought to have been fathered by a centurion, not a *Janissary*, and though there was a MADDEN in the saddle, there are, I expect, a great many more mad'uns on the Course."

I could see by his jovial remarks that you and Sir FRASIER PUNNETT had backed "*Jeddah*," and I felt cut to the quick march. Forgive, then, honoured Sir, my quitting your bracing society so abruptly, but I rushed away to secure a Real Good Thing in *Winkfield's Pride* for the Epsom Cup. Alas, alack, and welladay! And then I plunged on *Templecombe*, and then on *Sister Angela*, and then I think I must have walked home. Anyhow, I didn't attempt to climb the Hill again, and I have since learned that Count GROGONOFF, Captain KRITERION & Co., disappeared soon after myself, without undergoing the Fatigue of a Return Journey by Road, leaving FLIFLATT to settle the, to him, Trifling Account.

Having drawn upon you, in the American style, at sight, I must temporarily withdraw myself from Public View till the Mancunian Meeting, of which I venture, not with all Hilarity, to chant as follows:

A magnificent trophy the Manchester Cup,
But not for the *Saint Cheese* I think,
Nor from it will victory *Spaniard* sup,
Nor the *Newfoundland* take a first drink,
Though he may puzzle the *North* to go on
When the *Carriou Monarch* is done,
And the chance of the *Antipodean* is gone,
While the *Neophyte*'s very near won.
But if Royalty's grace can all others displace,
'Tis the Prince of WALES—*Second to None!*

There is the song of the Death-stricken Swan, otherwise known as

Your jaded and Jeddahed Adherent,
DARBY JONES.

P.S.—My respectful compliments to Sir FRASIER PUNNETT, and trust that his Ancestral Pride did not prevent his taking my suggestion that *Airs and Graces* would be of service to him in the Oaks, though well aware that he may call my remarks "Oaks-agen gas."

The Fourth of June as it is.

Mrs. Cornelius Klondyke. Yes, it's a great privilege having a boy at Eton. KLONDYKE and me always get tickets for Upper Ten School to hear the speechifying.

LATEST ADVICE TO FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN WEST AFRICA.—"Kissi and be friends!"



THE SAILOR AND THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL!

OR, LORD CH-RL-S B-R-SF-RD TO THE RESCUE.

"It is proposed to construct a line of electric tramways from Kew to Hampton Court, the proposed route for which is over the famous Richmond Hill and in front of the gates of Richmond Park."

"COME TO OUR PAVILION."

Love's Labour Lost, Act II., Sc. 1.

LET lovers of song enjoy their *DŊ RESZKŊs*, their *PLANŊONS*, and their *chan-sŊns*, but for good hearty enjoyment, give us Signor DANIEL; LENO at any time, but especially just now, when at the London Pavilion, familiarly styled "the Pav," the aforesaid DAN appears as a Beefeater, in the Tower of London, explaining its beauties to the Towerists. That's excellent; so is his Shopman at the stores, where "eggs is eggs;" but yet more excellent is his masterly analysis of the old song, "*Where are you going to, my pretty Maid!*" and his admirably high-toned moral reflections on the conduct of the gentleman—shall we call him "gentleman?"—we think not, as no gentleman who considers himself a gentleman could possibly stoop (and he must have stooped, as he was on horseback, when speaking to a girl afoot) to address a young and simple maiden going with buckets to the "bucket-shop" (apparently, and this is the only excuse for the otherwise rude questioner), and ask her "Where she was going," and to style her, "*My pretty maid!*" But *was* she "*his pretty maid!*" Now, on this point—but at this point we must break off, and leave the difficult question to be solved by Professor DANIEL LENO, who will find in this old song matter for infinite discussion, and illimitable theories to be dealt with in his own inimitable manner. Every Laughing Philosopher should hear DAN LENO's discourse.

There are other attractions—all good. Miss MARTIE WILTON (surely we've heard that name before? Some few years ago, wasn't it?) is a "Serio-comic and Dancer,"

who will wile away your minutes delightfully, and "The Bale Troupe" take advantage of a quiet moment, when there are neither Dons nor undergraduates, nor, indeed, anyone at all, in the grounds at the "backs of the Colleges" in full view of Trinity, Cambridge, to perform their "Celebrated Bicycle Act." To thoroughly appreciate the reason why Messrs. PINARO (No, *not* PINERO, but very *near* O!) and ZAVAN call their exhilarating entertainment *The Swell and the Tramp* the reader must see it; and, soon afterwards, by attentively listening and catching (if he can) every word that Mlle. MARGUERITE CORNILLE, "*La Charmeuse*," utters, he will enjoy the story of her song as much as he will have enjoyed her singing. The "Musical AVOLOS," Xylophone Players, make a series of hits with their instruments; and there are plenty of *autres shows* at the Pavilion.

ECOLESTASTICAL.—There is one Bishop who, judging by his name, ought to be an authority on vestments, and that is "Dr. WESTCOTT." Is the Bishop of Durham a Low WESTCOTT or a High WESTCOTT? And when his Lordship obtains his well-earned holiday, instead of going away to the coast, does he remain at home, and lecture on diocesan matters, the reports of which, when published, are refreshingly headed, "WESTCOTT-on-See"?

INSTEAD.—A new book, *Blastus*, by W. T. STEAD, is published by GRANT RICHARDS. But even RICHARDS will grant that *Blastus* would have been more appropriately published by "WINDUS."

JOURNALISM UP-TO-DATE.

"WHOEVER is content with the ideas of yesterday," says Sir HENRY IRVING, "the journalist must be equipped with the ideas of to-morrow." All aspirants for journalistic honours pass such an examination as this:—

1. Describe process known as "intelligent anticipation of events." Anticipate intelligently the following:—British retreat from Wei-Hai-Wei; Russian occupation of Hong Kong; graceful concession of Gibraltar; polite withdrawal from the Cape.

2. Write full account of forthcoming engagement between American and Spanish Fleets, giving (a) list of killed and wounded, and (b) personal narratives of survivors.

3. Explain the terms *reported*, *rumoured*, *unconfirmed*, *contradicted*. Illustrate their use in halfpenny journalism.

4. Review the Poet Laureate's next volume for (a) *The Standard*, (b) *The Star*, (c) *Our Booking-Office*.

5. Write a leading article which shall be equally appropriate to any of the following events:—Bombardment of New York, Fall of Madrid, Destruction of the Spanish squadron, Annihilation of the U.S. Fleet, Capture of Khartoum, British reverse in Egypt, Discovery of the North Pole. Show that whatever has happened is in strict accordance with the course prophesied in your issue of yesterday's date.

6. State exact terms of non-existent treaty between Great Britain and United States. Give *prŊcis* of settlement of Sierra Leone question.



C.R.H.

THE STORMY PETREL.

South African variety. At present on the Atlantic.

["Dr. LEYDS left to-day to take up his duties in Europe as political representative of the Transvaal."—*Pretoria*, May 26.]



A TASTE TO BE ACQUIRED.

(A Whitsuntide Sketch.)

Soosan Jane. "WELL, HOW IN THE WORLD OUR MISSUS CAN BE SO FOND O' RIDING ON 'ORSEBACK, I DON' KNOW!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 23.—At a quarter past six, the Right Hon. J. W. LOWTHER took the Chair on resumption of Committee on Irish Local Government Bill. Particular about mentioning him in full style, as this is earliest opportunity. Naturally expected to find his name in list of Jubilee honours. Perhaps is more distinguished out of the crowd in the briefer Birthday List. However it be, Privy Councillorship is well deserved. From the first, J. W. took to the Chair of Ways and Means as a duck takes to water. Cannot recall an instance where he has blundered. As the ever-regretted Mr. PHELPS, sometime American Minister at this Court, once said, a man who never makes a mistake will never make anything. Still, in either Chair of House of Commons, even monotonous freedom from error is regarded in a favourable aspect.

True, J. W. has lived through Elysian days compared with the lot of his predecessor. That kindly, courtly gentleman never had justice done to him. He came fresh to Chair at an epoch exceeding in bitterness any that has marked the Commons since early Corn Law days. Moreover, an able and influential circle of the Opposition made a dead set against him. Wanting to wreck the Home Rule Bill, they perceived a vulnerable point of attack

in the Chairman. If they could worry him, and get things in a muddle, the chances



"As a duck takes to water."

The Right Hon. J. W. L-wth-r.

of Bill passing were appreciably lessened. So they deliberately and systematically "went for" the Chairman.

J. W. lives in happier times. At best, position of Chairman of Ways and Means is a difficult one to sustain with general approval. That approval the present incumbent early won, and holds with increasing firmness of grip.

Nothing more touching than the gratification of his kinsman, Lord of the Isle of Thanet, at the official recognition of the Chairman's success. "We LOWTHERS are getting on," JEMMY said, smiling benignly at the Chair. "There is not one Right Hon. LOWTHER, but two Right Hon. LOWTHERS."

Business done.—Ramming Local Government Bill through Committee, so as to wind up for holidays to-morrow. If time inadequate, so much the worse for the Bill.

Wednesday, 12.25 A.M.—Just adjourned for Whitsun holidays. Been sitting since noon yesterday; for the most part dolefully dull; hour after hour in Committee on Irish Bill. Half-an-hour before midnight Bill through Committee Stage. A grateful cheer from tired legislators. Go home now; off for well-earned holidays.

Not at all. SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, jealous for interests of his beloved friend DON JOSE, is certain COLONIAL SECRETARY would like opportunity of referring to his famous Birmingham speech. Stirred up hornets' nest all over Continent; brought upon DON JOSE's meek head avalanche of



THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW.

Fair Yankee (in Egypt). "I SAY, UNCLE, CAN YEW TELL ME, AIR THERE EVER ANY NEW CAMELS? I GUESS ALL I'VE SEEN MUST BE SECOND-HAND!"

criticism and reproof. The SAGE insists this should not be borne alone. Were the Cabinet cognisant of, and therefore jointly responsible for, the speech? If so, let them come forward like men and toe the line with JOSE. Put searching question on subject yesterday. Evaded by ST. MICHAEL. Now, on motion for adjournment, proposes to take constitutional means of raising it. Then DILKE wanted to know what about rumoured advances towards alliance with Germany? BASHMEAD-ARTLETT, to DILKE's ill-concealed gratification, followed on same lines.

This too much for Arch-Angelic temper of ST. MICHAEL. As a rule, his equability imperturbable; his conversation "Yea, yea;" unwillingly varied by "Nay, nay," when applications are made at the Treasury for extended grants. But there are limits even to the temper of ST. MICHAEL *cum* All Angels. At sight of this Triple Alliance, he exploded. "The Three Tailors of Tooley Street!" he mockingly cried, enveloping the trio with wrathful glance.

Eminently characteristic that after this outburst he observed that he "didn't wish to say anything disrespectful." That all very well, but the thing was done; the eve of the Whitsun holiday was made memorable by the spectacle of the equable stream of a blameless life stirred by hitherto unknown gust of passion. Awed by the phenomenon, having misty notions of reading somewhere, that when a habitually placid man flames in wrath there is no knowing to what lengths he may go,

Members folded their tents like the Arab, and as silently stole away.

Business done.—CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER suddenly, unexpectedly, explodes. Blows House clean into Whitsun Recess. Fragments will be picked up on Monday, June 6.

TEST EXAMINATION PAPER FOR THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING RACE.

(For acceptance on both sides of the Atlantic.)

GIVE a short account of the Anglo-American language, showing that the tongue of SHAKESPEARE had its birth in Boston.

Show that COLUMBUS should be accepted as a misprint for C. O'LUMBUS, and counted an Irishman.

Give your reasons for believing that America was at one time a part of Wales, and the intervening ocean a sea of comparatively modern creation.

Sketch out a plan by which the White House at Washington and the Castle at Windsor might become interchangeable.

Demonstrate how an Anglo-American House of Assembly could sit alternately at Westminster and New York.

Design a flag that would display the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes in fraternal combination.

Trace a pedigree showing that JOHN and JONATHAN are not cousins, but brothers.

Enumerate the ties of kinship binding TENNYSON to LONGFELLOW, WASHINGTON to WELLINGTON, and the passengers of the

Mayflower to those of their families who remained at home.

Finally, demonstrate to general satisfaction that, although *Yankee Doodle* is admittedly of early English origin, *Rule Britannia* is the latest production of the more than ever United States.

AGGRESSION.

[To plant ourselves at Wei-Hai-Wei with guns and rifles pointing across at Port Arthur . . . is a step which the Russian Government can scarcely be expected to consider a friendly act.—*Saturday Review*, May 21.]

'Tis true, where'er your pathway lies
Your policy we seem to cross,
We tamper with your best allies,
Find profit in your loss.

When fresh advantages we seek
With crafty smile we speak you fair,
And laugh, at first with tongue in cheek—
Outright when once we're there.

So when at last our true intent,
No longer hidden, you discern,
Our double-dealing you resent—
A worm, they say, will turn.

Yet know, as angrily you squirm
And dare remonstrate when attacked,
We look upon your turning, worm,
As an unfriendly act.

EAGER CONTRIBUTORIES.—Young ladies in remote country districts in want of partners for croquet, lawn-tennis, bicycling, and so forth, should be energetic supporters of the "Additional Curates Society."



A STUDY IN EXPRESSION.



THE SAME WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Polly. "YOU KNOW, FATHER, I TOLD YOU YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME TO TOWN IN THAT AWFUL HAT. I WONDER YOU WEAR IT AT HOME EVEN."

Father. "WHY, IT DOESN'T MATTER. EVERYBODY KNOWS ME THERE."

Lolly. "YES; BUT IT'S DIFFERENT IN LONDON."

Father. "NO, QUITE THE SAME. NOBODY KNOWS ME HERE!"

OUR POST-BAG.

"[An important war causes literature and art to be neglected. . . . It is curious to notice how it is the one topic of conversation at the dinner-table, in the train, and elsewhere.]—*A Weekly Review.*]"

SIR,—At this momentous crisis, when the fortunes of two great nations are trembling in the balance, it is disgusting to find that there are some unhappy creatures so blinded by their sordid love of gold as to allude to petty financial transactions in their conversation and correspondence. Only this morning I received a letter from Messrs. SNIPS & Co., tailors, "begging my

attention to their small account." Small account, indeed! I have explained in my reply that my whole attention, at the present time, is concentrated elsewhere—somewhere in the neighbourhood of Cuba, in fact. Yours faithfully, M. P. KUNUS.

SIR,—In common with all other men of intelligence, you must be aware how disgracefully the fleets of America and Spain alike have been mismanaged in the present war. Since my retirement from the sugar trade, which took place a few months ago, I have devoted much attention to the problems of naval warfare. And, being a lover of fairplay, I beg to intimate that for

a moderate fee I am prepared to furnish either Spain or the United States with a plan of campaign which cannot fail to prove immediately successful.

HORATIO NELSON TOMKINS.

SIR,—Our country is watching the struggle with "trembling eagerness." And what does this lead to? It leads to Sleeplessness, to Indigestion, to a Disordered Liver,—in a word, to all those ailments for which Poppleton's Perfect Pillules are the one safe and infallible cure. The moral is obvious.

POPPLETON & Co.

SIR,—Owing to this abominable war, I can find no sale for my usual Spring output; my *Odes to the Cuckoo* are a drug in the market; no editor will look at my *Songs to May*. And so, Sir, I appeal to you to assist me by announcing that I am prepared to furnish Patriotic Songs, Ballads and Elegies (with American or Spanish flavour, according to taste) on the lowest terms.

APOLLO JOHNSON.

P.S. (*private and confidential*).—What do you say to running my *Strife of Nations*—a blank-verse epic of about fifteen thousand lines—as a serial in *Punch*?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have been shamefully treated, and I appeal to you for protection. That old beast BILLY (our headmaster, you know) put me on in *Cæsar* this morning. I didn't know a word of it, and explained that I couldn't be expected to trouble about Latin and Greek and that sort of rot, when all my sympathy was absorbed in the fate of Spain. And the only result, if you please, was that BILLY told me to write out the lesson twice, Latin and English!

Yours disgustedly,

BROWN Minor.

MARS MELIORIS BELLI INVENTOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As I know that you are strictly neutral, and that your esteemed publication is read alike in Castile and Washington State, I beg to draw the attention of the high-contending Powers of Spain and America to the fact that I have several *valuable inventions*, which should certainly be immediately adopted by one or both of them.

1. A Machine for Making Dynamite Bread, which cannot be distinguished from the ordinary Staff of Life. Invaluable for provisioning an Enemy's fleet under the cover of disinterested friendship.

2. A Submarine Balloon disguised as a Whale, Shark, or Sword-fish, according to taste, propelled by centrifugal force, and heavily charged with a destructive liquid, of which I am sole patentee.

3. A Repeating Cannon made of *papier mâché*, so light that it can easily be carried in the breast-pocket of a military-cloak.

4. A Mirror fitted with 3,000,000-power electric light, calculated to blind 30,000 men at first sight. Priceless, unless the foe wear my Röntgen Ray Protective spectacles.

5. A Marine Cycle, which, by a special power of oil-diffusion, can travel safely through the stormiest sea.

6. My Refrigerator Splendens, whereby a whole division can be frozen into immobility by the turning of a handle.

I trust that some at least of my methods may meet with your approval. At all times am I ready to furnish plans, &c., to you or any other capitalist.

HANWELL DE LOON.

The Laboratory, Peckham Rye.



LAUNCE AND HIS DOG.

Launce. . . . LORD S-L-SB-RY.

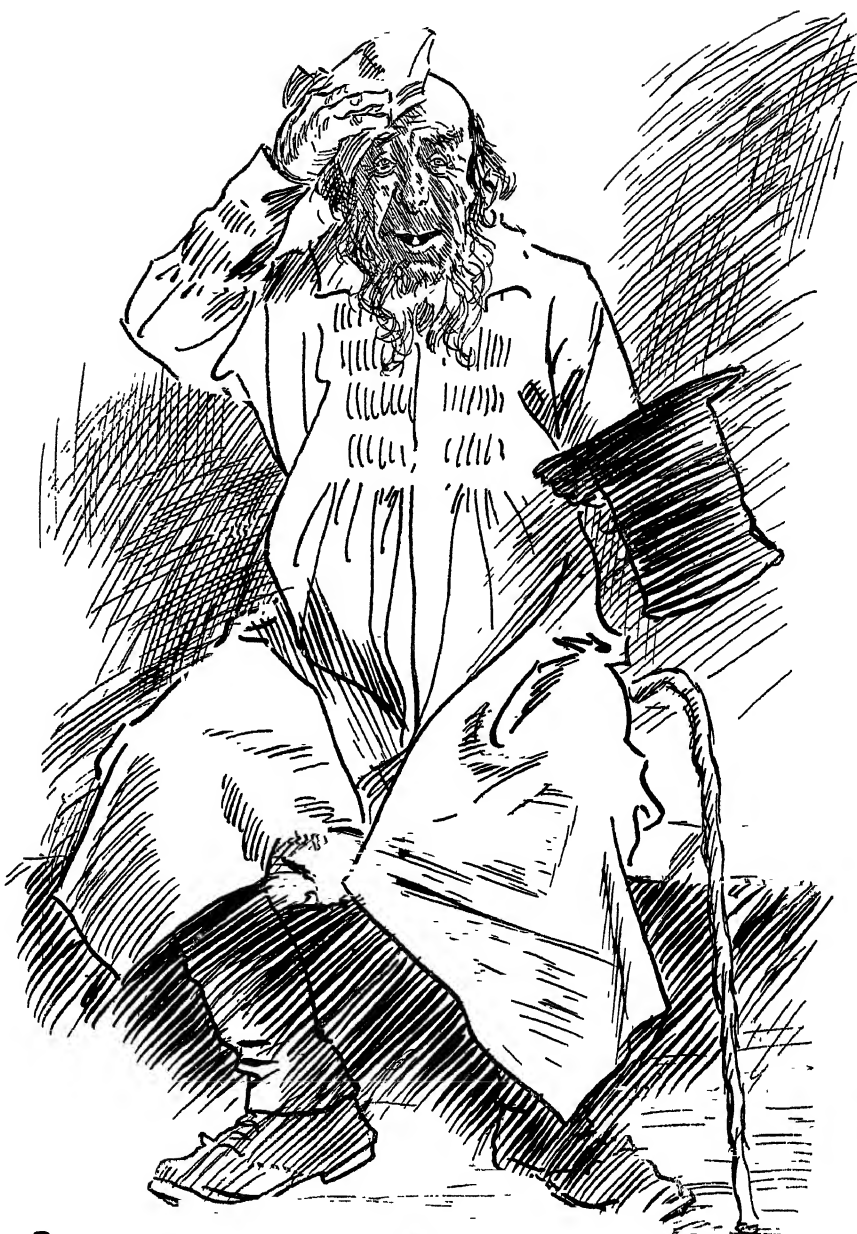
The Sly Dog. RT. HON. J-E CH-MB-RL-N.

"A CURE FOR INDOLENCE."

HAVE just been reading in the *Fortnightly* an article with this title. Being naturally indolent, I take an interest in the subject. Even continue to do so after reading this article, translated from the French into remarkable English. It is probably good for "an indolent," as the translator would call me, to have his brain taxed occasionally. At last discover the correct treatment. Somehow I do not seem quite a proper subject. Enjoy excellent health. Nevertheless, am hopelessly lazy. Must therefore regulate the employment of the twenty-four hours as recommended by the French doctor, though, as the translator puts it, "without doubt one will judge these precautions juvenile even to the burlesque, tyrannical even to the absurd." Don't quite know whether the translator would consider me an absurd. Perhaps I am a burlesque. Will begin tomorrow, and carefully follow Dr. DE FLEURY's programme for the day.

"Rise at seven." Rather uncomfortably early. Generally get up at nine. But persevere. Next comes "intellectual work for about an hour and a half," and then breakfast at half-past eight. Don't quite see what time this leaves for bath and dressing. Ah, yes! Intellectual work must go on meanwhile. Do my best. Repeat the easier end of the multiplication table while having my bath—always hated mathematics—and conjugate *amo* after. Not so easy. Schoolboy's mechanical memory clean gone. Part my hair all crookedly while struggling with the wretched verb. Still some time for intellectual work. Begin to hate it. Read some irregular verbs in my old Latin grammar. Very uninteresting. At last breakfast time. Excellent appetite. What next? Hang it all! More "intellectual work." Had thought of doing some verses for a magazine. Evidently impossible. Must try something intellectual. Translate part of the *Fortnightly* article back into French. Easy enough, anyhow.

Then comes "rest at half-past eleven." Should much prefer some exercise. How am I to rest? Can't go to sleep in the morning. Even I am not so indolent as that. Besides, the next thing is lunch at noon. How delightfully foreign. Always prefer *déjeuner*. But after a solid English breakfast it is rather early. So take that rest in a cab to the Savoy. *Déjeuner* there. Don't seem very active so far. What now? Another rest! In cab to the club, and rest there in easy chair with my eyes shut. Still rather indolent. Then comes "a walk." At last! But only for about half-an-hour. After this, I am to follow my "ordinary occupations." Evidently must not work or walk, write or read. So drop into club again, sit in easy chair, and soon fall asleep. Just as I wake, SMITH comes in. "Hullo," he says, "taking it easy, as usual?" "Not at all," I retort, "I'm curing my indolence. You'll see the system described in the *Fortnightly*." "Oh, indeed," he replies, "I'm glad the cure is working so well." Begin to have doubts of it myself. But will persevere. Should like a little exercise. This is not mentioned, so home in cab.



P. L. M. 98.

Perspiring Countryman (who has just, with the utmost difficulty, succeeded in catching train).
 "PHEW! JUST SAVED IT BY T' SKIN O' MY TEETH!"

"Dinner at seven." What now? "Rest for half-an-hour." Again! This is awful! Fall asleep once more. Wake just before half-past eight. At last "a short walk," and then "go to bed." Probably a mile is short enough. Do this, and get into bed as the clock strikes nine. I may have been indolent, but I have never been to bed so early since I was at school. Impossible to sleep. Would welcome "intellectual work" as a distraction. But dare not even repeat the multiplication table to myself. At last, at daybreak, can bear it no longer. Get up, dress, and walk to Richmond. Shall give up this cure. Rather than "rest" and sleep about twelve hours a day, I will be "an indolent" all my life.

SUGGESTION FOR AMENDING THE BOADICEA STATUE-GROUP ON THE TRAWERS EMBANKMENT.—The horses may be easily supposed to have bolted, as they have got no reins, and to have upset the car containing BOADY and her two crouching friends, who have escaped unhurt. Replace chariot and horses by motor-car. Let the two crouchers be riding as two fares inside, and BOADY can be on box flourishing her spear, or anything, except, of course, a whip.

SUGGESTION FOR THE NEXT STATEMENT FROM OUR YELLOW-PRESS WAR-CORRESPONDENT.—SAMPSON has slain his thousands, thanks to the jaw-bone of an ass.

MEN OF THE THYME.—Herb-growers.

FARMING SCHOOLS.

[“At the last meeting of the Gloucestershire Chamber of Agriculture it was stated that a scheme for a School of Farming had been prepared by the County Council.”—*Globe*.]



Dr. Tummutshire taking his Farming School for a constitutional walk.



The Master of the Wurzel-growing Class.



Pupils' work in the Scarecrow Modelling Class.



Prize Pitchfork for the best Scholar.



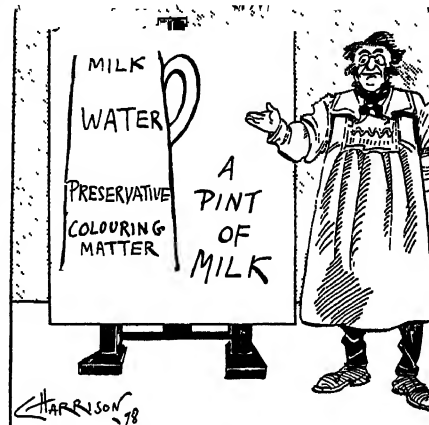
Chemical Preservation of Milk Class.

Ham. Who art thou?
Ghost. I am the ghost of thy father. I am permitted to haunt these battlements between twelve and two. Thine uncle murdered me and has since married my wife. You must revenge me.

Oph. Alas! poor ghost.
Ghost. Till I am revenged I suffer torments. It is impossible to describe the torments I suffer. At night I roam to and fro upon the battlements wringing my hands, and my eyes are full of tears. You can see how full of tears my eyes are.

Ham. I can see nothing.
Lae. The night is very dark.
Ghost. The cock is about to crow. When the cock crows I must depart. I may not outstay the crowing of the cock. Swear that you will avenge me.

Ham. I swear. *[Exit Ghost.]*



Dairy Object Lesson for the Junior Class.

OPHELIAINE AND HAMELETTE.

(By "the Belgian Shakespeare.")

PERSONS:—

The King. The Queen.

The Chamberlain.

Laertes (the Chamberlain's son).

Ophelaine (the Chamberlain's daughter).

Hamelette (the King's nephew).

Ghost of Hamelette's father.

ACT I.—*Elsinore, a platform before the castle.*
HAMELETTE, OPHELIAINE and LAERTES discovered conversing in dismal whispers.

Ham. It is cold to-night.

Lae. It is very cold.

Oph. There is a cloud over the moon.

Ham. The cloud is dark and threatening.

I can scarce keep from shivering, the cloud is so dark.

Lae. It is going to rain.

[A hollow groan is heard.]

Ham. (gloomily). Did you hear anything?

Lae. I heard nothing. *[Another groan.]*

Oph. What was that?

Lae. It was the wind. *[The ghost enters.]*

Ham. See, he comes. His eyes glare. They glare like live coals. I have never seen such glaring eyes.

Oph. Speak to him, HAMELETTE.

ACT II.—*In the Queen's Chamber.*

King. What ails HAMELETTE? Is he sick?

Queen. He is very sick.

King. I fear he is mad. You must speak to him, my dear. Here he comes. He must certainly be spoken to. *[Exit King.]*

Ham. Speak to him severely, madam. I will conceal myself behind the arras. He must certainly be spoken to.

[Conceals himself.]

Queen. I wish they had not left me alone with him. I begin to fear something may happen. The wind howls round the castle and the moon is overcast. I fear something terrible may happen. Why did they leave me alone with him? *(Enter HAMELETTE.)* Good evening, son.

Ham. A very disagreeable evening, mother.

Queen. HAMELETTE, your father is angry with you.

Ham. Mother, I am angry with my father.

Queen. Do not answer me, HAMELETTE. It is not right for a son to answer his mother.

Ham. It is not right for a mother to marry her deceased husband's brother.

Ham. (behind the arras). Help! a rat is behind the arras. I do not like rats.

Ham. Did some one say a rat? I will kill that rat.

[Makes a pass through the arras. The Chamberlain falls with a thud.]

Queen. HAMELETTE, what have you done?

Ham. I have killed a rat, mother.

[Pulls out the Chamberlain.]

Queen. I felt sure that something terrible would happen. I felt it as soon as I was left alone. I will go to the King.

Ham. You shall not go to the King.

Queen. HAMELETTE!

Ham. He killed my father. He killed him with poison as he was sleeping in his garden. Nothing is more certain than that he killed him.

Queen. Something terrible will certainly happen. *[Enter Ghost.]*

Ham. Why have you come again so soon?

Ghost. To warn you to be swift. I have come to warn you to be swift.

Ham. I will be swift. Do not fear that I shall not be very swift.

Queen. HAMELETTE, why do you stare like that? Oh! I begin to be afraid.

[Ghost vanishes.]

Ham. Did you see nothing?

Queen. I saw nothing.

Ham. There was nothing to see. Ha! ha!

Queen. My son is certainly going mad.

ACT III.—*Elsinore, a room in the castle.*

Oph. Where is my father?

Queen. HAMLETT has slain your father.

Oph. Ah! [Goes mad.]

Queen. Help her! She will fall.

[King goes to her assistance.]

Oph. (sitting on a seat). The wind is howling among the battlements. Hark how the wind howls. It has a fearful sound. Do you not hear its howling?

King (soothingly). There is no wind, OPHELIA.

Oph. And yet I can hear it shrieking over the battlements. It shrieks like a lost spirit. Do you not hear its shrieking?

King. We hear nothing. The air is quite still.

[Enter LAERTES, with drawn sword.]

Lae. Where is my father?

Queen. HAMLETT has slain your father.

Lae. But HAMLETT was to marry my sister.

Queen. Yet he has slain your father.

Lae. (seeing OPH.). OPHELIA, is it true that HAMLETT has slain our father?

Oph. The wind howls over the battlements. The wind shrieks like a lost spirit. No spirit was ever so lost as the wind. Do you not hear its shrieking?

Lae. Are you mad, OPHELIA?

Oph. I am quite mad, LAERTES.

Lae. My father is slain by HAMLETT, and because he is slain, my sister is distraught. King, I will be avenged on HAMLETT.

King. It is only right that you should be avenged on HAMLETT.

Queen. Did I not say something terrible was going to happen?

Oph. The wind is roaring terribly.

King. There is no wind, OPHELIA.

ACT IV.—*A hall in the castle. Two thrones at back of stage.*

King (solus). HAMLETT's madness increases; it increases terribly. There is no end to his madness. His father's ghost haunts the battlements. It is wrong that he should haunt them. My battlements should not be haunted by ghosts. He has slain my chamberlain, and it is wrong that my chamberlain should be slain. Moreover, OPHELIA has drowned herself in the pond. HAMLETT drowned her. And now LAERTES has sworn to kill HAMLETT. He has sworn by all the stars. This sword is poisoned. With this sword shall he slay him. This cup is poisoned. Of this cup shall HAMLETT drink. HAMLETT shall certainly die by the cup and the sword. I am certain that HAMLETT shall die.

[Takes his seat on one of the thrones.]

Enter LAERTES.

Lae. Tell me where HAMLETT is. I cannot find HAMLETT.

King. HAMLETT is coming hither with the Queen. Here is the sword with which you shall slay him. [LAERTES takes sword.]

Lae. With this will I slay HAMLETT. [Enter Queen and HAMLETT.] HAMLETT, I will kill you. Nothing is more certain than that I shall kill you, HAMLETT. [HAMLETT draws his sword.]

Queen. Something terrible will happen.

[Sits on throne.]

Ham. I also will kill you, LAERTES. I will kill you with the sword.



QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Jack. "WHAT DID YOU GIVE TOM BOUNCER A KISS FOR?"

Madge. "I DIDN'T GIVE HIM ONE."

Jack. "OH, WHAT A CRAM! I SAW YOU!"

Madge. "NO. I ONLY LET HIM STEAL ONE!"

King. Drink from this cup, HAMLETT. It will refresh you to drink from this cup.

Ham. I will not drink.

Queen. Give me the cup. I am thirsty.

King. Do not drink. [Queen drinks.]

Queen. I am very thirsty.

King. You should not have drunk of the cup.

Lae. Defend yourself, HAMLETT.

[They fight. HAMLETT is touched.]

Ham. I am wounded. Your sword is sharper than mine. I will fight with your sword.

Lae. Take it. Your sword is equally sharp.

King. Do not give him your sword.

Lae. Why should I not give him my sword? His sword is equally sharp.

[They exchange swords.]

Ham. Defend yourself, LAERTES.

[They fight again. LAERTES is touched.]

Lae. I am wounded.

Queen. I begin to feel very unwell. I think I am poisoned. Was there not poison in the cup?

Lae. The Queen is very pale.

Ham. The King also is very pale.

Queen. Oh, oh! I am very unwell indeed. I think I am going to die. There was poison in the cup.

Lae. I, too, am very unwell. I think I am going to die. There was poison on the sword. I am sure that the sword was poisoned.

Ham. The King is very pale. He is paler than the Queen. He is pale from fear. Drink wine, King.

King. I will not drink, HAMLETT.

Ham. If you do not drink, you will die.

[Raises his sword. The King drinks, staggers, and falls.]

King. Oh! I am slain.

Queen. Did I not say something terrible would happen? [Dies.]

Ham. My wound pains me. There is poison in my wound.

Lae. My wound also is poisoned. The poison burns like fire.

Ham. We are slain, LAERTES. Nothing is more certain than that we are slain.

Lae. I, too, am slain, HAMLETT.

Curtain.

SUMMER (?)

["North-easterly winds, equally; some showers, possibly snow."—*Weather Forecast, June 1.*]

HEAP on more wood! The wind is chill, But let it whistle as it will, We'll keep midsummer merry still.

Who praises winter? Who declares For January's gentle airs? Who, fondly wistful, would remember The balmy zephyrs of December? A fig for him! He knoweth not (To put it vulgarly) what's what. Give me the snell North-Easter gay That riots through the month of May, The snowy blast whose skirling tune Plays hurricanes in frozen June, The howling blizzard that shall fly In blinding drift through white July. These are for me. Compared with these, What is your soft December breeze? Away with cricket bat! Away With racquet! Bring the jingling sleigh, And don your furs, ye ladies gay! For mind you, 'tis already June, The ponds will all be bearing soon, And in a little ye shall fly On winged skates through white July.

Ho! heap the wood! Heap higher still! Spread Christmas cheer and eat your fill, Draw tight the cosy curtains all, What time the firelight fills the hall. So will we yet be blithe and jolly, And wreathed in mistletoe and holly, We'll feast without one vain regret, And keep midsummer merry yet.

TITLE FOR A NEW MILITARY PERIODICAL.—*The Powder Magazine.*



[Conductor. "'OLD TIGHT, LADY!']

Fare. "'OO ARE YOU CALLIN' A OLD TIGHT LADY? IMPIDENT YOUNG FELLER!']

THE BAR OF THE HOUSE.

["'They"—the present laws—"ought to be enforced on kitchen committees, noblemen, gentlemen, and even Members of Parliament, as strictly as on poor men, who (*sid*) I continually read of being heavily fined for the slightest infraction of those laws."—*Sir Wilfrid Lawson in the "Daily News."*]

To any thoughtful person's mind
It is a joy without a flaw
To feel that men of every kind
Are level in the eye of Law;
To know that, as the equal sun
Freckles the wicked and the just man,
Our constitution keeps but one,
One common code for duke and dustman.

Wife-breakers get the usual week
Although they hail from Eaton Square;
Infallibly the fearless beak
Impounds the burgling millionaire;
Between the ranks of low and high
The legal chances stand at evens;
And rules for gentle-folk apply
Also to Members of St. Stephen's!

Alas for manhood's equal lot!
My joy is withered when I think
That these above remarks do not
Include inebriative drink;
Your sense of justice will be shocked,
Dear Editor, as well as my sense,
To see the laws of England mocked,
And beer imbibed without a licence.

Full often as I contemplate
The honest pauper's public bar,
And see how relatively great
The clubman's privileges are;
One drinking all the Sabbath through,
The other's throttle parched and sticky—
Like unadulterated dew
My tears have weltered down my dickey!

But most I weep without reserve
That in this House, the home of Law,
Where Truth is noted for her nerve
And Justice for her ample jaw—
Unlicensed, undeterred by shame,
Exempt from fines or other Nemesis,
Tippie and such as take the same
May both be drunk upon the premises.

I notice how when I begin
To use the hopeful future tense
Of Love and Bliss that follow in
The train of Local Abstinence,
There is a movement, faint at first,
Then faster fly the feet and thicker,
As men withdraw to drown their thirst
In streams of cool and lawless liquor.

Not that they fear to find my speech
In manner, as in matter, dry,
For who, in Heaven's name, can reach
Such crystal depths of wit as I?
But since the sound of WILFRID'S voice
Rakes up the consciences of Members,
To that illegal fount, for choice,
They go to quench the quickened embers.

But, Peace! for at another Bar
The tapster now abides his fate,
Where lust of gin may never mar
The judgment of the Magistrate!
To count the victims ere they drop
(*Pendente lite*) seems a pity;
Meanwhile I drink—in ginger-pop—
Death to the Kitchen-knives' Committee!

THE KING ALFRED MILLENARY.

MY DEAREST GWEN,—People have all been talking so much about this dreadful war between Spain and America, that it is quite a relief to hear of another subject now beginning to crop up. Do you know anything about it, dear GWEN? [I mean this King ALFRED "millinery." Would it suit *me*, do you think? You know the style of hat I look best in, better than anybody in the world. Do write and say if I ought to go in for it. Fondest love from Your affectionate, MAUDE.

P.S.—I see "millinery" spelt "millenary." How utterly uneducated some people must be!!

"LORD BRASSEY at Battle." Such is the startling heading of a paragraph in Tuesday's papers, stuck in amongst other war news. But faithful Victoria need not grow anxious about the safety of its errant Governor. He has not gone to war with Spain, the United States, or even with China. The headline merely introduced the announcement that "Yesterday Lord BRASSEY visited Park Gate, Battle, the residence of his son."

AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Aristocratic audiences will of course fill the house in King Street to see the new piece by "OLIVER HOBBS." Mr. ALEXANDER will be able to head his advertisements, "Great attraction! On stage and in auditorium! HOBBS and Nobs!"



THREE'S COMPANY, TWO'S NONE.

BRITANNIA. "VERY GLAD TO SEE YOU TWO, MY DEARS, IN THE SAME BOAT. I'LL COME, TOO, IF THERE'S ROOM!"



A MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Would-be Vendor. "WITH THIS COB, SIR, IF YOU WAS TO LEAVE LONDON AT FOUR IN THE MORNING, YOU COULD BE IN BRIGHTON BEFORE BREAKFAST-TIME!"

Possible Purchaser. "BUT WHAT SHOULD I DO SO EARLY IN BRIGHTON?"

A DAY OF PLEASURE.

(From the Note-book of a Creature of Impulse.)

Not a cab to be seen anywhere! Early morning, and no constable to call one for me. Pretty state of things—might be murdered in our beds.

Mem.—Write to the Commissioner of Police.

Got to the station somehow. Book-stall opening. Boy in attendance. Want a daily paper. Boy has no change for a shilling!

Mem.—Write to Messrs. W. H. S. AND SON.

Train at last. Guard doesn't open door. Suppose because I am not travelling first class. Remonstrate. He does not answer, but whistles and waves his flag.

Mem.—Write to the traffic manager of the railway company.

Have to take an early omnibus to get to another station. Conductor gives me change for a shilling in pence.

Mem.—Write, as directed, to the secretary "in cases of incivility of the company's servants."

Have to take the boat. Official explains that the booking office is closed, and that I shall have to pay on board.

Mem.—Write to the editor of my favourite daily paper letter of complaint.

On board. No seats, no room. Captain—or some one whom I take for captain—expresses regret, but can give no redress.

Mem.—Write to the chairman of the steamboat company.

Settle down somehow. About noon get hungry. Have lunch. Ask for toast. Can't obtain it!



THE SCHOOL-BOY OF THE NEAR FUTURE.

The Thirteen-Year-Old (after reading "Hints on Physical Culture"). "Umph! Very good reading, excellent reasoning, and anatomically correct. Must really take down the dumb-bells. But then there's that powerfully-written book on 'Procrastination.' Besides, I must grind up my Political Economy, French, German, Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Physiology, Etymology, Theology, Geology, Astrotheology, Phonology, and Electrology. Yes; exercise is *rot* when you've got to pass an Exam.!"

Mem.—Write to the caterers.

Return home. Some of the passengers inclined to be rowdy.

Mem.—Write another letter to favourite newspaper.

Crowd getting off boat. Should be more gangways. Suppose Thames Conservancy responsible. At any rate, safe to communicate with the Mansion House.

Mem.—Write to Lord Mayor.

Cab home. Coachman inclined to overcharge. He expresses opinion that I am "no gentleman."

Mem.—Write to cab proprietor.

Mismaid my latchkey. Can't make any one hear. P.-C. not on his beat. Disgraceful. Might be all murdered in our beds.

Mem.—Once again, letter to Commissioner of Police.

Next day.—Forget all about it.

A Damped Cricketer on Play in May.

THE fielders stood out in a knee-deep lake,

While the downpour was just a-lulling;

When the batsmen ran (I make no mistake),

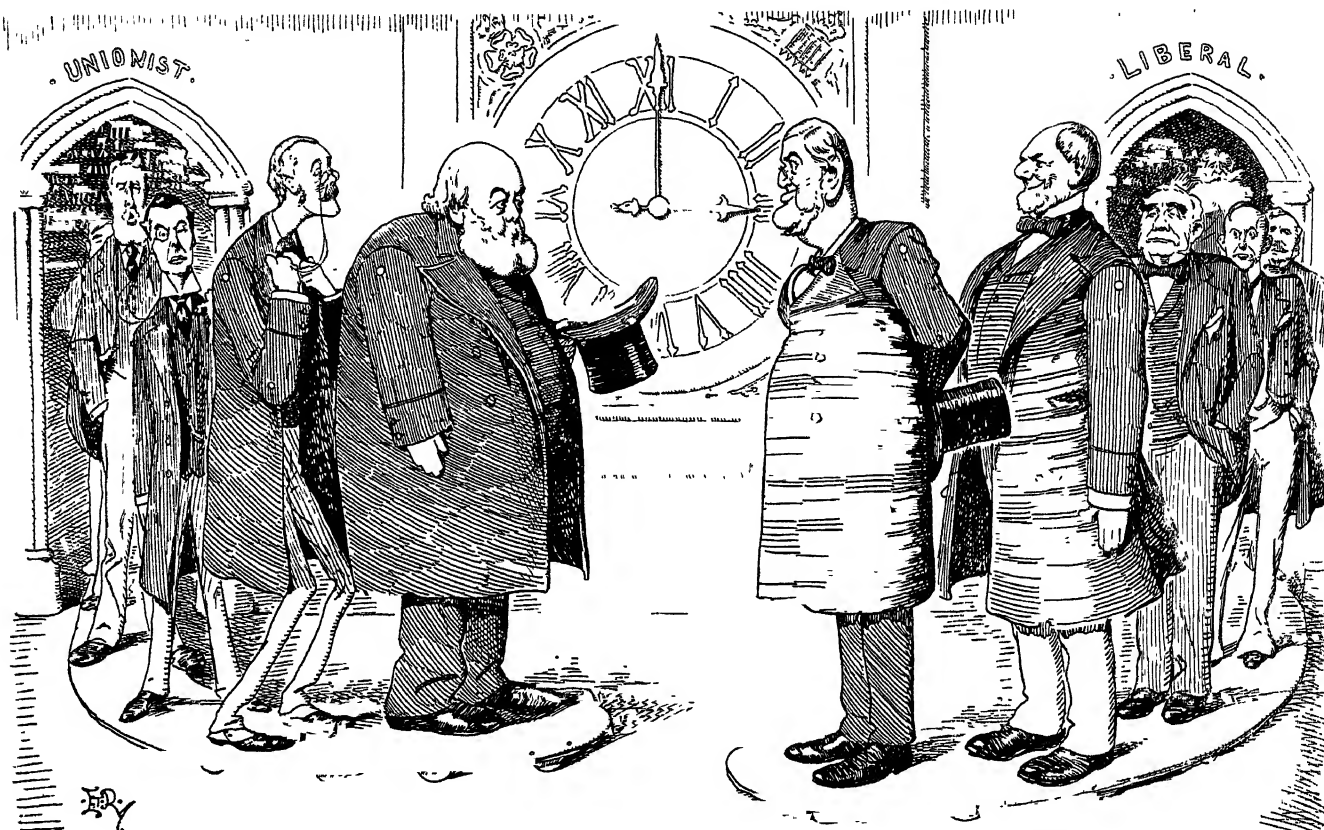
'Twas a sort of double sculling.

And then the umpires would bale the wicket,

An amphibious game, but it was not cricket!

MOST APPROPRIATE BOOK FOR A VISITOR TO OUR NON-CONSUMING-ITS-OWN-SMOKE METROPOLIS.—*Black's Guide.*

ITALIA IRREDENTA.—The present Ministry at the Quirinal.



THE WESTMINSTER CLOCK-WORKS.

AS THE HOUR OF RE-OPENING STRIKES, THE WELL-KNOWN FIGURES EMERGE FROM A RECESS ON EACH SIDE AND MEET AS USUAL.

"WHY VEGETARIAN?"

(See Article in "Nineteenth Century" for June.)

MY DEAR SIR HENRY THOMPSON,—You are not a vegetarian. Not a bit of it. There were many heresies of old, and the Arian was one of the chief. Nowadays, it is the Veget-Arian who is really quite outside your Orthodox Rules and Regulations for Food and Feeding. Your "reply to critics" in the *Nineteenth Century* is most excellent, and knocks on the head the garbler who rearranges your remarks to suit his quotations. Sir HENRY, you are honoured. What writings are those which the enemy of mankind quotes to suit his own purpose? I do not pause for a reply. Such a critic of your work is, to apply an Ibsenian title to him, a "Headerless Garbler." When your works, Sir HENRY, shall be collected in an "octavo," your advice will be found invaluable for all time, all ages, and all appetites, and your "menus" will be to all sensible persons "menus plaisirs."

Do I know any one man who is purely and simply (very simply) a vegetarian? Let me consider. I know a Latin professor, who says he lives on "Ter-nips per diem." Lives! Nay, he exists. And for how long? Some style themselves "vegetarians" because they won't walk, and say that they have arrived at that time of life which may be styled a "Cab age." Another I know is followed over the sheep-fields by a canine companion, termed by him, "the Collie Flower of the Flock." The diner who never has more than one friend to share his meal, calls himself a "Tater-Tater," but I question whether he limits himself and companion to this vegetable. Another, a traveller, who says he never wanders into unknown paths, professes therefore to be always living on "beat routes." This is far-fetched, but as I said, he is a traveller, and just arrived from a very long way off.

You, Sir HENRY, are right. You always are right, whether you are aware of it or not. And those who follow your advice will insure for themselves a beautiful present (when their birthday comes round) and a still happier future with a cheerful retrospect. This summed up means "Contentment," the result of good digestion. So, Sir HENRY, "à votre santé!"

ONE WHO BELONGS, TO A "MIXED FEDERATION."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. LE GALLIENNE'S *Romance of Zion Chapel* (JOHN LANE), despite the vicious weakness of its hero and its second heroine, is a touching story of earthly love, excused by hopelessly false sentiment, and brought to its logical conclusion by a pagan mode of death. The picture of the broken-hearted girl dying of "a great shock" is genuinely pathetic. One of the two essential situations seems as if inspired by a subtle reminiscence of the wonderful forest scene in ZOLA's *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret*. Mr. LE GALLIENNE is a writer "with incumbrances." These "incumbrances" are his affected mannerisms which, when he has settled down to his work, and is going straight ahead with his story, and "going strong" too, he casts to the winds as *impedimenta*, and we wish that he would never retrace his steps to pick them up at his leisure. "RICHARD is himself again" only when he becomes desperately in earnest.

The Datchet Diamonds (WARD, LOCK & Co.), by RICHARD MARSH, is a high-pressure express pace novel, whose hero, a somewhat unprincipled young man, gets into a serious difficulty as wilfully as did the man who, being "wondrous wise," jumped into a quickset hedge and scratched out both his eyes, and who, with much the same tact and impulsive energy as was exhibited by the hero of the immortal nursery rhyme, proceeds to get himself out of the difficulty with satisfaction to his friends, to the girl of his heart, and to the absorbed reader. Decidedly, read it!

Scribes and Pharisees, by WILLIAM LE QUEUX (F. V. WHITE & Co.). Cleverly-told story of Bohemian life in Paris and London. Just a flavour of *Trilby* in the earliest portion. The *dénouement* leaves it a trifle uncertain as to the actual guilt of the accessory before the fact, but though the murder is at the beginning, the mystery about it is preserved to the very end. With this novel at hand you need not regret imprisonment in the house by bad weather for a whole afternoon. BARON DE B.-W.

PIPER FINDLATER, late of the Gordon Highlanders, has, it appears from the *Westminster Gazette*, "declined Balmoral situation." Will the Alhambra continue to "pay the Piper"?



Old Gentleman. "WELL, MY LITTLE MAN, AND HOW MANY FISH HAVE YOU CAUGHT?"
 Bad Boy. "AH, YOU DON'T CATCH ME! I KNOW! YOU JUST WANT ME TO TELL YOU, AND THEN YOU 'LL SAY 'HALVES!'"

FLITTINGS.

Pietermaritzburg (or, P.M.Burg, for short),
 April 23, 1898.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—We have flitted at length into the "Garden Colony," and struck a really nice place in the capital with the above polysyllabic name. Some of the inhabitants, I believe, call it "Sleepy Hollow," and the Zulu designation is "Umgungunhlovu," a pretty little series of gurgles and clicks, which they tell me means "Home of the Elephant." Please ask RIDER HAGGARD if this is correct. Nearly every name begins in a tentative way with Um—. The river here calls itself the Umsindusi, and there are the Umgeni, Umgababa, Umkomaas, and so forth, in the neighbourhood, and for all one knows, Umslopogaas may be the name of your ricksha-boy.

These latter products of Natal swarm in the streets. They are mostly clad in a sort of bathing costume, and are not of a high order of intelligence. It is useless giving them any direction, as they trot along like a horse, blowing with a peculiar whistle when winded. If you want to go to the right, you say the Kaffir for "the hand you eat with," to the left "the hand you forget with" (which seems rather a Hibernicism); when you wish to stop, "Hlalagahla" (hasten slowly) does the trick, if you can manage to pronounce it. It sounds like shlahlagashla, shillelaghastly, or something of the sort.

Ladysmith, where we stopped on the way from Johannesburg, is not a particularly lively place, though it is called the Aldershot of South Africa. The native police there are astonishing objects. They have two or three knobkerries, a gum ring round their heads, a salt-spoon or tooth-brush, or some other etcetera, thrust through their ears, their beards twisted into five or six very thin spikes, and bare legs and feet. We looked in at a murder trial in the court. The evidence, given through an interpreter, seemed to turn on the question as to whether the deceased was killed after he was dead, or *vice versa*. Anyhow, the process of cross-examination was so tedious that one of the defendants went to sleep, and had to be prodded up by the aforesaid guardians of the peace. To slumber unconcernedly while your own life is at stake seems the height of indifference, but it is characteristic of the Kaffir.

The railway from Ladysmith is one of the corkscrewiest in existence—so much so that it serves many passengers as a sea voyage when the train is chasing its own tail round curves of two

or three chains and down gradients of 1 in 30. We found it, however, a pleasant drive down the mountain heights on to the well-wooded plain, in the centre of which lies P.M.Burg. The feathery branches of the wattles and the blue-gum leaves brush the train windows as you burrow through the verdant tunnels. To-morrow to visit an old rascal of a native chief in his kraal, and then on to Durban, which is the beginning of India.

Yours, in the meanwhile, Z. Y. X.

LANDSCAPE AND LITERATURE.

[Whilst they recognised the potent influence which the scenery of the country had exerted on the progress of literature, they could look forward to a fresh extension of that influence as the outcome of geological investigation.—*Romances Lectur* of Sir Archibald Geikie.]

OH, nature, whose charms have so often been sung,
 To whom poets for ages have looked for inspiring,
 Around you the verse of all nations has clung
 Until of your pæans we're apt to be tiring.

We've revelled in meadows, in mountains, in trees,
 Brooks, forests and gardens—we've lived in the thick of them;
 The nightingale's warblings, the hummings of bees,
 We've heard of so often we're getting quite sick of them;

Yet oft though your face has by progress been marred,
 Till the verse in its honour must needs grow inferior,
 Still this one resource there remains to the bard—
 This brilliant suggestion—explore your interior.

His eye in a frenzy of fancy may glean,
 Mid primitive vestiges new inspirations,
 Find ballads and sonnets in notes pliocene,
 And rondeaus in paleozoic formations.

With backgrounds of lava and igneous rocks,
 Weird pictures long buried await the explorer;
 Grim epics of earthquakes, upheavals and shocks,
 And lyrics of fossilized fauna and flora.

So piercing the crust of exterior clouds,
 Through richly-strown strata, seductive and streaky,
 While on paths of geology Pegasus plods,
 The wrinkle he'll thank to Sir ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

OPERATIC NOTES. - 73719

Tuesday.—While the Cyclists, the Professional Wagnerian Cyclists, are hard at work during the day practising, we are treated to quite un-Wagnerian old friends in the evening. So to-night it is Madame Calvé as *Carmen*. To have seen and heard her once in this part is a joy for ever. Calvé is incomparable; the real Spanish *Carmen* from head to foot; as she was the genuine Italian as *Santuzza*. Equally at home in Spain or Italy, and yet, when at home, French. Her singing is of the first quality, and her acting equals her singing: result, perfection. House crammed to hear her. "Toréador contento" just caught the encore as it was dropping, and M. RENAUD did his Toréadore'st with what power he has at his disposal; but, as a matter of fact, the Toréador himself is a genuine Spanish "Bouder," and M. RENAUD doesn't quite fill the part. Miss MARTIE ENGLE as "the girl he left behind him," personified virtue



"Carmines di superi, placantur, carmine Manes."—*Horace*.

"Boxes, gallery, pit, and stall,
Calvé, as *Carmen*, delights them all."—*Free Translation*.

in pale blue and pink, and was in every way charming. Miss Utilissima BAUERMEISTER-singer, as one of the naughty gipsy girls, quite all right again, wherast audience delighted. As to the chorus-cum-dancing in last act, steps should be taken for its improvement. Calvé has discarded the black glittering dress she used to wear "once upon a time," as now she sports orange velvet. How quaintly she dresses her hair in flat bandeaux, too! M. BONNARD did his level best as *Don José*, the infirm-of-purpose young man, and in the last act, got a bit above himself, dramatically.

Wednesday.—Welcome, MOZART! *Le Nozze di Figaro*, with aristocratic Madame EAMES quite perfect as the Countess; Madame DE LUSSAN good as ever in the part of the cheeky Cherubino, the Italian Buttons; while Madame NORDICA, as *Susanna*, gave us a missis-piece, which, we suppose, is the feminine of masterpiece, and if not, it ought to be. M. EDOUARD DE RESZKE was indisposed (weather very trying for throats just now), and so M. DUFRICHE was elevated to the rank of Count for the occasion. His sudden accession to the ranks of the Italian aristocracy was perhaps just a little too much for him, if the tremolo in his voice may be taken as indicating nervousness. Harpsichord and piano assisted in orchestra, piano giving his old friend a lead, and putting him right when slightly in error. M. RANDEGGER, conducting, seemed pleased, and Miss BAUERMEISTER excellent as *Marcellina*, a wonderful transformation!

By the way, in his next morning's notice of the *Nozze*, the

scholarly critic of the *Daily Telegraph* wrote, "Madame EAMES was in admirable voice" ("Hear! hear!" from ourselves), "and there were not a few present who would gladly have heard her repeat 'Dove Sono.'" Most of us would have been considerably astonished had Madame EAMES, as the Countess, sung "Dove Sono" even once; but what would have been the feelings of Madame NORDICA, in whose part, that of *Susanna*, the song "Dove Sono" occurs! Wouldn't Madame NORDICA have been justified in quoting with indignation the very words of the song, the translation of which is worth producing:—

"Heav'ns! Where am I! What presumption!
Have you ar'd—but hence, away!"

And the bold Countess, who has neither part nor parcel in that particular scene, would have had to retreat before the face of the justifiably irritated waiting woman, who would not have waited any longer. But such *lapses calami* will occasionally happen in the criticisms of the best regulated pen-masters.

Rest, and refreshing ourselves for the Great Cycling Wagnerian Show.

THE FIN DE SIÈCLE SUITOR.

I LOVE you in an all absorbing, fond, unselfish way,
I dream of you the long night thro', I think of you each day,
Whene'er I hear your voice, my dear, a spell o'er me is cast,
The rapture of your presence is (I'm certain) bound to last.

On you I'll pour the loving store and treasures of my heart,
With riches of an earthly kind I am more loth to part,
I'll sing your praise in loving lays, for are you not my queen?
You'll find the verses published in our local magazine.

So deep is my affection I would joyfully propose,
But for one great objection, which now I will disclose,
Intense is your suspense, so I'll endeavour to be short,
The fact is, that a husband you're not able to support.



ENGLISH DEMAND AND GERMAN SUPPLY.

Mr. Punch (*Chief Correspondence Clerk*). "ANY VACANCIES FOR FOREIGN CLERKS IN THIS OFFICE? YES, THERE ARE—PLENTY; AND WILL BE UNTIL JOHN BULL'S SONS LEARN SENSE—AND MODERN LANGUAGES!"

"[Much of the commercial knowledge of Germany has been supplied by young Germans who have been employed as clerks in Great Britain, mostly as foreign correspondents. British clerks cannot be used as foreign correspondents, because not one in a thousand can correspond correctly in any foreign language.]—*Consular Report from Stettin, issued by Foreign Office.*"



"No, DEAREST, IT WOULD NOT BE AT ALL RIGHT TO TAKE DOLLIES TO CHURCH."
 "BUT, MAMMA DEAR, IT WOULD NOT MATTER IF I ONLY TOOK THE ONE WHO SHUTS HER EYES, WOULD IT?"

CROSS PURPOSES.

(Fragment from a future Romance of War.)

"PRIVATE ATKINS," said the C. O., "I congratulate you upon leading that forlorn hope so successfully."

"I merely did my duty, Sir," was the respectful reply.

"No, no," returned the Colonel, "you are too modest. To scale a parapet, spike the guns, and hoist the British flag single-handed was no small achievement."

"Any one of my company, Sir, would have done the same."

"I doubt it. Your bravery was heroism that does not belong to the whole world. Now I will tell you what I am going to do. I am going to recommend you for—"

"Stay, Sir," cried the soldier, trembling and turning pale. "And remember that I am wounded, and can no longer serve in the old corps."

"But the decoration can be worn——"

"You mean well, Sir," again interrupted the private; "but remember that within a week I shall be a civilian."

"Still, it will be a distinction for ever."

"But, Sir," pleaded ATKINS, earnestly, "I cannot afford it."

"Why, how will it affect you?"

"It will keep me from the footlights. Believe me, I can get an engagement to play the title-role of *Henry the Fifth*. Do not thwart me, Sir, do not thwart me."

"Be it as you will."

PRIVATE ATKINS fell on one knee, and kissed his commanding officer's hand. Then, rising gracefully, he retired, obtained his discharge, and appeared in SHAKESPEARE'S military masterpiece for 750 consecutive nights.

"The three letters are better than two," he murmured, as he returned from a paying-in visit to his bankers: "£ s. d.!"

THE MUSIC CURE.

["The *British Medical Journal* has recently been discussing Music as a cure for nervous complaints. The 'music cure' had considerable vogue some time ago in Germany, and a special hospital for its systematic application was established in Munich."—*Westminster Gazette*.]

It is not all that deem it sweet

When friends will make a noise on
 Fiddle or flute, for one man's meat
 May be another's poison.
 When JONES is in the dumps, you see,
 His melancholy flute 'll
 Beguile his care, while as for me,
 I simply hate its tootle.

Whate'er his sorrow—should the duns
 Grow restless and abuse him—
 Should she he loves of all the ones
 That he has asked, refuse him—
 Should the greengrocer have declined
 (Greengrocers will be brutal)
 To send the coals, still he will find
 Some comfort in his tootle.

But not so I. And when he swears
 That nothing can be finer
 To soothe my toothache than sweet airs
 Breathed softly in *C minor*,
 I, trembling like an aspen-tree,
 And racked in every root, 'll
 Make answer with a *major D*,
 "Oh, stop that blessed tootle!"

Well, well, but *chacun à son goût*.
 The same old tale, you see, Sir;
 What may be meat and drink to you,
 Is poison unto me, Sir.
 If prudence comes not to my friend,
 Some day my angry boot 'll
 Crush that confounded flute and end
 Its everlasting tootle.

A SUGGESTION.—Everybody who knows anything about the Show at Earl's Court, is familiar with the pleasant "Welcome Club" so conveniently situated in the gardens of the Exhibition. The "Welcome Club" is a good title, so suggestive of hospitality to guests. Now, as there are many excellent persons who, for some reason or other, or, for no reason in particular, are unable to become members of the Athenæum, the Marlborough, the St. James's, the Jockey, the Turf, the Reform, the Garrick, Constitutional, and other clubs too numerous to mention, and who may have been vigorously, but of course most unjustly, pilled at almost all the best clubs in London, would it not be eminently useful and advantageous to start the "Unwelcome Club," open to every "Unwelcomer" in whose faces all other London clubs had closed their doors? It would not be very difficult to name a President, likewise to nominate a Committee, for this club. Yearly subscriptions should be paid in advance, and the entrance fee should be considerable.

Ars est Celare Artem.

Of Art they say the highest kind
 Is truly to conceal it,
 And this, no doubt, is why we find
 So very few reveal it.

MOTTO FOR THOSE WHO CONSIDER A TWO-PENNY THAMES TRIP BETWEEN CARLYLE PIER AND LONDON BRIDGE AS REFRESHING.
 —"Dulce est desipere in smoko."



by Charles Keene

WHAT WILL THEY DO WITH 'EM?

["Your Majesty has been pleased to express to us, telegraphically, your most gracious appreciation, and, as a sign of the consolidation of our mutual friendship and good relations, to confer upon us the most high order of the Black Eagle."] In response, we confer upon your Majesty our First Class Double Dragon."—*Extract from telegram sent by the Emperor of China to the Emperor William of Germany. Vide Daily Papers, June 6.*

HOBBS-ERVATIONS ON THE ST. JAMES'S COMEDY.

IN *The Ambassador*, written by Mrs. CRAIGIE (alias "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS," authoress of many clever novels), the management of the St. James's Theatre presents to the public that very rare article, a genuine modern comedy. It is wittily written, and excellently played; moreover, it is brilliantly "mounted" (Mr. ALEXANDER riding to win), and, once the machinery is set in motion, and the principal figures begin to work, there is not an approach to a dull moment throughout the play, except in the opening of the second act, when a set of well-dressed ladies, seated all in a row, as if they were asked to a party in order to give an amateur female Christy Minstrel entertainment and were only awaiting the arrival of their musical instruments, ask one another, and answer, some "society" conundrums. Here, for once, the stage management is at fault, and produces a burlesque effect at the expense of the comedy.

Then, again, the childish silly scene at the Major's rooms in Act III., wherein *Major Hugo Lascelles*, capably played by Mr. FRED TERRY, a *blasé* man about town, is represented as giving a supper-party to an elderly professional mother and her three professional dancing and singing daughters, between nineteen and fourteen years of age, whose vulgarity is brought out into the strongest relief by the conscientious acting of Mrs. F. JACKSON, Miss LUCY WEBLING, Miss MARY JERROLD, and Miss FAITH FITZROY. These useless characters might, with advantage, be entirely omitted. This drastic remedy may have been suggested during rehearsal; perhaps the authoress stuck to her pop-guns, and the great commander, ALEXANDER, had to yield to feminine HOBBS-tinacy.

Mr. ALEXANDER, as the British Ambassador, a man of about forty or forty-five, cool, cynical, witty and wise, yet for all that, an impulsive, passionate pilgrim when in love, may reckon this as among the very best of his histrionic successes. There is not a false note throughout his rendering of the character that Mrs. CRAIGIE has so carefully delineated. No less praise must be awarded to Miss FAY DAVIS as the ingenious young girl, *Juliet Gainsborough*, though it is sad to think of her future when, as there is a difference of twenty or twenty-five years between her age and that of *Lord St. Orbyn*, the latter, if both survive the experiment, will be a sedentary sixty-five to her frisky forty! Awful to contemplate. *Passons*.

Mr. H. B. IRVING is delightfully amusing as the Second Attaché. His performance in this character is that of a genuine comedian: the melodramatic manner associated with a brief career of stage villainy being as utterly discarded as if he had always walked in the pleasant, peaceful paths of dramatic virtue. From his rather Mephistophelian "make-up," the audience are at first inclined to set him down as "the villain of the piece." How the wisest among us are constantly liable to be deceived by appearances! Would not any audience imagine that in being introduced to Mr. FRED TERRY as *Major Hugo Lascelles*, with pale face, dark moustache, and iron-grey hair, they were making the acquaintance of an accomplished scoundrel, a kind of *Hawksley* in *Still Waters Run Deep*, judging him, that is, by the reports of his conduct which had reached them in the



Minister's Wife. "TOMMY CROWTHER, YOU HAVEN'T WASHED YOUR FACE TO-DAY!"
Tommy Crowther. "TAIN'T SUNDAY!"

first act. Yet it is soon made evident that the philanthropic Major is exceptionally kind and nice to boys and girls, loving to entertain the latter, with a discreet chaperone, in his bachelor quarters, at quite a nursery supper-party, while as to his pure and Colonel-Newcomesque affection for lads about seventeen or thereabouts, is it not evinced by his winning five hundred pounds from *Master Vivian Beauvedere* (admirably played by Mr. H. V. ESMOND, especially in the emotional scene when the youth struggles to suppress his choking tears of gratitude), and, subsequently restoring to the boy his cheque through *Juliet*, to whom he explains that he has only intended to give *Master Vivian* a lesson? Ahem! Do we inexperienced

playgoers entirely believe this iron-grey-haired, middle-aged, benevolent, gambling *roué*? Well, who among the audience would be the first to suggest a game of *écarté* with this *preux chevalier-d'industrie*?

Good also is Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH as the still sentimental "*femme de trente ans*" (and a trifle over), with whom at first we are led to believe the astute diplomatist is in love.

Mr. ALEXANDER is to be congratulated on producing the work of "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS," and likewise "JOHN OLIVER HOBBS" is to be equally congratulated on having her first play produced by Mr. ALEXANDER. As to the successful career of this play, we can only record our *imprimatur*, "*Nihil 'Hobbes'-tat.*"



THE ACIDITY OF THE GRAPE.

First Genius (whose work is "scied," commenting on Picture by an R.A.). "NOT MUCH OF A THING, IS IT?"

Second Genius (whose work is "out"). "STONISHING WHAT DUFFING HOWLERS MEN ALWAYS PAINT AS SOON AS THEY'RE ELECTED TO THE ACADEMY!"

"THE RING" AND THE BOOK.

Monday.—Das Rheingold. Vespers at 8.30 sharp. Reach my dim religious pew just as voluntary opens.

Curtain rises on vertical section of Rhine. How management keeps noble river from getting over footlights I cannot think. Nor how these three nymphs sing so beautifully under water without swallowing any of it. Nor yet how they go on Wagala-weia-ing, as *Woglande* calls it, for about twenty minutes at same angle without moving legs. Have seen shows at Royal Aquarium, but nothing to compare with this.

Forget how many feet of water Rhine-steamers draw; but think large pointed rock in centre of river-bed must be very dangerous. Management thinks so too, and puts a little beacon on it. This attracts attention of *Alberich*, who goes up crag in small hydraulic lift and helps himself to Rheingold. Refer to Book of Words for his motive, which, I am told, is *leit*. My translation (by a Mr. FORMAN), said to be "in the alliterative verse of the original," gives me following lucid assistance:—

"Dream you no dread?
Then smother the dark
Your drivelling smiles!
Your light let I begone;

"The gold I clutch from the rock
And clench to the greatingen ring;
For lo! how I curse
Love, be witness the water!"

Somehow, this touches me, though I am left with impression that WAGNER is a humorist, and *Alberich* no gentleman.

Gather later that *Wotan* (really magnificent basso, with one eye) has made terms with Messrs. *Fafner* and *Fasolt*, builders and contractors, for erecting little place called Walhalla. In recognition of services has made them graceful concession of *Freia*, lady relation of gods. *Fricka*, his wife, and sad thorn in his robust flesh, proposes breach of covenant. High contracting

parties meet in what my Book calls "an open district," with pleasant view of building in dispute. Scenery trembles as the two F's come on in the guise of a couple of Zoo-bears, one Arctic and the other black, with nice natural climbing-poles. If fault can be found with them it is their knees, which show weakness in descending staircase through boulders. Follows noisy altercation, with now and then something faintly suggestive of an air.

Presently enter referee, in jaunty person of *Loge*, wearing scarlet livery of *Mephisto*: a most eligible premier *loge*, enjoying uninterrupted view of this and other situations. Suggests that he could put *Wotan* into good thing in gold mines, dividends of which might compensate Messrs. *Fafner* and *Fasolt* for moral damage. *Wotan* much tickled at notion of getting inside market Ring. As Book puts it, with quiet humour:—

"The hoop to have with me
Hold I wholly for wisdom."

Adjournment to Underground. Here *Alberich* has got a specimen of Rheingold crushings on leading finger. Also Nibelung midgets have built him a hat, which he calls a Tarn-Helm. What he can do with the tarn thing is shewn when *Loge* and *Wotan* step into his Inferno, trying not to look more like VIRGIL and DANTE than they can help. First he goes behind property rock, turns on steam, and comes out as the best prehistoric dragon I have ever seen outside pages of *Punch*. Goes jabberwoking off to right wing in jerky coils, a triumph of stage-management; then comes back smiling and blushing as Herr NEBE. Mephistophelian cunning of *jeune premier Loge* now revealed in following dialogue, given here in the rough from memory, without alliteration:—

Alberich (after quick change from dragon). Not bad, was it?

Loge. Very fine and large. Suppose you couldn't have done it on a smaller scale? *Alb.* Why, certainly.

Loge. Couldn't turn into a toad, could you? *Alb.* Of course I could.

Loge. What, a little one? *Alb.* Small as you like.

Loge. Small enough to go through a key-hole? *Alb.* Rather; you see.

Puts on hat and goes behind another property-rock. Steam as before. *Loge* (who wouldn't hit a dragon his own size) is on to toad like knife; and *Alberich*, on resuming own shape, finds his arms pinioned with piece of coarse string.

To make prodigiously long story short, his whole hoard, including hoop, has to go to pay bill of release. Entire collection has, however, to be handed over to Messrs. *Fafner* and *Fasolt* in consideration of discharge of lady in contract. They stipulate for a heap big enough to hide charming figure of *Fräulein WEND*. Personally, I could see nearly all of her quite easily round corner.

Partners of firm of *Fafner* and *Fasolt* now dispute over spoil.

Carried away by stress of avarice black bear kills other one. At least, so it says in Book. In point of fact, white bear, in hurry of moment, ran completely off stage; leaving black bear stabbing with his pole at nothing in particular. Black bear may not have noticed that white bear was missing from scene, his eye being rivetted on conductor, so as to get in his blows in time with muffled drum, playing *rallentando*. As it was, he finished one beat too soon.



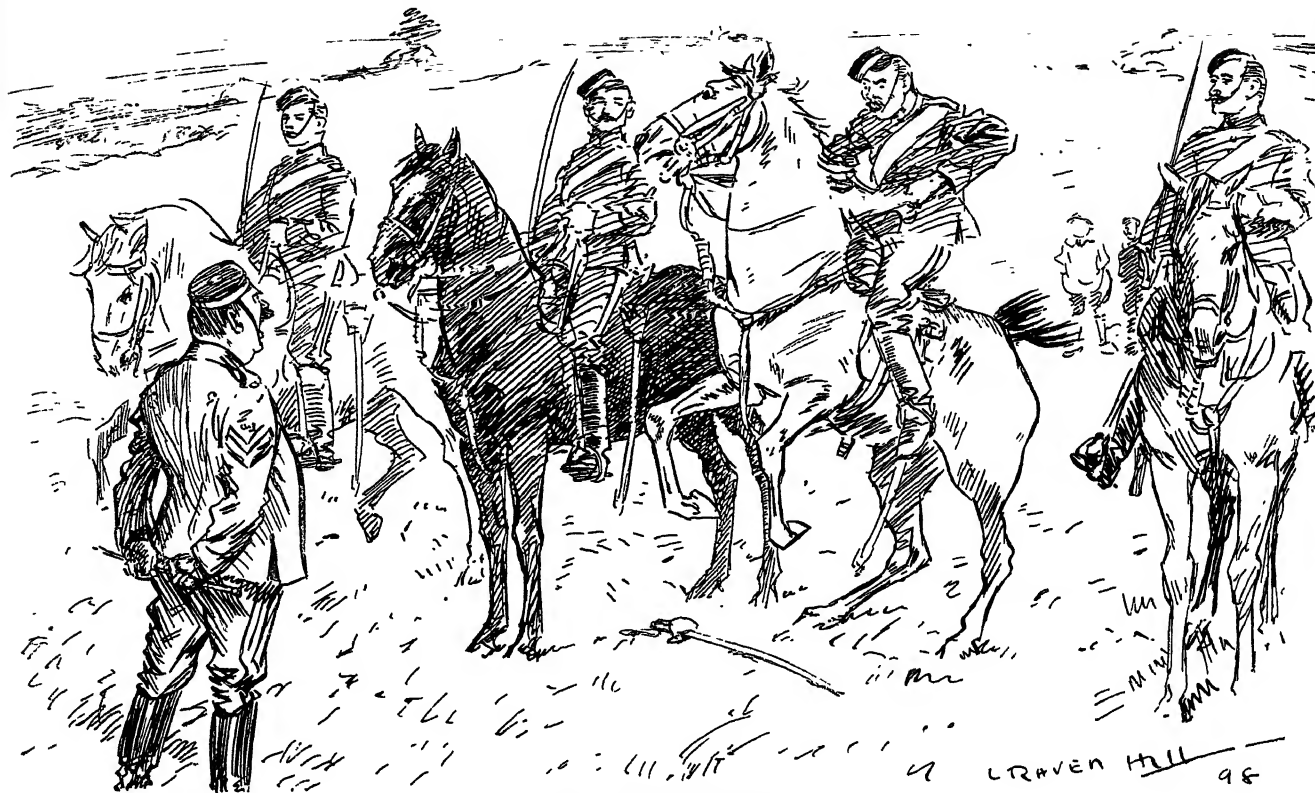
Fafner kills Fasolt to slow music.

Seems that there is a curse, as well as a *leit-motif*, connected with this Rhine-gold. *Wotan*, well rid of it, is invited to go and sample new building. Contract had said nothing of carriage-drive or other approach. So somebody, under cover of mists and audible conversation of stage-carpenters, puts up bridge across valley. Tawdry, card-board piece of work, as much like the rainbow it was meant for as my crush-hat. In Book, the architect of this *pons asininus* is made to say:—

"Though built lightly looks it,
Fast and fit is the bridge;

"It helps your feet
Without fear to the hall!"

This statement full of falsehood; which does not escape the



OUR YEOMANRY.

Sergeant Major. "NUMBER THREE, WHERE'S YOUR SWORD?"

Recruit (who finds practice very different from theory). "ON THE GROUND. CARN'T SEE 'UN!"

gods, who have some sense, and decline to carry out stage-instructions, which order them to be in act of crossing bridge when curtain falls.

A great performance, creditable to every man, woman and god that played a part: and notably to *Wotan* (VAN ROOY), *Fricka* (Miss MARIE BREMA), *Loge* (VAN DYCK), and the lady-nymphs, Von ARTNER, HIESER, and SCHUMANN HEINE.

On Wednesday, the *Walküre*; a *matinée*-evening performance. Cannot think what clothes to put on for it. Wish there was some rational Cycle costume for this sort of thing. MOTT should be the only wear.

Wednesday, 5 P.M.—*Die Walküre*. Never saw a man so tired as *Siegmond* (late *Loge*) when he calls at *Hunding's* country-seat after a hard day with the hounds. Took something under five minutes to walk from the front door to the sofa; chest going in and out like a concertina. A drink, that takes almost as long (my Book of Words calls it "a well," but there is no Truth in this), picks him up at last; and his long-lost twin sister, Mrs. *Hunding*, sings to him as sweetly as any bird I know.

Presently host arrives in great voice. He was *Fasolt* on Monday. Said at the time that *Fafner* didn't really kill him. They sit down to supper, but don't touch it, as things are rather strained, *Hunding* having frankly promised to shoot *Siegmond* early next morning after a hospitable night's rest. Wife, however, drugs his posset so well that he hears nothing of a lovely loud duet that the twins sing in the dining-room.

Meanwhile, twins arrange to elope, being encouraged by view of a Spring-night with gentle-waving scenery seen through an exceedingly large pair of folding-doors in wall. "In the Spring a young man's fancy," &c. All ends by *Siegmond* drawing, with extraordinary muscular effort, large sword from out of trunk of central ash-tree, piece of furniture which was then *de rigueur* in the best families. Calls it a mere *Nothung*; but I trembled lest he should bring tree away with it.

A very perfect scene, marred only by inevitable defects of music's qualities. Will freely admit that WAGNER as poet has better chance against WAGNER as composer than any other librettist ever gets. But drama goes desperately slow. Every action, from vulgar processes of drinking or panting, to passionate movements of love and death (see *Fasolt's* decease) have to take their time from the orchestra. And do what Herr MOTT will—and he works miracles—he is bound, with all the wind at his

command, to keep the mummers marking time while he comes up. As for VAN DYCK, though his motions are a little spasmodic, and for Madame EAMES, though she can hardly be said to give herself away at this irregular bridal, and was never meant by nature even to approach verge of impropriety, they deserve all the enthusiasm they win from an audience whose attitude is of the most correct.

6.15.—My spirit caught up from my body; the latter turned out for purposes of ventilation. How can I go and eat earthly food in interval? During this waste hour and a half must of course keep life going; but let me purify my flesh by temperance, and remain receptive.

9.45.—*Have missed second act*. Learn from one of Faithful, who has dined more wisely but less well, that *Brünnhilde* has annoyed her parent by seconding *Siegmond* in his duel with outraged husband. Is to hear further of this at some length.

Third act opens with delightful quartette of Condemnation Lasses distributing *War Cry*. Fresh *cuirassiers* join them, coming down lightning switch-back in rear, and putting up chargers in Covent Garden Cloak Room. All agree that *Brünnhilde*, who comes in with widow of late duellists, *Siegmond* and *Hunding*, will have had quarter-of-an-hour with *Wotan* when he arrives; thus under-estimating length of approaching duetto. When the god appears, magnificent in war-paint and singing divinely, he dismisses the rest of the Valkyries so as to have a few words alone with erring daughter. Before the ladies have time to think of mounting, the dummy chargers scoot previously up the switch-back into space: two distinct whistles from the flies shew that some of cavalry are left calling for four-wheelers.

No space to tell of painful family scene that ensues. Awful punishment awaits daughter at hands of affectionate father, whom it hurts more than her. She has to lie flat on a plank-bed with only a shield for counterpane, and wait till *Siegfried* is born and gets old enough to marry her. To test honesty of that hero's intentions, ring of fire is supposed to go round her. In point of fact, it only goes across middle of stage, leaving easy and obvious approach for suitor by either front wing.

Miss MARIE BREMA, if she did not quite look the part of a Valkyrie, played it with strong feeling, and sang past all praise; Herr VAN ROOY was god-like every way.

To-morrow, *Siegfried*; but on that and the rest please await next week the learned opinion of THE STALLED OX.



Actor (on the stage). "ME MIND IS MADE UP!"

Voice from the Gallery. "WHAT ABREAOUT YER FICE?"

THE COUNTY QUALIFICATION.

From far Australian prairies,
From India's sultry plains,
(The situation varies,
The principle remains.)
To England's richest counties,
Where gates and fees are high,
Athirst for "foreign bounties,"
They come to qualify.

What though a R—I
Afar off has his birth,
Where man's complexion's dingy,
The hue of mother earth;
Since each man, to his humour,
Fresh fatherlands annex,
Sussex gets M—A,
T—T plays for Middlesex.

Thus, then, in haste and hurry,
Each player seeks new spots,
And qualifies for Surrey,
Though born in Yorks or Notts;
Like AARON'S rod the new one
Still swallowing the rest,
That county's still his true one
That only pays the best.

WILL ANY ONE SUGGEST A REMEDY?

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Please, I'd like to tell you about a piece of hard luck I've had lately. The other day, I was dragged by my eldest soror (which I will translate freely, for the benefit of the unlearned, as "sister") to see one of the mater's lady friends, who is afflicted with a she-baby. I hadn't decently got into the room before

the creature caught sight of me, and actually dared to smile at me. Of course my soror went mad over the thing; that I didn't mind, I only pitied her. But, not content with speaking a lot of idiotic rubbish to it, brutally told me to kiss it. Naturally, I said I wouldn't. When we got home, she hadn't forgotten (no such luck), but told the mater, who knagged me, not only for refusing to kiss it, but even for not volunteering to sit on the ground and play with it. I am thirteen, you know. I've written to you in the hopes that it will catch the eye of some influential person, who will take the strong measures required for abolishing this kind of annoyance. (Excuse my interrupting, but I must draw your attention to this last sentence, I think I put it rather neatly.) I asked the mater if I could rely on its not happening again, but she got quite angry. I only hope she doesn't see this letter; I shall have to hide away your paper this week. Yours in haste,

THOMAS ALLISON, Junr.

TUT, TUTT!

"I'd be a Butterfly."—OLD SONG.

*["According to Mr. J. W. TUTT, of the South London Entomological and Natural History Society, 'the male butterfly is a glutton and an immoderate drinker.'"]—*Daily Telegraph*.]

NE'ER again will ladies sigh
To become a butterfly,
Now we prove the ancient song
Scientifically wrong.
Ne'er again will poets dare
To that insect to compare
Ladies whom the wish to praise
In an apt poetic phrase.

MR. TUTT, who tells no lies,
Tells us that the butterflies
Are, alas! what do you think?
Let me whisper, fond of drink!
He has watched them on the flow'rs,
Where they'll sit and suck for hours,
Quite devoid of any motion,
Save absorption of "the lotion."

Thus they spend the Summer's day
While the females work away,
For this craving to regale
Is restricted to the male.
Lost illusion of our youth
In a scientific truth,
Tear-drops gather in our eyes
When we think of butterflies.

ASCOT AMUSEMENTS.

(From a Lady's Point of View.)

PLEASANT sojourn in the country when town is becoming monotonous.
House-party with customary diversions.
View of the Royal Procession with "smart" surroundings.
Opportunity for sartorial display to the best advantage.

Luncheon *al fresco*.
Small talk in air free from the smoke microbes of the Row.

Return journey tinged with the gentle influence of excellent champagne.

Dinners served with the chat of the London season.

Dances informal, and epilogues and prologues of sporting days past and to come.

(From a Man's Point of View.)

Making things safe with the favourite.
Getting things shipshape for the settlement at TATTERSALL'S.



A WELCOME INTRUDER.

PEACE, "YOU'VE BEEN AT IT FOR SOME TIME, GENTLEMEN. DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER LET ME STEP IN?"



["Golf is now being played on the Norman Coast."—Ludgate.]

"DARBY" JONES' DISCOURSES ON ASCOT.

HONOURED SIR,—Once more the Thaumatrope of Time brings us afresh to the dainty delights of Aristocratic Ascot; once more every Noble Lady in the land is endeavouring to discover with what frills and furbelows other Noble Ladies are going to delight the Eye of Man and cause Bitter Envy to surge in feminine hearts; once more their Husbands, Brothers, Cousins, Sons, Nephews, Fathers, Uncles, and Adorers in general, are wondering what the week's dissipation is likely to cost them, when dresses, drags, hired houses, champagne lunches, and speculation on Horseflesh have to be settled for, while Poverty-stricken Plungers, who shudder at the mere name of Epsom doings, are searching for Good Things with all the assiduity of diggers and delvers in far Klondyke.

For my own part, honoured Sir, not being one of the Favourites of Fortune, being without Landed Estates, Money in the Funds, or Negotiable Jewellery,—well,—suffice it to say that I never miss the Royal Meeting, and I think I may observe, without the Blush of Egotism mantling my cheek, that my Get-up on such occasions is one that does not disgrace you, honoured Sir, or any other of my esteemed Patrician Patrons. As Count GROGANOFF observed the year before last (I got him to write down the phrase), "*SHONES a toujours l'air d'un Chevalier d'Industrie déguisé en Prince*," which, I am told, means in British vernacular, "JONES always looks like a Nobleman in Disguise."

We have taken a Cosy Crib not a hundred miles from the Course, where, I need not say, we shall be Proud to entertain our Friends to the best of our humble Resources, and also ask them to join us in some harmless Post-prandial Games. I only hope that we shall not fall victims to such a Scurvy Trick as was played us in a year which shall be dateless. Captain KRITERION had, with his usual forethought, hired a snug and respectable villa belonging to the Widow of a Venerable Archdeacon, and had also taken care that many cases of the Best, together with much Succulent Provender, should be sent

thither from certain London Purveyors in whom he had every confidence, and they in him. But when we sat down to our evening repast at nine o'clock, lo, and behold! there was no bread. The Beast of a Village Baker had actually refused to supply us with the Staff of Life.

It appeared that, on a previous occasion, KRITERION, after giving this Flower Spoiler profuse patronage, had somehow or another omitted to settle his paltry account, and this was the Inhuman Caitiff's pitiful revenge!

There were we, seated at a table overlaid with Luxuries, and not a crumb or crust of common Household Sustenance, no shops open in the neighbourhood, and no inn nearer than five miles off. A supply of biscuits had, alas! miscarried, and we had to consume seed cake with our priceless Gorgonzola, Camembert and Brie.

I quiver with Indignation and Indigestion as I recall this disgraceful episode. Away with such a sickening recollection! Let me seek relief in the Muse. Let her

inspire my feeble Pen and provide us with that Wherewithal without which the humble Quartern Loafer is as wretched as a detected Solicitor struck off the Rolls. So let the Goosequill be dipped into a Royal Hunt Cup filled with aureous fluid, and mingle minstrelsy with prophecy, as follows:—

Let-her-go has 'not pluck, I much fear;
The *Masculine Hair* I prefer,
The *Asshead* won't victory near,
But beware of the *Fog* that's on 'her!
The *Journal Ear* may go the pace,
And the *Baker Prince* lead in the straight;
But the *Envoy of Monarchs* will race
When the *Knight from the North* feels the weight.

The Saint who is under a Cloud
To the *Troubadour* may not give way,
But the *Dropp'd Plumme* won't wait for the crowd,
While the *Ever Remembered* holds sway,
While the *Ditchweight* is looking as proud
As a winner should look on this day!

Thus does the Bard-Prophet chortle, knowing full well that there's many a slip 'twixt the start and the dip into the lucky bag. Wide may it be opened, honoured Sir, to you, Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, and other Noble Sportsmen, always revered by
Your devoted Vates-Extraordinary,

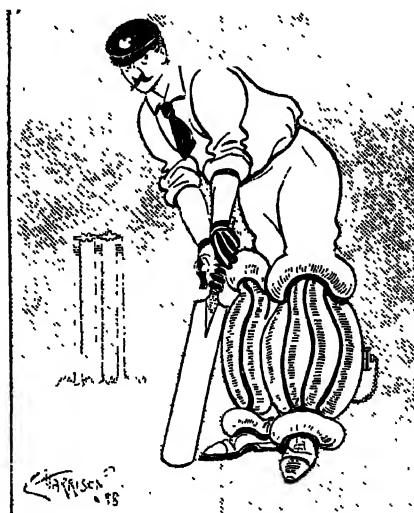
DARBY JONES.

P.S. or Prize Selection for Thursday—

Though the *Face-Cover* speed like a stag,
For the Gold Cup the *Bay* will not lag,
But I'll stick to the *Chester Cup Flag*.

Short, but sweet.

D. J.



SUGGESTION FOR THE CRICKET SEASON.

The New Pneumatic Leg Guard.
(Mr. Punch's Patent.)

CHORUS OF FASHIONABLE LADIES.

AIR—"Ah! que j'aime les militaires."

How we dote on the millinery!

Dote on the millinery!

Dote on the millinery!

Fashions change, and 'tis a crime

To be at all behind the time,—

Ah!

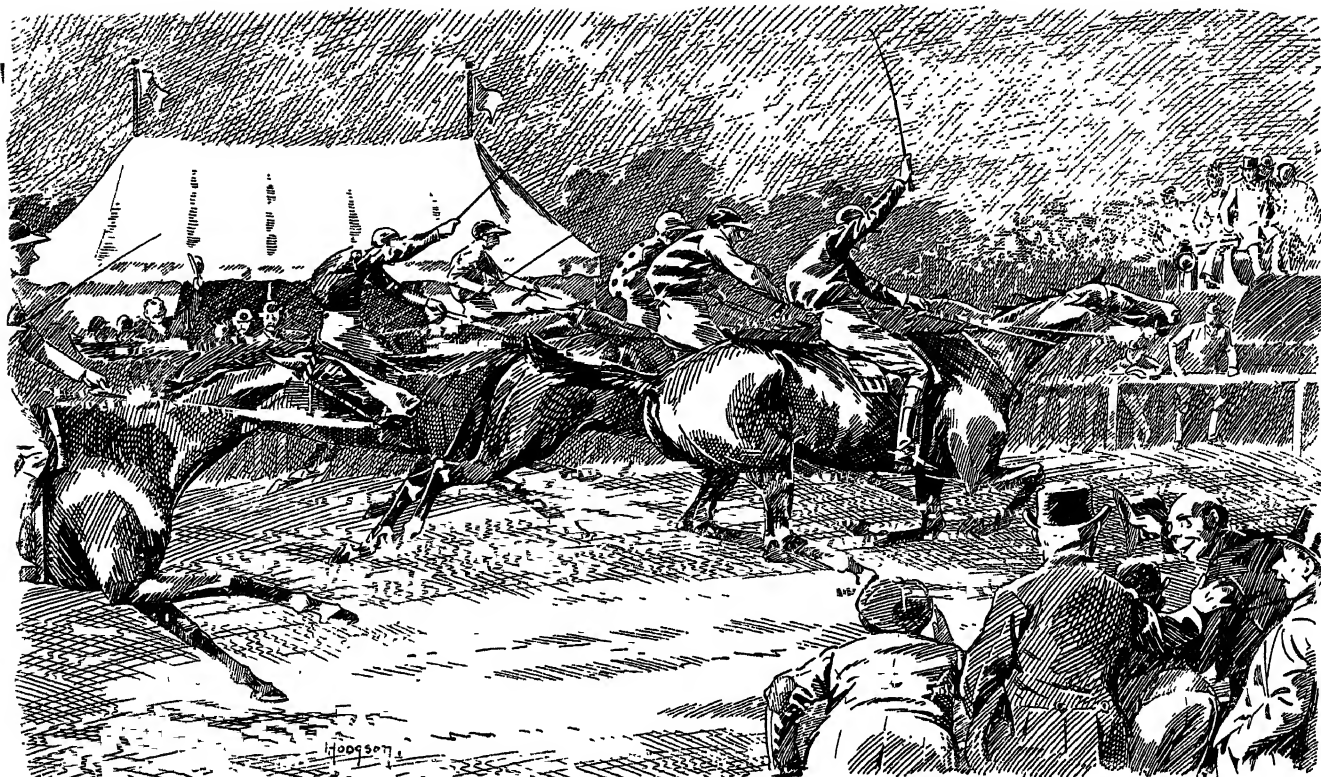
Don't we dote on the millinery?

Bother money; let 'em wait.

We must be up to date!

"How's this for High?"

"THE SEASON'S CHEESE.—After a long period of quiescence, cheese is once more moving."—*Grocers' Journal*.



A SAFE WIN (?)

Pat (in corner, to chaffing friend, who knows him to have backed beaten horse). "GOIN' TO LOSE, AM OI? FAITH, AN' OI'M NOT! SHURE, OI'VE GOT A TROIFLE ON EVERY BLISSSED HORSE IN THE RACE!"

FLITTINGS.

East London, Cape Colony, May 1, 1898.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—Here we are, in a place whose name reminds one of home, and whose leading thoroughfare is called Oxford Street, though I can't trace any other points of resemblance. Both this harbour and Durban are provided with very fine bars, the result being that big liners have to lie outside. We were therefore shipped yesterday from the latter port on board the "*Dunvegan Castle*" by means of a basket over the side of a tug, and felt like a lot of cattle as we were swung in mid-air.

A few days ago we rode and drove out to a *kraal* in Natal, to pay our respects to a chief, whose name sounded somewhat like "COCKLELEEKIE." When we got there, we found that our *induna* was out on a wife-hunting expedition, in search of his thirty-first spouse. However, the existing thirty Mesdames COCKLELEEKIE and their progeny were all there, and we left a card on the senior chieftainess, who was squatting on all fours inside a hut. She treated it with contempt, not unmingled with aversion. It was doubtless a fearful breach of etiquette.

We were soon surrounded by a swarm of importunate children and grass-widows, with bead ornaments and Kafir drinking-bowls, etc., to sell. As we could get them much cheaper in London, we declined their offers, but invited a few of the least unprepossessing ladies, with brick-red and bottle-shaped *coiffures*, and babies on their backs, to pose for a family group. They named their terms with the air of professional beauties, and, after much haggling, a bargain was struck. When the photo was taken, some twenty others sprang like magic from the ground and declared they had been included in the group, and demanded their fees as well. I wonder they did not raise the question of copyright. Anyhow, the leader of our party, who could vituperate in Zulu with the best of them, found his work cut out in pacifying our hostesses. He was saved from being torn to pieces by the arrival of the *induna* himself attended by his umbrella-bearer. He soon sent his thirty better, or noisier halves about their business. We said "we saw him," which was no poker parlance, but the Zulu greeting, and hoped "our" *kraal* would "dwell happily," and took our leave. Six hours later we got rid of the last of the Natal grass-ticks which infested his neighbourhood.

The most striking product of Durban is the crowd of ricksha-

boys. They lie in wait for you outside your hotel at all hours of the day or night, with their appealing query of "Yes, baas?" or self-approving exclamation, "Good boy!" They are now only an amusing memory, while I sign myself,
Yours, with Zulu clicks, ZEDWHYKES.

THE SITUATION.

["There is no news at present from the seat of war, but great events may shortly be expected."—*Anster Weekly*.]

KINGSKETTLE is expectin', for the *Weekly*'s gien the word—

The toun is a' a-buzz wi' expectation,
An' crowds o' four' an' five an' sax—Kingskettle is that stirred—
Foregaiter tae discuss the seetuation.

Eh, Sirs! A stirrin' time, an' mair especially for me,

For when they're done wi' arguin', the loons'll

Come rinnin' roun' tae learn the views o' SAUNDY BROWN, P.C.—

The Pairish, no, ye ken, the Privy Council.

Aweel, tak' Spain. I dinna ken stateestics o' the fleet,

But this'll be the way tae mak' a test o't—

Suppose the Yankees dinna prove owre tough for them tae beat,

In that case, Spain'll likely hae the best o't.

But then again, convairsely, should the Spanish fleet engage,

An' get sae muckle she can bide nae more o't,

Why then, ye ken, however hot the bluidy ficht may rage,

I doot the Yankees winna hae the waur o't.

Na, na, I'm no for sayin', Sir—Ca' canny! Bide a wee!

For mind ye, there is ae conseederation,

A factor o' the vara first importance, as ye'll see,

Tae ane that's thinkin' out the seetuation.

Suppose—an' it is far frae the impossible, ye ken—

Suppose the twa should never come thegither,

Suppose a mutual respec' inspires them baith—why, then,

I doot the t'ae will never beat the t'ither.

I'm no for sayin' definite there winna be a ficht,

But only that, in certain circumstances,

Wi' certain reservations, gin they never come in sicht,

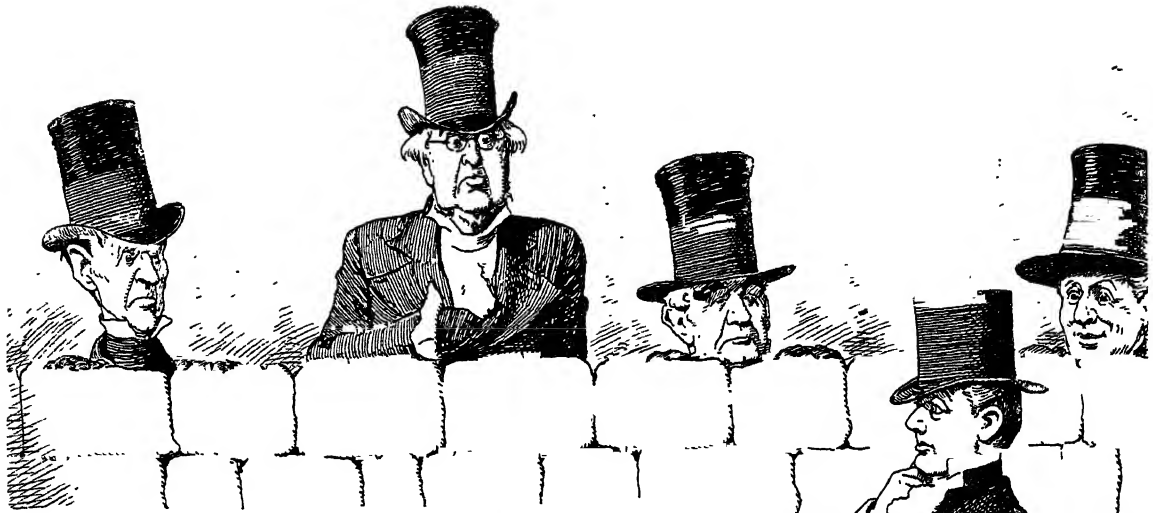
A battle seems tae me against the chances.

That's ma opeenion! Weel, mebbe, it is a wee thing strang,

But though I like tae put it gey an' meekly,

Ye winna vara often find that SAUNDY BROWN is wrang,

Particularly when he's read his *Weekly*.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday night, June 6.—If one has to hint at a fault in the manner of the Member for Oxford University, it is a tendency to frivolity. Constitutionally prone to see the bright, not to say the comic, side of things, his light-heartedness sometimes jars on the sensitive mind. This made the more striking the evidence of emotion betrayed when the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE to-night came forward as Champion of the Clergy. Their case had been laid before adamant CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER by Colonel MILWARD. That gallant Member, amazed at the moderation of his own fluency, urged that parsons whose income is wholly or in part derived from tithes, should have a little special provision made for them out of public purse. As SQUIRE OF MALWOOD (uncommonly active after recess) pointed out, present Government passed Act largely endowing landlords out of the rates. Why should clergy, also drawing their income from land, be omitted from beneficent arrangement?

ST. MICHAEL said that, out of respect to the memory of the late Queen ELIZABETH, it couldn't be done. Since the time of that lamented monarch, clergy had been taxed on present system. Would never do to alter it. Above all things, no scandal about Queen ELIZABETH.

Convinced by this argument, J. G. TALBOT rose, and with tears in his voice advised MILWARD to withdraw his amendment moved on second reading of Budget Bill. The Colonel, having thoroughly enjoyed himself with his speech, and feeling that he had done all that was possible for downtrodden clergy, assented. Friends of the clergy on Ministerial side gave sigh of relief. Everything going off admirably. Had made their plaint; had pleased their parish parson; but 'twould never do to vote against the Government, above all in a division where their names would figure in the list as backing up fresh demand on public purse in favour of what ruthless persons opposite called the richest church in the world.

It was here SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE (lately removed to Old Palace Yard) interposed. Not usually regarded as a buttress of the Church. Is content with living as near Westminster Abbey as building arrangements permit. But this writing up of

"Help the Poor Clergy" and then running away touched his chivalrous soul. If hon. and almost reverend gentlemen opposite would not divide the House on the question, he would. So, pressing MADDISON into service as co-teller, the two ultra-Radicals led out the flower of British Toryism to strike a blow for the oppressed parson.

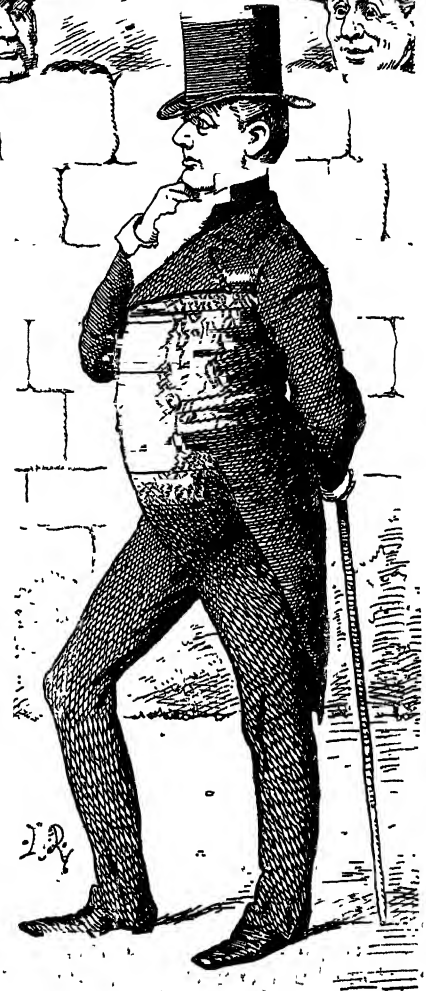
In point of size it wasn't much of a flower, and it seemed to form itself a little reluctantly. But the thing was done, and tears of genuine emotion rolled down cheeks of J. G. TALBOT as he went out with the dauntless twenty-seven.

"None of us are hopelessly bad," he said. "Nothing is irretrievable. I begin to think I shall live to see LABBY endowing 5, Old Palace Yard, as a Home for Incurable Curates, himself, in decent garb, presiding at their matins and evensong."

Business done.—Proposal to extend to clergy Relief of Landlords Act defeated by 215 votes against 27.

Tuesday.—SARK just now lost in contemplation of the problem why, in Parliamentary debate, a certain type of statesman and orator should attach himself to India and its far-reaching affairs. Here is a country whose extent, whose population, whose material wealth, whose ancient history, whose barbaric splendour inflame the imagination, touch the profoundest depths of human intellect. It is a theme that has fitly engaged the oratory of FOX, BURKE and SHERIDAN, the pen of MACAULAY, the sword of CLIVE and WARREN HASTINGS. Yet, as sure as ever India comes on for discussion in the House of Commons, SAM SMITH and SIR WILLIAM WEDDERBURN take the floor.

'Twas ever thus, before and since the time of the late Sir GEORGE BALFOUR. Wherefore? That is just what the Member for Sark wants to know. Secret up to the present is past finding out. PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSE, listening to GEORGE HAMILTON's statement on Indian finance, found the problem so entrancing that they severally went to sleep over it. A pretty picture thus composed: Secretary of State at the table talking in monotonous voice about famine, plague, war, earthquake, and expenditure of millions of rupees. To his left, on the bench behind, the Leader of the House sweetly slumbering; on his right the Colonial Secretary dreaming that JESSE COLLINGS was born with a long spoon in his mouth, which accounts for his being comfortably ensconced at the



THE RETURN OF THE "LITTLE MINISTER."

Will the Elders reinstate him?

Home Office. A little slower down, the President of the Board of Agriculture, also asleep, presenting to the few strangers in the gallery an object-lesson in the pallid countenance, the haggard look, the wasted frame that typify British Agriculture.

But then India is a long way off, and SAM SMITH, with WEDDERBURN to follow, were soon to descant on the topic.

Business done.—Committee authorise new loan of ten millions for India.

Thursday.—As schoolboys, back after holiday talk of how they spent the happy time, so to-day House is full of reminiscence of Whitsuntide. For sheer enjoyment, Belfast takes the cake. JOHN DILLON, who happened to be there, entranced House with graphic description of a day's doings. The Catholic boys, some 20,000 strong, marched out with drums

beating, flags flying. The Orangemen lay in wait for them, with a miscellaneous



"A tendency to Frivolity."
(Mr. J. G. T-lb-t.)

collection of theological arguments, varying from brickbats to crowbars. At one particular street-turning there was a mo-

ment of breathless excitement, which the House shared, listening to the eye-witness' simple story. Some two or three hundred Orangemen approached from a cross-road upon the thoroughfare along which the Catholic boys proudly pressed. Had they been fewer in number, less resolute in appearance, the Orangemen, anxious above all things for the salvation of their souls, would have dashed in and battered their bodies. But, as JOHN DILLON glowingly said, "we had ten thousand as fine fighting men as I ever clapped eyes upon."

Experienced glance of Orangemen told them it was no use attacking such an army. They withdrew, and the Catholics tramped on undisturbed. Had the forces been more equally matched, there would, DILLON said, have been "the bloodiest battle the streets of Belfast ever saw." Which is putting it strongly.

However, there are compensations. If the Catholics were too strong for the genial Orangemen, the police force were not. So they "went for" the police, and before midnight a hundred and three of them were carried bleeding to the hospital. When Belfast resolves to make holiday, what a day it does have, to be sure!

Business done.—Miscellaneous.

Friday.—A touching monument to our dear FRANK LOOKWOOD is found in the first list of subscribers to the Memorial Fund. Headed by H.R.H. and his son next in succession to the throne, it includes peers,

judges, M.P.'s, members of the bar, and some private friends. £1,200 these have promptly planked down. That is good; even more golden than the guineas is the testimony of lingering affection and esteem for one of the kindest-hearted, sweetest-tempered, merriest-mannered men that ever convinced a jury or charmed the House of Commons.

But £1,200 is not enough to carry out the purposes of the Committee. Just half as much more is needed. Less than fifty Members of the House of Commons have as yet come forward with their guineas. The address of the old friend and companion dear who has the matter in hand, and wants another £600, is C. W. MATHEWS, 1, Essex Court, Temple.

Business done.—DON JOSE rises to explain his Long-spoon speech.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WANTED, Porter for well-known Metropolitan workhouse. Must be good all-round man, able to keep door, accounts, temper; nurse in hospital and prescribe for paupers. Preference given to London M.D.—Apply, stating degrees, accomplishments, experience and all qualifications, to "Guardian," Gray's Inn Road.

TO V.C.'S and Others. Wanted, Dargai Hero to play the pipes in country house and look generally interesting. Duties light, salary ditto.—Apply, War Office.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In *The Admiral* (HUTCHINSON), Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN has woven a wreath to the memory of NELSON in anticipation of the hundredth anniversary of the battle of the Nile, fought on the 1st of August, 1798. He calls it *A Romance*, and lives up to the idea by introducing, by way of undercurrent, the story of the love of a British midshipman for a Sicilian Princess. The book is really a careful study of the personality, private life, and glorious career, of NELSON. It is a perilous undertaking, and my Baronite congratulates Mr. SLADEN on his success. It has evidently been a labour of love. He has not only steeped himself in all known records of the great Admiral, especially his letters and despatches, but has visited the scene of his amours with Lady HAMILTON, and describes them with graphic force. Next to NELSON, ROMNEY's model stands out on the page with most distinctness. The manly Queen of Naples, and her futile husband, with occasional glimpses of the complaisant Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON, give varied life to the picture. Nothing yet done in literature presents a more vivid picture of NELSON. In some of the aspects it is startling regarded through the glasses in use at the end of the Nineteenth Century. But it is necessarily accurate, since Mr. SLADEN's so-called *Romance* is largely made up, whether in dialogue or description, of the actual words of NELSON and his contemporaries.

Burdett's Official Intelligence (SPOTTISWOODE & Co.), has reached its seventeenth year—a sweet young thing of 2,528 pages, weighing a trifle under a stone. It is almost a providential thing that Sir HENRY BURDETT, its Editor and creator, having retired from his secretarial office on the Stock Exchange, should have decided to withdraw from further care of this monumental work. It has been growing year by year till it has reached cubical proportions quite as extensive as an able-bodied man can grapple with. The mass of information given is at first sight bewildering in its range and complexity. But so admirable is the workmanship, so masterly the arrangement, that any one seeking information upon a particular point has no difficulty in finding it. Indispensable to all having dealings with the Stock Exchange, it recommends itself to my Baronite on the ground that, in case of emergency, it will serve admirably as a centre table for an office or a stool for any desk of ordinary height. THE B. DE B.W.

Toujours la Fumee.

Irate Clubbite. Hang these Yankees! I gave up Havana cigars when they blockaded Cuba, and directly I took to Manilas they did ditto to the Philippines!

HOBSONIANA.

[A movement is on foot to have Lieutenant HOBSON, of *Merrimac* fame, made captain of the new battleship, *Alabama*.—*Daily Press*.]

It is proposed to make Lieutenant HOBSON a Bishop. This would give him exclusive command of the See.

Although it has been suggested by everyone who had anything to say on the subject, that the naval hero should be offered anything he liked to take, including special cigars, the brand to be named "HOBSON's choice," yet it has not been announced as certain that Lieutenant HOBSON, having "won his spurs," should be permitted to wear them whilst "riding at anchor."

At Yildiz Kiosk.

The Shadow (throwing down the newspapers in disgust). Bismillah! What fools these Spaniards are! I could have taught them a thing or two. They might have learnt lessons from Crete and Armenia, instead of being so pig-headed about Cuba and the Philippines. In Constantinople, at all events, the Powers know that the Commander of the Faithful must always be the boss for us!

[Calls for his chibouque.



A CHANCE NOT TO BE MISSED.

"DEER MR. PUNCH I AM SENDING YOU A FUNY DRORING IF YOU EXCEPT IT I SHALL BE HAPPY TO DROR WUN EBY WEEK

"TOMMY."



"VERY COLD WIND TO-DAY, MRS. TUBBS.
"YES, SIR, IT IS. BUT IT SUITS ME—IT'S SO EMBRACING!"

"OUTINGS."

SAYS the *Daily Telegraph*, June 15, "In France, Germany, Holland, and Switzerland, the comfort of the English tourist is to be studied as it has never been studied before." Time is money. Save time, you save money. Say a minute equals a sovereign; i.e., sixty pounds per hour. By the night service, per Bâle, Berne, and Coire, we are to save five hours. That is, taking the above estimate, a saving of three hundred pounds in one journey. Then, having done so much for the traveller, the London, Chatham and Dover Railway Company works another wonder, for, between Switzerland and Victoria "it abolishes night!" No necessity to go to the land of the Aurora Borealis for a lengthy day: all you have to do is, come home from Switzerland, and, en route, there is no night!

But, for a short trip that will cheer the worn and weary Londoner, there is a 4.20 from Calais, which will reach the latter at 7.45 (or, may be, a trifle earlier), when, if you have no luggage, and are of a decided character, you will have about twenty-five minutes clear for snack-and-whistle-wetter, a small cup of coffee, and then cigar, pipe, or cigarette in mouth, you can depart rejoicing by the 8.25 boat, and will arrive (L. C. & "D. V.") at Victoria by 11.40 of the clock, so that in twenty minutes, should your residence be handy, you may be tucked up in your own little cot and enjoying "that repose, which innocence, virtue," and the tired traveller, "only knows."

The S. E. Co. is going on the same lines, so to speak, or, at all events, similar ones, as, says the *D. T.*, jubilantly (the writer of that article evidently enjoys the idea of getting away for a holiday, and revels in the facilities for doing so), the Weary Worker can start from Charing Cross at 2.45, snack, nay, almost "dine," but that's a big word, at Boulogne about 7, and start to return to his Penates and Lares (whom he leaves at home, and who will be so glad, if they're awake, to welcome him back) at 7.50 from Boulogne quay. Isn't this good news for those who love the "transit"—(the Latin adverb is purposely omitted as being unpleasantly suggestive), and who glory in rapidity of action and poetry of motion?

DOCTORED!

SIR HENRY IRVING, be-knighted and be-doctor'd, is now LL.D., of Cambridge, and is, therefore, a degree better than he was before. He is now a Doctor of the "Drama's Laws," and was described in glowing terms by the Public Orator, Dr. SANDYS (the C. SANDYS or Cambridge SANDYS), who was not gruelled for lack of words or ideas, as "*Agendi et dicendi artifex peritissimus*," and was complimented as one who would have been "*amicus Ciceronis*" (had Sir HENRY been HENRICUS IRVINGUS, Eques), and on the most amicable terms with his two Ciceronian contemporaries, "Roscius and Æsopus." Whereupon Sir HENRICUS was heard to mutter softly to himself, "How he soap us!" Then there was great cheering, and the popular manager and actor, likewise Rede Lecturer, although humbly classing himself by Act of Parliament (14 Eliz. ch. 5) with SHAKSPERE as "a rogue, vagabond, and sturdie beggar," knelt low to receive the Honorary Degree to which, as well as to many other honours, his life of honest, earnest work, of high aims and straightest and directest ways to attain them, has justly entitled him.

SIR HENRY IRVING we greet with applause,
At Cambridge they've made you a Doctor of Laws;
Dr. Punch grants you more as a great "man of parts,"
He declares you to be a true "Master of Hearts."

More power to the elbow of the well-graced actor, HENRICUS IRVINGUS, Eques, Doctissimus!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

OF *Collections and Recollections* (SMITH, ELDER), my Baronite greatly prefers the "Recollections." Almost any one with wide range of reading, and average literary ability, could have made the "Collections." To few has been given opportunity for musing over the "Recollections." One Who Has Kept a Diary (who can he be?) has not only enjoyed, on intimate terms, the personal acquaintance of men like EARL RUSSELL, LORD SHAFTESBURY, CARDINAL MANNING, LORD HOUGHTON, MR. GLADSTONE, and MR. C. P. VILLIERS, but he has the gift of drawing out veterans to talk of men and monarchs they have met. Thus we get at first hand, with further reach, touch with notable men of earlier generations. "One Who Has," &c. (a parlous long title; much more convenient to give a name, or even four initials), is endowed with varied gifts for the work undertaken. He has a keen eye for character, quick sympathy with humour, writes admirably, and, as mentioned, has, by the accidents of birth and fortune, enjoyed rare range of opportunity. Much has been written about LORD HOUGHTON, CARDINAL MANNING, and LORD SHAFTESBURY. "One Who," &c., in a few pages presents new and vivid portraiture. He has a rich store of good stories, and they lose nothing in the telling. But, like CHAUCER,

who left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,

"One," &c., stops short of not the least interesting part of his story. He should tell us his name.

RICHARD MARSH has written not a few stories more interesting than the one bearing the attractive title of *Tom Ossington's Ghost* (JAMES BOWDEN). "Alas, poor ghost!" very poor ghost. There is a ghost, so much the Baron confidently guarantees; but for not one of the personages in whom the ghost appears to be interested will the reader, unless he differs in his tastes from the majority of readers, care one ghostly dump. The idea of the ghost is there, but 'tis only the ghost of an idea, and—well—the Baron, as ghostly adviser, will say no more on the subject.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

FORECASTS OF DRAMA.—It is rumoured, says Mr. CLEMENT SCOTT, in his entertaining and instructive *Daily Telegraphian* article, "Drama of the Day" (and night as well), "that one of the great effects in the Drury Lane Autumn drama" is to be a scene in a balloon. The hero and heroine, or the heroine and the villain, the stars of the piece, will be up ever so high, and, like some pictures at the Academy, will be "skied." However, it is uncertain, and in any case, the promised effect is, as Mr. SCOTT says of the 'sometime-forthcoming Adelphi drama, "in nubibus."

THE CORNER CORNERED.—"No man will lose a penny through me," Mr. LEITER is reported to have said to an interviewer. There is another and an unpleasant way of reading this statement. However, the trembling speculator may construe it hopefully, and retire to rest with a LEITER heart.



THE GRAND ANGLO-FRENCH BOUNDARY ACT.

(Scene in the Niger Circus.)

[Last Friday the Niger Convention between France and England was signed.]

CORONATION DAY. VICTORIA R.I.

JUNE 28, 1838—1898.

A HOLIDAY! A Holiday!
 This Day of Coronation!
 Though sixty years have passed away,
 A Day of Jubilation!
 Dynastic thrones are lost and dead,
 Republics risen from the red,
 Thy diadem still lifts ahead
 Its glory to the nation!
 A Holiday! A Holiday
 Of British Federation
 Of peoples, who can boast Thy sway,
 And bless Thy consecration!
 From land to land, from sea to sea,
 Thy banner flies above the free,
 And gem by gem they make for Thee
 A Crown of Love that all may see,
 On this rare Ruby Jubilee,
 Thy world-wide Coronation!

THE LADIES AT LORD'S.

OLD STYLE—EARLY SIXTIES.

SCENE—*The Ground and its Accessories.*

Superior Creature. Really very pleasant.
Weaker Sex. Oh! charming. So delightful having luncheon *al fresco*. The lobster salad was capital.

S. C. Very good. And the champagne really drinkable.

W. S. And our chat has been so interesting, Captain SMORLTORK.

S. C. So pleased. And now, what do you think of the cricket.

W. S. Oh! I haven't time to think of the cricket.

NEW STYLE—LATE NINETIES.

SCENE—*The Same.*

Mere Man. Really rather nice.

Stronger Sex. Quite nice. Capital game, too. Up to county form. That last over was perfect bowling.

M. M. Yes; and the batting was well above the average.

S. S. Tol-lish. And really, when I come to think of it, Mr. SMORLTORK-GOSSIP, you have been also entertaining.

M. M. Proud and honoured! And now, what do you think about the luncheon?

S. S. Oh! I haven't time to think about the luncheon.

CONCERNING INFECTION.

[Dr. KOCH declares that malarial fevers are solely propagated by the bites of mosquitoes.]

HAIL, Dr. KOCH! whose lore explains
 The secret of malarial banes,

Fever and ague,
 As coming, not from evil airs,
 But from mosquitoes, unawares,
 That bite and plague you.

Most welcome doctrine, since poor man,
 Unblushingly, henceforward can—

Taught by such teachers—
 Throw all the fault, for the distress
 He owes but to his carelessness,
 On lower creatures.

At measles, then, and whooping-cough,
 Or scarlatina we may scoff,

No longer cowards,
 Holding their propagation springs
 From wandering flies' insidious stings,
 Or "Norfolk Howards."

And children of a larger growth
 Shall to your science (nothing loth).

Henceforth submit them,
 Till dipsomaniacs, losing shame,
 Will for the future only blame
 "The dog that bit them."



AT THE DENTIST'S.

"YOU'LL BE A GOOD LITTLE GIRL, AND TAKE THE GAS, WON'T YOU, KITTY?"
 "OH, MAMMY, MAYN'T I HAVE ELECTRIC LIGHT?"

MADDER MATINÉE HATS.

OH! ladies with towering hats,
 I am a diminutive man,
 I see your fine feathers, and that's
 The utmost I possibly can.

I go very rarely, it's true,
 To *matinées* anywhere; though
 I might enjoy looking at you,
 I don't care to see your *chapeaux*.

But Messrs. PINERO and CARR
 Have started quite lately a play
 With head-dresses towering far
 Above the small things of to-day.

The Beauty Stone, there you will see
 Some types of the *matinée* hat.

Green with envy you'll certainly be,
 Compared with them yours are quite flat.

Good gracious! suppose you should try
 To follow that fashion as well!
 We give you some inches, then why
 Not measure your hats by the ell?

Your headgear is mad anyhow;
 I've already explained that I'm small,
 I cannot see much even now,
 I then should see nothing at all.

FLORICULTURAL NOTE BY OUR OWN IRRE-
 PRESSIBLE ONE (by foreign post-card).—
 Q. What flower combines the voice of the
 bird and the cat? A. The larks-pur(r).



SENSATIONAL ARRIVAL OF MR. GILDERSON BOOMSTOCK (THE NEWEST SOUTH AFRICAN MILLIONAIRE) AT SPATELY BRIDGE TO MEET THE OTTER HOUNDS!

"THE RING" AND THE BOOK.

Thursday, June 9.—*Siegfried*. *Brünnhilde*, anticipating sex-theory of Herr SCHENK, had arranged for *Siegfried* to be a male child. Since yesterday has been born all right, and grown to a fine strapping boy of about forty-five summers. Prototype of HORATIO NELSON, he knows no fear, and plays with wild bears and things. Finds society a little limited in cave of his grotesque adopted parent, *Mime*, and would like to have a nice sword and see the world, being in rude health.

Like *Perseus*, *Mime* has designs on local dragon, but would prefer the boy to do it for him. So he goes on making German swords that break as soon as you look at them. Presently grand-papa *Wotan* comes in and they have a conundrum match. Belongs to Travellers' Club, and takes liberty of wandering a little from text. Tells *Mime* that what he wants for his weapon is a fearless forger, like *Jim the Penman*. Finally retires, after receiving limelight full on blind eye, which gives *Mime* the panics.

On recovering, latter puts *Siegfried* through sharp *viva voce* on topic of Fear, of which the untutored boy's ignorance is quite unique. So he is put to the bellows, where he develops into a rattling good Harmonious Blacksmith, and turns out sword with such an edge on it that it slices the property-anvil in two at first time of asking.

Herr BREUER, as *Mime*, not made up to look beautiful; but gets the last ounce of meaning out of music as difficult as a man could desire. Even makes me believe that WAGNER himself might sometimes be humorous of malice prepense.

In Second Act, *Siegfried* goes to flesh his new blade in ribs of *Fafner*, proprietor of Rhine-gold, who, for private reasons, not disclosed, has assumed shape of first-class dragon. Bird sings ventriloquially in pleasance outside front-door of *Fafner's* cave. *Siegfried* looks about trees for it. I could easily have told him where it was. Not on bough at all, but inside a *Cor Anglais* just under my nose in orchestra.

M. JEAN DE RESZKE now makes a penny whistle out of artificial reed, and tries to compete with bird; but gets discouraged, his talent being rather vocal than instrumental. Admits defeat in following frank terms:—

Bird, I will own
My ear is bad;
Thy call ill it has caught!—

In shame I am lost
As he lurking listens,
I know he learns from me nothing.

Audible sensation through house on appearance of titillative dragon. Only men unaffected are *Siegfried* and leading members of WAGNER Society. Dragon has a green railway-signal (for "caution") in each eye-socket. Thing sticking straight up out of his lower front teeth is not brace of carrots but forked tongue. Mouth opens so wide that I can see internal arrangement of green signal at back of optic nerve. Confess to be disappointed in dragon's agility; particularly as regards his tail, which does hardly any of the stage-directions in my Text-Book. *Fafner* ought to know something of the prize Ring, but is obviously short of training, and goes down early in first round, signalling defeat by turning off green light of eye. Soft thing for *Siegfried*, whose sword comes out of fight dry as a bone, though he gets a little blood on hands, which he wipes with tongue. Cannot explain connection of ideas, but effect of this is to make bird up tree sing songs with words instead of without. It is Fräulein VON ARTNER who does it. Never, since the hoopoe business in *Birds* of ARISTOPHANES at Cambridge have I heard better imitation of inspired fowl. Ah! how she filled with honey all the grove!

Οἶον κατεμελίτωσε τὴν λοχμὴν δλην,

as I remarked to one of Faithful on my left. "Hush!" was his reply.

Siegfried, taking wrinkle from bird, declines to drink deadly grog offered by *Mime*. Has tasted blood, and in fit of creative art, as DE QUINCEY's Toad-in-the-Hole would say, puts sword through foster-father. Curtain falls on spirited duet between bird and DE RESZKE, former doing smart bit of work on invisible wire across stage.

During interval, observed our new musical novelist in lobby; face lit up with high hope (since realised) that Messrs. W. H. SMITH would secure success of work by boycotting it.

Third Act brings on *Wal-father*, determined that his daughter *Brünnhilde* shall still remain *Wal-flower*. *Siegfried*, however, not to be denied. After a few preliminary cuts in text, severs the old gentleman's spear; and passes on to stir up sleeping beauty. Indignation among Purists at expurgation of original WAGNER.

Shall myself interview management, and write letter of complaint to Press; but having complimentary ticket, do not care to ask for money back at doors. Am further shocked to find scene of *Brünnhilde's* trance completely changed during last half-century. Fresh background, bed higher up stage, and fresh lady lying on plane inclined at fresh angle.

Cannot understand how *Siegfried* mistakes Madame NORDICA, in that dress, for a man. Where are the greaves of which my Book speaks? Another insult to the WAGNER Society!

Awful pause, while *Brünnhilde* comes to with long, wooden gestures, and total disregard of suitor just behind her. Subsequently her passionate appeals to auditorium leave *Siegfried* very bored. Most unfortunate commencement to courtship: which, nevertheless, ends happily enough, with brilliant finale and complete understanding between lover and maiden aunt.

Saturday, 4 p.m.—Götterdämmerung. Twilight of gods falls rather early for time of year. Scene opens with tootling of three Norns (not horns, as the *Standard* has it). The plot, till now a trifle thin, begins to curdle. Briefly, *Siegfried*, after honeymoon in midst of fiery furnace, sallies out in search of distraction; pledges his gold hoop in exchange for wife's horse; drinks in bad company; commits bigamy; is further charged with marrying first wife over again, second wife being still alive; is murdered in small of back; waves his arm about ten minutes afterwards; and finally proceeds to Walhalla by way of pyre.

JEAN DE RESZKE, after most unkindest cuts given and received by self and brother in last play, feels naturally indisposed. Herr DIPPPEL, having got up part over-night without rehearsal, does himself great credit in a shirt that looks like "love's last shift." Chief credit, however, for unrehearsed effects goes to stagecarpenters, not in programme, though they are discovered on stage just as curtain rises, and retreat with modest haste. Carrier-ravens, on beat between Gibichung Court and Walhalla, do some wonderful trapeze-work. Will speak of behaviour of junior bird after manner of "alliterative verse of the original":—

Fat was the one,
And wasted his fellow;
On his back the latter
Lay for a bit and bucked;
While the fatuous wire
Wobbled and faltered;

Till by a tug
Judiciously jerked,
Rather behind
On the route to Walhalla,
Into the flies he
Finally exit.

Similar unruliness shewn by *Brünnhilde's* good old horse, who refuses to take hedge of fire, and has to be hauled off by stable-super; mistress having already thought better of "swinging herself stormily" on to his back as my Book of Words recommends. Then, again, roof of Gibichung Court, fixed up loosely so as to be ripe for concluding catastrophe, keeps slipping off the mark before the signal, and has to be propped up in place. Under trying circumstances, Madame NORDICA, though not an ideal *Brünnhilde*, sings courageously, but is a little inclined to direct her remarks to the Wal-gallery. Frau SCHUMANN HEINE indispensable throughout the Cycle, whether as Norn or Valkyrie, *Erda* or Rhine-nymph. But MORTEL *allein!* is the final call. So ends, with many defects, not all avoidable, a great performance; and

"Justifiably golden, rounds my Ring."

Intermediate Cycle, now on, is distinguished (1) by freedom from expurgation, (2) by total absence of THE STALLED OX.

SALVE CALVÉ!

Thursday last, at Covent Garden.—Enfin! Madame Calvé, as *Marguerite*, in GOUNOD's ever-popular *Faust*, when a brilliantly-filled house over and over again summoned Madame Calvé to receive its enthusiastic plaudits. It was for Calvé a veritable triumph. But—the "but" must come in—was it the true *Marguerite*? As to singing, yes. As to acting, yes, with a qualification. Calvé does not allow herself to look the part. Madame Calvé is a "fine and large" woman (which tells against her as the maiden still in her early teens), doubly "fine and large" when viewed side by side with so elegant and so slightly-built a lover as Monsieur SALEZA. Why, one playful slap from the lily-white (over-bismuth'd) hand of the substantial *Fräulein* would send the poor gentleman into the middle of next month! To balance this young woman, a *Faust* of JOHN DE RESZKE's proportions is required.

In the two earlier scenes, that is, from her first entrance to the end of the garden scene, Madame Calvé's *Marguerite* suggests a *mädchen* "with a past," for most certainly she seems to be "one who knows." She has the demure air of a full-blown *Sainte Nitouche*, and one's pity is excited, not for her, but for the inexperienced noodle who falls in love with her. As for Madame Calvé's "business," which it is *our* business to note most carefully, it is admirable throughout, except where the



A MARTYR TO APPEARANCES.

Young Lady. "I SAY, CADDIE, WHAT DOES MR. MCFADNOCK DO WITH ALL THESE CLUBS?"

Caddie (wofully preparing to follow his tyrant). "HE MAKES ME CARRY THEM!"

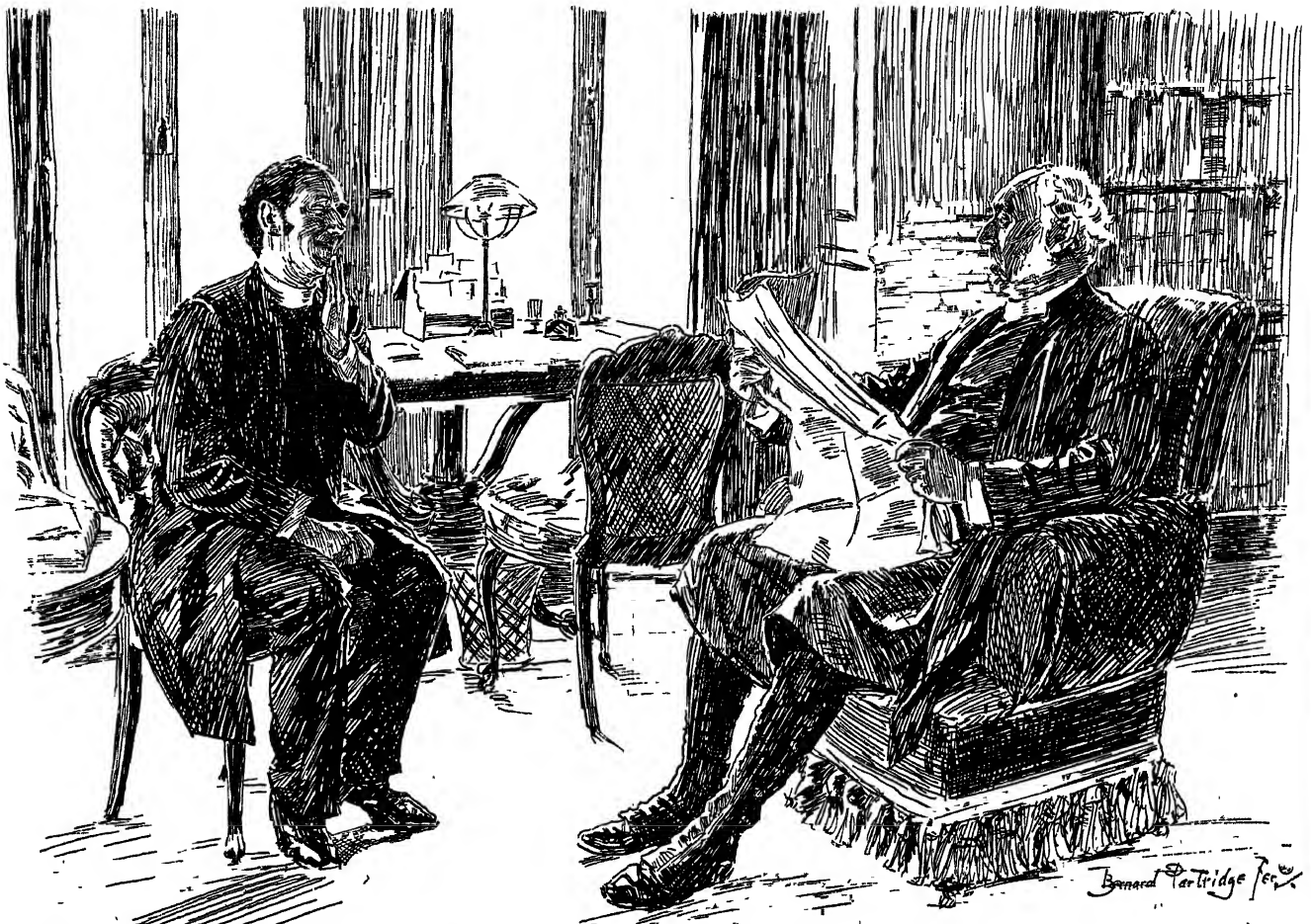
composer has suited the music to the action of spinning, in the spinning-wheel situation. But Calvé, acting on the Scotch proverb of "leaving wheel alone," walks away from it and leaves it to spin a yarn by itself, if so inclined. All else is excellent.

As a matter of fact, however, our old friend *Faust* wants to be re-staged, re-dressed, and re-juvenesced.

SIMS REEVES.

CHANGE for a Tenor! Aye, and a sad change, too, when old, peculiarly unfortunate, the once popular favourite has to beg assistance from the "gentle public," which, having ever "supported" him, and received its *quid pro quo* for so doing, will generously do its best to support him once again and receive his grateful thanks. Let everyone who can give two fivers (more or less, according to means) for this Tenor, send them to the *Daily Telegraph* (which has started the subscription), addressed, "Hon. Sec., Dr. BECHER, 16, Montague Street, Portman Square." Much will it rejoice SIMS REEVES to receive, as a friendly, sympathetic testimonial, these genuine notes as substitutes for those he has lost for ever. SIMS REEVES is an old "Friend in Need"; let us all be his "Friends in Deed."

"GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS."—These distinctions seem wrong. Of course, the first speaks for itself. But "Players"? Here, they are not "Stage-players," but "Cricket-players." Yet are not the Gentlemen also Players? If they are not, how unfair is the match! Why should not the term be "Amateur v. Professional Players"? A match between the Stage and the House of Commons would be so announced, and what an interesting match it would be with Sir HENRY IRVING and BEERBOHM TREE in for any number of runs, but finally bowled by ARTHUR BALFOUR, stumped by JOHN MORLEY, or caught by HARCOURT! However, this by the way.



The Bishop of Lichbury. "REALLY, IT'S VERY SHOCKING TO READ IN THE PAPERS SO MANY PAINFUL CASES OF WIFE-BEATING AND ASSAULT AMONG THE LABOURING CLASSES!"

The Rev. Mr. Simmiel. "IT IS INDEED, MY LORD. INDEED—AH—WITH YOUR LORDSHIP'S PERMISSION, ONE MIGHT ALMOST CALL THEM BELABOURING CLASSES."

MR. PUNCH ON THE PRESS BAZAAR.

"FLE fro the Pres"? Nay, gentles, come and give
To help our LONDON HOSPITAL to live!
Royal the lips that by a fair decree
Call on your purses—"Open, Sesame!"
That bid you come where rival papers
wrestle
In friendly conflict at the Hotel Cecil.
Here *Black and White* allures the nimble
nose
With bottled spice of every herb that blows;
Here at the *Morning Post*, one blaze of
glory,
You have a liberal conservatory;
Here brimming bowls with milk and honey
run
Under the kindly influence of the *Sun*;
Here the *Financial News* has on demand
Outlandish ore from Afric's sunny Rand;
Or would you local gems? then see you get
The native GOULD of Westminster's *Gazette*;
With whose attractions *Vanity Fair* will
vie,
Purveying coloured specimens of "Spr."
Here, too, the *Sketch*, the *Lady*, and the
Graphic
In "special lines" conduct a roaring traffic;
In China, of the more artistic sort,
The *Daily Chronicle* keeps "open port";
The *Strand* and *Ladies' Field* will ask you
whether.
There's anything in life compared with
leather.
While on the *Stage's* stall are lots and lots

Of gloves and kerchiefs and, in fact, what-nots.

Here *Truth*, forgetful of the cause of Greece,

Sells Turkish cigarettes, twopence a-piece;
And should the same be bad for little boys,
Then try the *Referee* for sweets and toys;
Here, finally, will Mr. *Punch* be found
Raffling his whole career, most chastely
bound;

And also selling, for the merest song,
New stuff, exceptionally fine and strong.

Time fails to tell how many pretty faces
Will smile on you from stalls and other
places;

Or how the *Stage* will send her heavenly
stars

To beautify the best of all Bazaars.
Come, then, and pour your riches out like
rain,

For such a chance may not occur again.
So don't forget; the date is very soon—
Namely, the twenty-eighth and -ninth of
June.

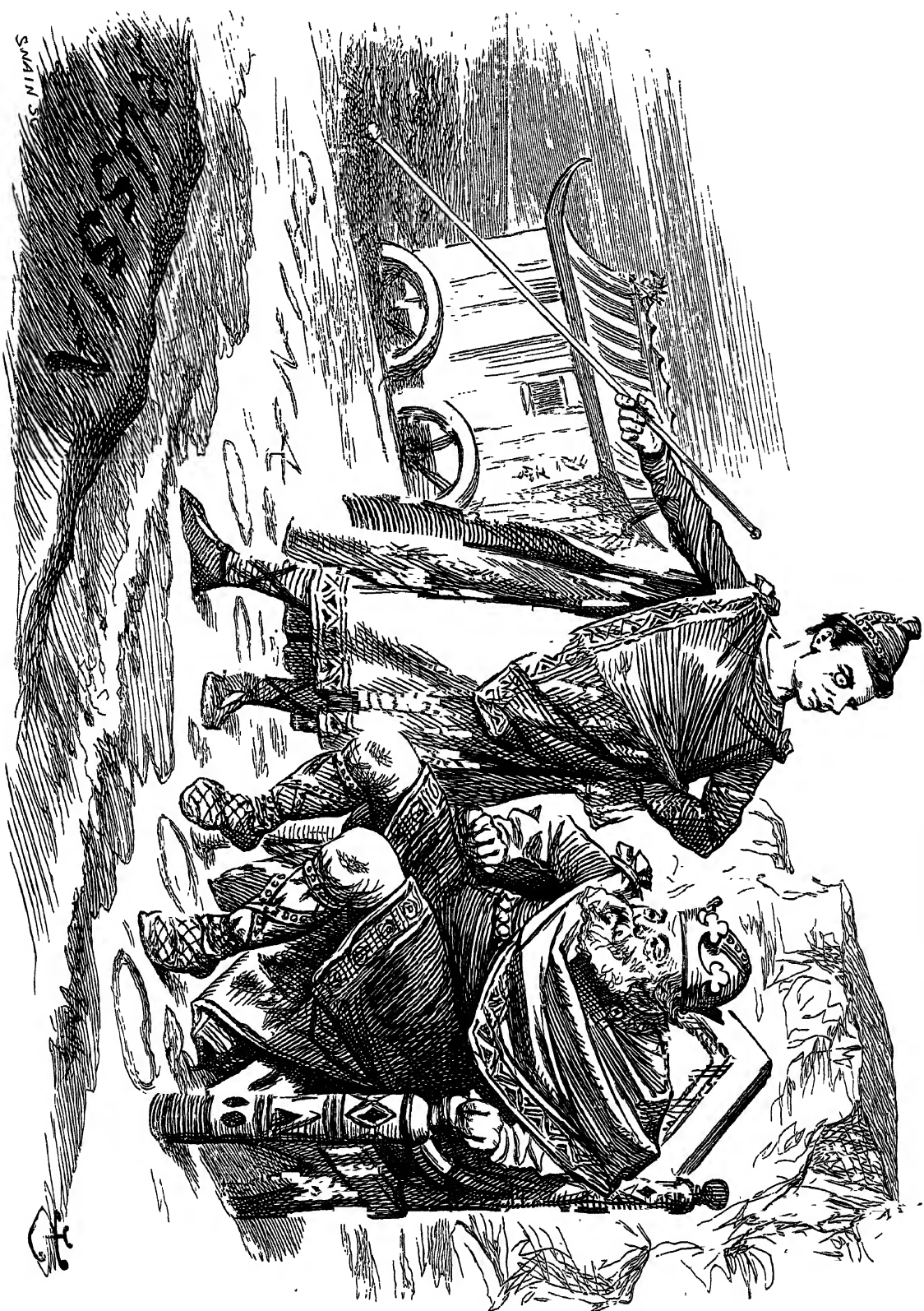
Lest it should be wrongly thought that
there is poetical licence in the above, a
short corroboration follows in prose. The
Press Bazaar in aid of the London Hos-
pital, which is urgently in need of funds,
will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday,
June 28 and 29, in the Hotel Cecil.
Her Royal Highness the Princess of
WALES, with whom will be H.R.H. the
Duchess of YORK, has graciously consented
to open the Bazaar on the 28th at 2.30.

A very large number of the leading London
papers are providing stalls, of which several
will be devoted to specialties associated
with the Press, such as original drawings,
albums containing literary autographs, &c.
Numbers of Duchesses have promised to
sell; and there will be dramatic perform-
ances by all the quality. Tickets for the
plays—10s. 6d. and 5s.—may be obtained
from Mr. RUDOLPH B. BIRNBAUM, *West
End Review*, 3, Waterloo Place, or from the
usual theatrical agents.

The price of admission to the Bazaar is
5s. up to 5.0 P.M. on the 28th, and 2s. 6d.
from 5.0 to 10.0 on the 29th it is 2s. 6d.
at any hour. The Hon. Sec. is Mrs.
SPENDER, 29, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

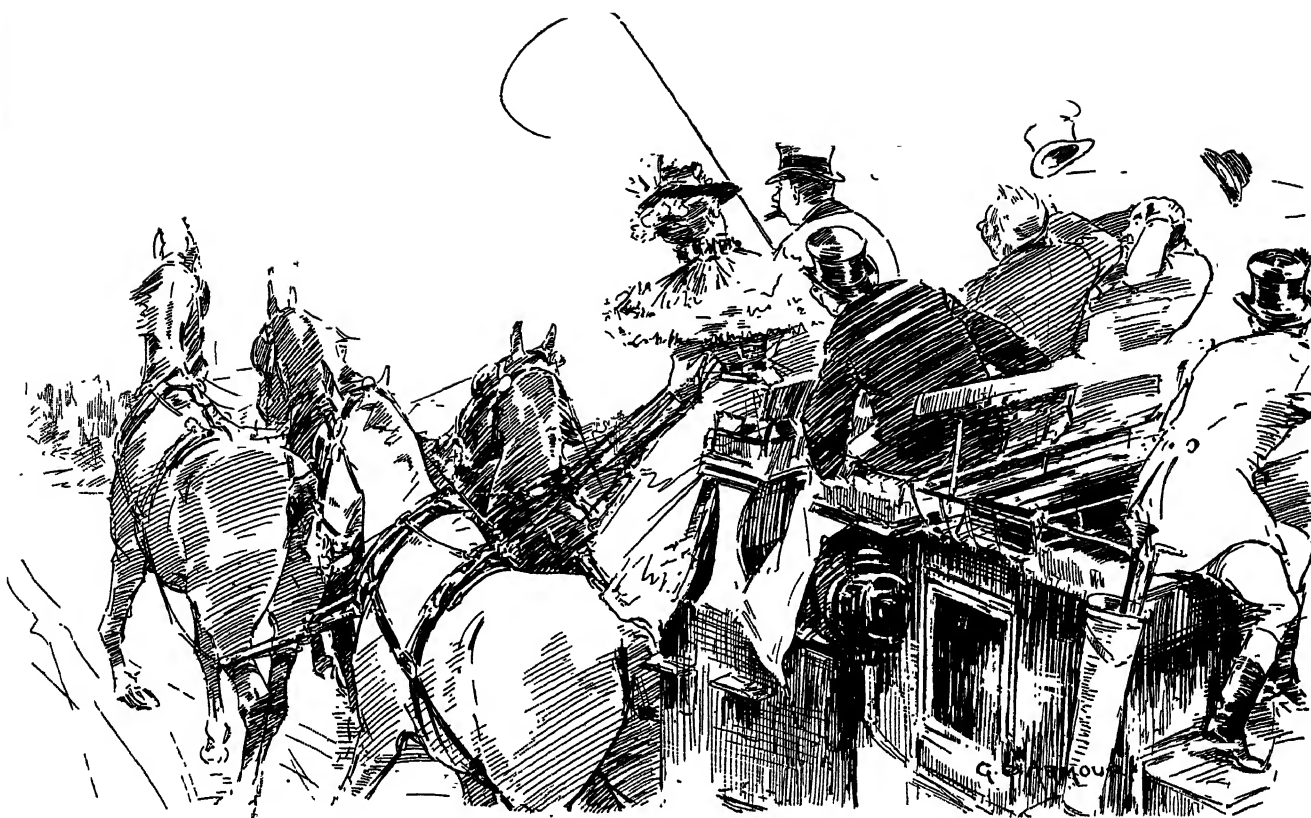
Mr. *Punch* will conduct a Grand Sub-
scription Sale, the prizes to include a Com-
plete Set of *Punch*; *Society Pictures* by
GEORGE DU MAURIER; JOHN LEECH's *Pic-
tures*; CHARLES KEENE's *Our People*; and
hundreds of other Books. No BLANKS.
Tickets, 5s. each, may be secured at once.

The special feature of Mr. *Punch's* stall,
to which he cordially invites all his friends
(or enemies, if any), will be Original
Sketches by *Punch Artists*; but all con-
tributions to his stock from any quarter in
the shape of drawings, even drawings of
large cheques, will be gratefully received
and instantaneously acknowledged at the
offices of Mr. *Punch*, 10, Bouverie Street,
E.C. To give quickly is to give twice.
But to give quickly and twice is better still.



THE NEW CANUTE.

THE KING'S CHAMBERLAIN. "MY LIEGE, HAVE I NOT BID YOU SAY, 'THUS FAR, AND NO FURTHER'?"
KING (SALISBURY) CANUTE. "OH, I DESSAY! I HAVEN'T SEEN A COPY OF YOUR SPEECH—BUT I THINK WE'D BETTER MOVE BACK A BIT!"



COACHING.

"IN DRIVING, A GREAT DEAL DEPENDS ON THE SKILFUL AND EFFICIENT MANAGEMENT OF THE WHIP."

"THREE MEN IN A BOAT."

AND so it came about that Mr. Punch's Representative, having been unable to attend at the *première* of the Opera written by Messrs. ARTHUR PINERO, COMYNS CARR, and Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN, selected a later night (no offence to his musical Knightship), when, by the kind permission of his "friends in front," he was enabled to assist at the performance of *The Beauty Stone*. With these three clever men all in the same boat, and D'OYLEY at the CARTE-wheel, the piece ought to have been exactly what it isn't, that is, brilliantly amusing. To adapt the verse of Uncle Remus, we ask:—

O COMYNS CARR!

What do you do dar,

Sittin' wid two ARTHURS,

Writin' O-pe-rar?

And ARTHUR PINERO (who, we hear, has sailed for the land of IBSEN), regretting his complacent affability in yielding to the enticement, must be humming to himself, adapting the words to a Sullivan-esque refrain from *The Chieftain*:—

PINERO! PINERO!

My popular pet,

I wish you had never

These gentlemen met!

(*Da capo, ever so many times, increasing in intensity.*)

Mr. WALTER PASMORE plays "the Devil." He is fearfully and ineffectively made up, and appears to be a kind of disappointed imp out of a pantomime, with little to sing, and nothing worth doing, in this uninteresting story. Miss RUTH VINCENT is nice as the lame heroine, supported by the entire strength of a crutch, which is not by any means the biggest stick in the piece, though to name names would be invidious. There is, too, a lack of "go" in the movements of the present Savoyard chorus-singers, as though the ancient traditions, taught them in their original Savoyard infants' school, "when all the world was young," were fast fading from the memory of such remnants of the *vieille garde* as are still "retained on the establishment on account of their past service" by a grateful management. As for the acting, it is, with the exception of the old staggers, rather amateurish. From a merely popular point of view, is there any song, or chorus, which anybody with an ear can catch and take away with him? Yes, just a march; but if any one takes that away with him there won't be much left that is ever likely to become popular. Ah! when will these three meet again? Ah!

And so, as LETTY LIND sang of the monkey on the stick, "we wish you all good day!"

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

DE RETOUR.

DEAR MISTER,—At me in France during all this time I have been suchly occupied that I have not could to write to you one sole word. But in fine I recome.

Enchanted, dear Mister, of to resee you, onall—*surtout*—when the Convention of the Niger has resolved so happily the question between our two countrys. At what good to discuss without fine the frontiers of illhealthy marshes and forests *là-bas*, there down, in Africa? At what good to beat himself, *se battre*, for a villain country as that? Happily our two countrys are not beaten themselves. *Ah ça, non!* Between two great nations the one can not to essay the system of "I win the head and you lose the tail." Ah no! For the other great nation guards herself well of that. Thus he must a system of "take and give." See there that which he must, and that which has so well succeeded at Paris. *A la longue ça devenait ennuyant.* I love not the things without end. As says the illustrious SHAKESPEARE, "All that ends is well." I am ever of his advice. To you, dear Mister, representant of the great britannic nation, all my felicitations! *Vive l'Angleterre! Vive la France!*

I arrive there is eight days but I not have had any envy to go to the courses at Ascot. *Ah ciel, non!* I have said you often that I admire much of things in your country—the charming misses, the brave policemen, the judges and the advocates, the beautiful green grass, *ce fameux gazon anglais*, the carriages and the horses, *les habits d'homme*—the manly habits—and even the deputies. *Nous autres Français nous en avons, des députés!* But I admire not your climate or your bookmakers. What climate! What cold! What sad and lugubrious obscurity!

However, I am content of to revisit your great city, where one sees at present much of french things. There is some french pictures of the most superbs at the Gilthall, and of others, less superb and very *bizarres*, in a gallery of the *faubourg* of Knitgs-bridg. Several french painters expose at the Saloon of the Royal Academy. Before little, *avant peu*, Miss BERNHARDT and CoQUELIN elder shall play in same time some french pieces. And a french horse has gained your cup of Ascot. Our painters, our sculptors, our artists of the theatre, our horses of course.

Agree, &c.,

AUGUSTE.



Artist. "BOTHER IT ALL! I CAN'T MANAGE THIS FOREGROUND."
 Sympathetic Wife. "WHY TROUBLE ABOUT IT, DARLING? CAN'T YOU LEAVE THE FOREGROUND OUT?"

DARBY JONES LOOKS BACK ON ASCOT AND FORWARD TO THE NORTHUMBERLAND PLATE.

HONOURED SIR,—It was, I can assure you, a Bitter Disappointment to myself and Friends that you did not deign to look in upon us at the Cosy Crib near Ascot to which I drew your attention in my last. I am not so Vainglorious as to suggest that the Loss was *yours*, but I can confidently state that the "Ball was kept rolling" at Appletree Lodge, Sunning Mount, during most of those hours which are consumed by Sybarites in Snores, Slumbers and Nightmares.

Baron BROKSTEIN accidentally happened to have with him in his portmanteau a portable Roulette Board, on which he gave a good many lessons to FLIFLATT and some of his young friends, Sir MILKIE WAY (152nd Lancers), Mr. TIPTREE of Toptree Hall, Cheshire), Mr. BALDERKIN (heir to BALDERKIN & Co., the great Boot-varnish

people), Lord LEOPOLD LOTO (youngest son of the Marquis of RAFFLETON), and Mr. QUISBY (nephew of the Bishop of SKYE), whom we were all delighted to entertain as Right Royally as if they had been Princes of the Blood.

Only two mishaps occurred; the first when Sir MILKY and Lord LEOPOLD, at four o'clock on Thursday morning, insisted upon setting fire to the Drawing-room Curtains. Luckily, Major MACBLATHERUM and self extinguished the conflagration by a dexterous application of Soda-water Syphons, to the obvious disappointment of the gay Young Sparks. The other Counter-time, as the Gauls have it, was a somewhat noisy Difference between BROKSTEIN and FLIFLATT, because the Baron declined to accept any more of the Oxonian's acknowledgments, commonly known as I. O. U.'s. KRITERION poured oil on the Financial troubled waters by going security in conjunction with Myself for the Collegian's indebtedness. The Baron was appeased.

Although I was not fortunate enough to salute you, Honoured Sir, on the Historic Heath, I encountered your esteemed acquaintance, Sir FRAISER PUNNETT, in the Paddock on Tuesday. He was attired most seasonably in a costly Seal-skin Surtout, and exclaimed—I fancied it to be an International jest—"When Fur meets Fur, then comes the tug of war." I replied I did not take his meaning. He answered, "Then take my advice. Back *Herminius* for the Stakes, which are not likely to be overdone on a day like this. My source of information is an infallible relish for them." And so it proved to be. Sir FRAISER also very kindly, on the Cup Day, when I met him with a magnificent Rothschild Regalia in his mouth, significantly tapped it with his forefinger, and observed, "I hold the winner between my lips. It's no weed, but likely to go a-pace." I at once tumbled to his allusion to *Jacquemart*, a Noble Animal which I had neglected, believing him to be saved for other, though perhaps not better things. Nevertheless, Honoured Sir, you and other honoured patrons who know that my selections are always 1, 2, 3, should gratefully remember *Foston* and *Dinna Forget* in connection with yours truly.

I am certain that Sir FRAISER must have done himself uncommonly well over the week. If you would, in *strict confidence*, send me his Town Address, I should, for reasons which are neither here nor there, be extremely obliged. Meantime, I must urge Pegasus from the land of the pine to the banks of the Tyne, and endeavour to discover the champion that will follow *Bradwardine* in carrying off the Great Prize at Gosforth Park. The quadruped is running in my head. I plunge boldly into Minstrelsy.

Not for me is the *Son of Miss Jane*;
 Neither *Spaniard* nor *Novice* should win;
 While the *Whitehall Italian's* fain
 To run well, if he'll only begin.
 The *Clarendon* hope may be there
 When *Charlestown* comes into the straight.
 For the *Carriou King* I declare.
 With stout *Herman*, in spite of his weight.

Amid the delighted cheers of Pitmen and Punters, I already hear your mellifluous voice exclaiming, "Well done again," and I know that your remark applies only to
 Your devoted Diagnoser,
 DARBY JONES.

THE ORIGINAL BALLY-HOOLEY.—The Financier who, a few years back, owned three millions of pounds sterling, and now, according to his own statement, is not worth "a penny piece." Terah-ble downfall, indeed!

SUGGESTION FOR AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.—Why not *Measure for Measure*, at Merchant Taylors' School, *si nihil obstat*? It might be fitted. A good deal of "cutting out" will be required.

"SWEARING ON THE HORNS."—There is a talk of reviving this ancient ceremony, whatever it may be. We have known instances of "swearing at the horns," when coaches have been passing the darkened house of a man laid up with nervous headache. But this is another story.

SHADE OF SHAKESPEARE (*very shady*).—How about the fleet at Key West? "To be" there "or not to be" there, "that is the Key-Westion."



THE LAST STRAW.

Miss Effie has left her Sun-shade on the other side of the rivulet. The chivalrous young De Korme attempts the dangerous pass in order to restore it to her.

Obnoxiously Festive 'Arry (to him). "Ho, yuss! DELIGHTED, I'M SURE! DROP IN ANY TIME YOU'RE PASSIN'!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 13.—What with friends who stab in the back, foes who smite in the face, and the general prevalence of stupidity amongst mankind, the SQUIRE of MALWOOD's lot is not a happy one. Yet even his life has its oases of serene content. One bloomed to-night. House in Committee on Budget. Not the SQUIRE's Budget, but another's. For him to sit on Front Bench an interested spectator; for ST. MICHAEL, buttressed by impregnable sweetness of temper, to meet and repel attack on the financial scheme of the year. Yet in one of its main provisions the Budget is the SQUIRE's, as have been all that succeeded his great work of 1894.

Sic vos non vobis nificatis aves.

By his treatment of the Death Duties the SQUIRE built an ample, comfortable, nest, in which, through all time, Chancellors of the Exchequer shall snugly dwell. It is all very well for a Unionist Government to build ships, strengthen the army, succour the landlord, and sustain Church Schools. Where would they have been if the SQUIRE had not turned on the richly-flowing tap of the Death Duties?

Peculiar charm of evening is, that whilst ST. MICHAEL, the highest financial authority on the Unionist side, led the attack on the Budget of 1894, did all in his power to destroy it, it now falls to his lot to defend its main provision against belated

attacks from his own side. No one, not even that audacious mariner, CAP'TEN TOMMY BOWLES, goes so far as to suggest repeal of Death Duties. But insidious attack made on various details. ST. MICHAEL is obdurate in resistance, righteously indignant that such things should be



An Oasis of Serene Content.
Sir W. V. H.-re-rt.

thought of. The SQUIRE of MALWOOD, tenderly caressing his chin, looks on with pleased smile.

"Ah, TOBY, dear boy," he said, "if ever you come to be Chancellor of the Exchequer—and why not?—remember that

"Only the Budgets of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Business done.—Budget resolutions carried through Committee.

Tuesday.—Almost forgotten existence of JOHN O' GORST. Public mind so occupied with speculation on imaginary quarrels between the MARKISS and DON JOSE DE LONG-SPOON of Castile, that it has departed from its earlier habit of marvelling how long JOHN O' GORST would be able to endure the companionship of his colleagues, varied by wonder as to how long they would be able to put up with his irrepressible irony. With retirement of education question into background the Vice-President of the Council has gratefully and gracefully accompanied it. Never takes part in debate; has not for weeks varied monotonous question hour with his caustic wit: is rarely seen on the Treasury Bench. Which things are worse than an allegory. They are a distinct loss to a House of Commons that cannot afford deprivation of marked individuality.

A friend of mine retains an opinion, formed soon after he was returned unopposed for Sark, that JOHN O' GORST is, in all respects, one of the cleverest Parliamentarians appearing at Westminster during the last twenty years.



THE ENGLISH EQUIVALENT.

["The Prime Minister of Siam, having given dissatisfaction, has been degraded, shaved, and set to feed and tend the sacred elephant for the term of his natural life."—*Daily Paper*.]

(We trust that Lord S-l-sb-ry and Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n may never come to THIS.)

"It's all very well," says SARK, "to call JOHN O' GORST Time-honoured educationalist. If his party had been wise, he would have been honoured in more substantial fashion. There is no Ministerial post he is not capable of filling. Just to begin with, he would have made a Leader of the House successful very much on the lines of DIZZY. 'Instead of which'—oh, exquisite irony!—he was made Under-Secretary of State for India, with GRAND CROSS as his chief. That is the sort of thing that would have made SWIFT smile if he had been around at the time. When I come to think of it, I don't know which is the more surprising commentary on English public life—that RICHARD ASSHETON CROSS should have been Home Secre-

tary, Secretary of State for India, Grand Cross of the Bath, Grand Cross of the Star of India, first Viscount; or that JOHN ELDON GORST, third wrangler of his year, should have got no higher than a Vice-Presidency of the Council, and should hide his brilliant talents in the napkin of that shadowy body the Committee of Council on Education."

Business done.—JOHN O' GORST carries second reading of London University Bill.

Thursday.—Everything comes to the man who waits. JOHNSTON, peering over the battlements of the ancestral castle of Ballykilbeg, has long been waiting for opportunity to shyness half a brick at the Pope. At Belfast the other day, when JOHN DILLON was, as he told the House, "riding in the tail of the procession" of Catholics trailing their coat past the Orange quarter, he, by proxy, enjoyed the luxury. That a way of disporting yourself as second rate as it is second hand. What JOHNSTON of Ballykilbeg yearns for is a go at 'em in House of Commons.

To-night opportunity presented itself; dragged in by the hair by the piratical SAM SMITH. Joy of situation intensified by its unexpectedness. SAM SMITH, in spite of his buccaneering personal appearance, is almost last man one would associate with a row. Yet to-night he brought it on, thanks chiefly, it must be admitted, to that other peaceful parishioner, the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

Question before House report stage of Benefices Bill. Place nearly empty. What with Ascot and debate on second reading of East India Loan Bill, the stoutest members showed signs of collapse. But now, as in JOHNNIE RUSSELL's day, cry of "No Popery!" suddenly sounded in a British assembly, has potent influence. Raised to-night in piping voice of the Flintshire Buccaneer, it brought back to him unwonted echo of cheering. Dinner-hour at hand; benches bare. The wind rose; the sea uplifted; and lo! the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, finding temptation irresistible, leapt in. Then was there fine fluttering, PRINCE ARTHUR joining in the sport, snapping at the SQUIRE, who briskly flapped back in return, till, as SARK says, "You couldn't see the fishes for the foam."

Natural conclusion of stranger in the gallery, accustomed to logical consequences in other places, was, that after this passionate outburst, the Benefices Bill would be torn in shreds. What really happened was that the hostile amendment was rejected by majority of 145, something beyond the present mighty maximum at back of Ministers.

Business done.—Decided by 220 votes against 75, to proceed with consideration of Benefices Bill.

Friday.—Suddenly, unexpectedly, completely, JOHN O' GORST makes up for long silence noted in Tuesday's entry. Moving Education Estimates in Committee he gives Voluntary Schools, to which last year his colleagues devoted large sums of public money, a knock-down blow. This avowedly done in best interests of a system he, as a devout Churchman, dearly loves. Best for its interest that he should be quite candid.

"These are facts I might suppress," he said, "but cannot alter. They are most unpleasant to those who, like myself, desire the maintenance of Voluntary Schools."

"That's all very well," said J. G. TALBOT, flinging himself sobbing on sympathetic bosom of his young friend and disciple, LORD CRANBORNE.

"Give me th' avowed, the erect, the open foe.

Him I can meet, perhaps may turn his blow.

But of all friends that Heaven in wrath can send, Save me, oh, save me, from a candid friend!"

"Well, now you mention it," said CRANBORNE, thoughtfully, "I wish I could. I'll speak to Pa."

Business done.—That of the Church Schools, as far as they can be affected by an unimpassioned, authoritative, demonstration of failure.



THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF THE HOUSE.

"Quite still, please, and imagine you have been offered a peerage!"

Sir Benjamin St-ne.



Fancy Portrait—"Hook" of Holland, or "Hookie Walküre," the pedestrian tourist.

[This ought to "catch on."]



A GENTLE HINT.

Mr. Giglamps (who has been caught by Keeper with some Fish in his basket under taking size). "OH—ER—WELL, YOU SEE, FACT IS, MY GLASSES—ER—MAGNIFY A GOOD DEAL. MAKE THINGS LOOK LARGER THAN THEY REALLY ARE!"

Keeper (about to receive smaller Tip than meets the occasion). "AH! MAKES YER PUT DOWN A SHILLIN' WHEN YER MEANS 'ALF-A-CROWN, SOMETIMES, I DESSAY, SIR!"

EXPERIENTIA DORSET;

Or, "Parker's Piece" in the Haymarket, London.

"DARN my old beans and ba-a-con if thicky thar ply bean't as pratty—" But here our own prime Dorset melts away. "Parker's Piece," that is, the piece adapted from the French by Mr. LOUIS PARKER, must be an attraction to all Cantabs retaining fond memories of their University days. Of course, "thicky thar pratty ply" (we drop into it again) has no more to do with the University than with the Royal Academy. But "where do 'ee come from? What brings 'ee? What be 'ee 'ere vor?" There we are again in Dorset dialect, asking questions which, unless the public takes to the play, it will be a trifle difficult to answer satisfactorily in the plainest English. "Hassen nowt to zay?" (Bother the dialect!) Oh! yes, *Ragged Robin* has a lot to say, and precious little to do. *Ragged Robin* is a Rambler—latest edition—and rambles in his talk as wildly as he careers, with whoops and shouts, about "the King's highway." Muchly should we like to see "thicky thar actor-chap" (beg pardon! dropped into Dorset again!) as either *Rip Van Winkle* or *Barnaby Rudge*, if the latter character could only be worked into a really good drama.

In the true managerial spirit of grand unselfish, artistic self-effacement, Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, in giving us a romantic, undramatic drama, adapted from JEAN RICHÉPIN'S *Le Chemineau*, translated into the slightly unintelligible Dialect of Dorset, assumes the part of a very Wandering Minstrel who has snatches to sing, lots to say, and little to do. *Parker verba*. There is scarcely a laugh in it, except when the raddled-faced stage peasants roar at their own wit (which, however, it must be admitted is a touch of nature), and hardly a tear. The piece offers a great chance to CHARLES WARNER, who has to appear, first as a vigorous, and then as a paralytic, prematurely decrepit farm labourer, whose "conduct in the chair," as they say at a public meeting, is the theme of universal admiration. His simulated feebleness when galvanised in momentary muscular action is terribly realistic. His mumbling death, still in the chair, is, so to speak, true to life; neither pleasant, nor pathetically touching, but unpleasantly powerful. The drama also furnishes Mr. FRANKLYN MCLEAY with a character somewhat on the lines of the old miser in *Les Cloches de Corneville*; and it also gives Mrs. TREE the part of *Alison*, which, both as girl, and matron ("with a past"), she plays to perfection. Miss MITTARF has to be pretty

OPERATIC NOTES.

In a recent notice, one of Mr. Punch's Young Men picked up the esteemed Daily Telegraph's Operatic Representative for saying that in the *Nozze di Figaro*, the Countess refused an encore for the "Dove Sono," and Mr. P.'s Young Man insisted that the Telegraphian critic must have meant "Susanne." In proof of his assertion, Mr. P.'s Young Man referred to printed book of Opera, where *Susanne*, in Act I., commences "Dove sono?" At the hearing of the case, however, before Mr. Punch, it was pointed out that these two words, though indeed used by *Susanne* in the first act, are also the first two words of the well-known song given by the Countess in the second act, where the words are, "Dove sono i bei momenti," &c., for which Madame FRANCES, as Countess, declined to take an encore. Mr. Punch's Young Man, admitting "trop de zèle," withdrew the statement and himself. *Causa finita est.*

Wednesday.—*Hamlet*. The plot of the Divine WILLIAM, the libretto by the Un-divine WILLIAMS, from the French of Cairé and BARBIER, and the music by AMBROISE THOMAS. Princess of WALES and Princess VICTORIA present. Madame Calvé, as *Ophelia*, excellent, both vocally and dramatically. The finest "Sister Mary Jane's top note" is not in it with Calvé's. As to her acting, *cela va sans dire*, as naturally it would if it were simply *un ballet d'action*. That she cannot quite look the ideal maiden is no more to be expected than that she can look *Marguerite*. But 'tis Calvé's own *Ophelia*, and that is sufficient for any devout Operagoer. It is gratifying to learn that no accident attended her wonderful mad scene, as in it she "brought down the house." At the commencement of Act V., *Hamlet* enters, and has a scene all to himself; very nice and pleasant, and quite in accordance with the published libretto. But on his retiring, for which no provision is made in the book, there enters *King Claudius* (played in his usual melodramatically-significant style by Jupiter-Plançon), and again the libretto is at fault, for not a word of what he says and sings is there in the book, nor is there any mention of how *Hamlet* re-appears, saying, "Now could I kill him pat" (though he is not speaking to an Irishman), as he does in the genuine drama, doing exactly what Master WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE intended him to do. Why this omission?

No matter; all went as right as possible, and in Act VI. the Court of *King Claudius* may be congratulated on having the best ballet, "The Feast of Spring," that could be provided for the festive occasion which is brought to so sad a finish, and the Opera to so triumphant a climax, by the death of *Ophelia*. Why didn't SHAKESPEARE think of this? Decidedly an improvement on the original.

Friday Night.—Memorable. House suddenly closed. "No song, No supper!" Fräulein TERNINA and Madame NORDICA indisposed. Great row in Ring where seats Book'd.

and sympathetic, in which she is thoroughly successful. Mr. LEWIS WALLER represents a sturdily honest peasant; while Miss HALKETT, and Messrs. STEVENS and DU MAURIER appear as three more or less unintelligibly "happy peasants," who had made themselves up after the fashion of the highly glazed and coloured pictures of countrymen in a Christmas Number.

It ends abruptly and unsatisfactorily, in a ragged fashion quite in keeping with the title. The histrionic successes are those of Mrs. TREE, of Mr. MCLEAY, and of CHARLES WARNER; in fact, were a second title required, it might be called *Ragged Robin*; or, *Charlie's Chance*. To quote the words on the programme, placed as motto to Act IV., "Good-bye—zo long!" But "How long?" That is the question. Scenery simply charming, and acting good, wherever there was anything to act.

FROM A "SPOOK."—There is no one, probably, who would be more anti-pathetic to the aims and objects of the Psychological Society than that stout Cromwellian, Mr. KENSIT, whose battle cry is, "Take away that bauble!" But with his weather-eye well open for all the doings of the most ultra ultras, could he not be fairly described as practising "Spy-ritualism?"



"WALK UP! WALK UP!"

Mr. Punch (the experienced Showman). "WALK UP! WALK UP! THE ONLY STALL IN THE BAZAAR WHERE YOU'LL GET GENUINE VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY! WALK UP! WALK UP!"

DARBY JONES REJOICES OVER NEWCASTLE AND ANTICIPATES NEWMARKET.

HONOURED SIR,—There are Moments in Mortal Life when a Man feels proud of Himself. Such Lighthearted Lapses of Time are those when an Owner leads in the Winner of the Derby; when a Playwright, be he Melodramatist, Tragedist, or Extravagantist, plants his feet between the Curtain and the gentlemen of the orchestra; and above all, when a Prophet is of right in his own country. Such, my Patron, has been my Good Fortune at Gosforth Park. I not only plumped for *King Crow*, but selected the gallant *Herminius* and the somewhat doubtful *Villiers* for those places which it also pleased the Eye of the Judge to select. I have often—alack and well-a-day!—been confronted with the power of a Judge comfortably ermined on the Queen's Bench, but I have never recognised that any one of these Potentates, superstructured with Horse-hair, has equalled the Genial Dictator who gives his fiat in matters of Horseflesh.

Honestly, I do not like "Canny Newcastle." Its reputation seems to be built on a Preposterous Bridge and a Reputation for coals. Most of the shopkeepers appear to wonder that they ever sold anything at all. So do I. As Captain KRITERION justly remarked when we were speeding to Gosforth Park, "These Northerners have only one idea—Tyne is money." I fancy, however, that KRITERION was a little vexed because he had failed to induce any of the Sojourners at the Hotel where we stayed to back *Carlton Grange* for the "Derby," as, strangely enough, they call the Handicap Plate in this Golconda of Black Diamonds.

Count GROGANOFF and Baron BROKSTEIN, still intent upon acquiring horses for the Continental Cavalry in view of the threatened Invasion by the United States Army, were as delightful as ever, and, after the victory of *King Crow*, presented me with a Solid Silver Matchbox in the name of a Potentate whom I dare not name on this side of the German Ocean. Our friend, the Honourable FLIFLATT, was also present with his Fidus Achates, Sir MILKY WAY. I regret to say that both these gentlemen lost money by backing the *Jenny Howlet colt*, the property of Mr. CHARLES PERKINS, who, although no relation of the famous damsel of Paddington Green, was known. I am given to understand, as "Polly," when he boarded at the house of the ever-to-be-esteemed the Rev. W. B. MARIOTT, at Eton College, Bucks. Mr. PERKINS is like Lieutenant COLE, "a funny man," and he is a coal man as well. Sometimes he pulls off a Big Prize unexpectedly, but, as often as not, he means to do the trick and doesn't. One of these days Mr. PERKINS will win the Derby quite without warning, and no one will be more surprised than himself or Mr. FANSON. These Northern Lights are, as Baron BROKSTEIN observed, "Cleverer than a Bullman Car full of Baboons." A stale simile, which I take leave to state does not apply to Mr. PERKINS or Mr. FANSON.

But let us hie from the Castle to the Market, from the River to the Ditch, and let the Bard carol his best in the following Refrain of the Birdcage:—

Well "whiskeved" the *Singer* may stay
When the *Cloudy Saint*'s panting for breath;
But it won't be the *Other Saint*'s day,
Nor the *Fine Mount* be in at the death.



Harmless Lunatic (who is occasionally allowed out with a pop-gun). "OH, I SAY, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO CATCH A RABBIT?"

Nervous Stranger. "No, I don't."

Harmless Lunatic. "WELL, YOU JUST GET BEHIND THE HEDGE AND MAKE A NOISE LIKE A TURNIP!"

Immatured and the Masculine Heir

With *We Nine* won't do much in the race;

But of *Necklace* and *Let her go 'ware*,

While the *Painter* should hold pride of place!

Such, honoured Sir, are my Sentiments. Let me trust that they may be yours. Still awaiting the Metropolitan address of Sir FRASER PUNNETT, who is, I am informed, continuing to improve his mind in the Centre of Civilisation, I am,

Your fatigued Philanthropist,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Without wishing to disturb your Financial Economy, I may state confidentially that your Signature would be ac-

ceptable, inasmuch as I have very foolishly mortgaged my salary for two years to Count GROGANOFF! And this at a paltry game of cards.

SOLVITUR AMBULANDO.—Many theological and geographical students have puzzled themselves over the precise site of the Garden of Eden. The problem can now be solved by any one who, as an invited guest, can enter the grounds of the Bishop of WAKEFIELD'S Palace, if he has one; and if Dr. EDEN hasn't, then he ought to have, simply for the purpose of removing a difficulty.



OUR CHILDREN. No. 1.

Grandmamma. "AND HOW DID IT HAPPEN, DEAR!"

Master Tom. "IT DIDN'T HAPPEN. MA DID IT ON PURPOSE!"

UNITED UNIONISTS.

(A Duet.)

S-L-SB-RY (aside):—

I CAN'T get on with JOE!
 But then there's this about him,
 As all the people know,
 I can't get on without him.
 I coax the Bear—he's tart
 As oranges of Seville—
 When who but JOE should start
 On "long spoons" and the Devil?
 And thus is the effect
 Of all my fine concessions
 In one short moment wreckt
 By JOSEPH'S mad expressions.

CH-MB-RL-N (aside):—

I can't get on with S. !
 There is no "go" about him.
 But then, I must confess,
 I can't get on without him.
 I rile the world in vain
 With blazing indiscretions;
 He soothes them down again
 With more of his concessions.
 I try to make a splash,
 As Brummagem expected,
 But hitherto a hash
 Is all that I've effected.

Both together:—

The Radicals may jaw
 About our "tiffs" and "breaches,"
 We've nothing to withdraw
 From any of our speeches.
 We do not always trace
 Each other's lucubrations,

Nor copies keep, in case
 Of awkward explanations.
 But this we'd have you soo
 No longer be benighted!—
 Despite appearance, we
 Are perfectly united.

HINTS FOR HENLEY.

FLANNELS in moderation are pardonable, but they are slightly out of place if you can't row and it rains.

The cuisine of a house-boat is not always limitless, so "chance" visitors are sometimes more numerous than welcome.

The humours of burnt-cork minstrelsy must be tolerated during an aquatic carnival, but it is as well to give street singers as wide a berth as possible.

In the selection of guests for, say, *The Pearl of the North Pole*, or *The Hushaby Baby*, it is as well to learn that none of them are cuts with the others, and all are prepared to accept "roughing it" as the order of the day.

Lanterns, music, and fireworks are extremely pretty things, but night air on the river is sometimes an introduction to sciatica, rheumatism, and chills.

In the selection of a costume, a lady should remember that it is good to be "smart," but better still to be well.

Finally, it is desirable to bear in mind that, pleasant as riparian life may be, Henley is, after all, a regatta, and that consequently some sort of attention should be paid to the racing.

THE HEAVIEST GRAIN-LIGHTER IN THE WORLD.—The Wheat-Leiter.

HERRICK'S SONG FOR SIR W. V. H-RC-T.

(Addressed to Constituents, who might refuse him everything.)

Bid me to live and I will live,
 Thy Protestant to be!
 Or bid me to explain away,
 And shall do so for thee!
 My life! my love! my love! my heart!
 The very vote of me
 Thou hast command, and any part
 I'll play for love of thee!!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 20.—SARK, with all his faults, is not a Party man. He rather belongs to the class described by the late Lord GRANVILLE as "the Cross Bench mind." Taking a friendly interest in both political parties, he is beaming with satisfaction to-night at the news that the Liberals have got over their difficulty and have secured a Leader. I was under the impression they had one in the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. It seems that, contrary to their traditional habitude, the Liberals, broken up into varied sections, are common in the tendency to cavil at their leaders. Some want one man; some another; most secretly believe that, if persistently pressed, they could find a Heaven-born leader not far from their own home. By imperceptible steps the real leader, the man who will unite under his flag all factions and segments of fractions of the party, stands revealed. His crowning claim to the enviable position is that the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, not apt at playing second fiddle, is ready to follow his lead, has, indeed, already conspicuously and effectively done so.

The new Leader is the man whom Flintshire delighteth to honour—SAM SMITH!

Has long been a member of the House, a not infrequent contributor to its debates. Hitherto rather overlooked, not to say snubbed. But the Man was waiting only for the Hour. It came to him with the introduction of the Benefices Bill. Then he suddenly appeared in his true colours. Unfurling the flag of the Protestant Church, relighting the torch smouldering since the spacious days of Queen ELIZABETH, he revealed himself in a new and startling light. To-day the House knows



Sublapsarian or Supralapsarian?

Dr. W-ll-ce.

that SAM SMITH is a Man of War. (Tomorrow he may, SARK says, be known as the SAM SMITH-field Martyr.) Instantly, instinctively, without ceremonial, he was accepted as Leader of the Party. As such he has directed operations to-night, loyally supported by the late Leader of the Opposition and the party generally.

"Now," says SARK, "we shall see things hum. You wouldn't think it to look at him, or when listening to his average speech. But there's a good deal of RANDOLPH CHURCHILL in SAM SMITH."

Business done.—Benefices Bill fought inch by inch on report stage.

Tuesday.—Only yesterday recorded arrangement that seemed to promise peace and plenty to Liberal Party. As SARK, dropping into poetry, remarked:—

"Ban, ban, Calaban;
Got a new Leader, feel a new man."

Within less than twenty-four hours, have heard the new Leader called a Sublapsarian. WALLACE guilty of this outrage. Following at some distance one of SAM SMITH's impassioned assaults upon sacerdotalism, he, drawing on early resources of study, informed House that the creed of the Church of Scotland is intentionally ambiguous on the controversy between supralapsarianism and sublapsarianism. The consequence is that in that favoured country a man may, with perfect security to his person, his reputation, and his property, be either a supralapsarian or a sublapsarian.

"I do not know," he said, turning to contemplate the martial figure of SAM SMITH, "which of the two the hon. gentleman is. I have looked at him carefully, and think he has the air of a sublapsarian."

House roared with laughter; but graver spirits saw in this outbreak of indiscipline occasion for profound regret. It is probable that WALLACE meant nothing disrespectful or derogatory to the new Leader. He was, perhaps, primarily allured by the temptation to overcome the difficulty of pronouncing words of this structure between eleven and twelve o'clock on a sultry night. Also, the fact that the SQUIRE of MALWOOD has loyally accepted the new Leader is of itself provocation to WALLACE to attack him. His Parliamentary career has from the first been marked by an unaccountable antipathy to the SQUIRE. However it be, the public affront and its lamentable consequences are indisputable.

Dr. TANNER, a great stickler for order, had his doubts whether the use of the word sublapsarian is Parliamentary. If he had been quite sure he could have safely steered through the sea of sibyllant syllables, he would have asked the ruling of the SPEAKER. After privately trying them over, he thought it prudent to abstain.

Business done.—Banging through the Benefices Bill.

Thursday.—"I am not sure," said Mr. COURTNEY, "that in this matter the House is not moved by a spirit of pedantry."

Somebody smiled; smile grew into a titter; titter swelled to burst of laughter running round the crowded benches. COURTNEY stood at gaze, like JOSHUA's sun at Ajalon, only with a more marked glance of pained enquiry. Had he, in spite of honest intention, made a joke? There was certainly nothing to laugh at in circumstances of the moment. CHAPLIN had moved to insert new clauses



THE PARLIAMENTARY MARTYRS AT THE STAKE;

Or, What they will come to!

Scene—(SAMUEL) SMITH-field. 189—!

in a cluster of water bills. General objection taken to procedure. President of Local Government Board made haste to withdraw lest a worse thing befel him. Then COURTNEY interposed with observation quoted, and with consequence recorded.

The mystery of the spontaneous burst of laughter was one of the few things in the wide world that passed COURTNEY's comprehension.

"This House, dear Toby," he said, "is, as MACAULAY discovered more than sixty years ago, the strangest place in the world. Man and boy, I've known it for twenty-two years; but it always has something fresh about it. At the meaning of most of its moods, one can guess. But why, when I casually reprove it on the charge of displaying a spirit of pedantry, it should burst into laughter, is, I confess, more than I can fathom."

Business done.—Benefices Bill passed report stage.

Friday.—SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE has hit upon pretty device for flouting the MARKISS's counter-stroke to Russia in the

Far East. Legend of Talien-Wan proving only too true, the MARKISS, with much sounding of trumpets and beating of drums, appropriates Wei-Hai-Wei. Various ways of pronouncing the uncouth word. KIMBERLEY, as noted at the time, puts it into interrogative form.

"Why-oh-Why did you do this?" he asked the MARKISS across table of House of Lords.

The SAGE, desiring to minimise importance of stroke, pronounces the name Wee-ah-Wee. House laughs at oddness of sound, but sees the subtle intent, and recognises the point. "Wee" signifies the infinitude of the little; for which see forthcoming numbers of that crowning effort of a memorable century, the Oxford Press *New English Dictionary*.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply.

TITLE FOR BLACKMAILING JOURNALISTS.—The Ring of the Nib-lings.

WHY did Sir TATTON marry? For answer, refer to Cupid and Sykes.



AN APPRECIATION.

Hodge (in rapt admiration). "BY GOOM! WOULDN'T 'E STROIFE OOP OUR OULD WAGGON FOINE!"

A WAIL OF THE WEATHER.

WHEN you go for a trip,
It commences to drip,
Isn't the weather atrocious!
At the sight of the rain
It is hard to restrain
A feeling of fury ferocious.

When the day turns out wet,
All feel so upset,
Ah! doesn't it spoil your excursion?
And you gloomily tramp
Up and down in the damp—
In which there is not much diversion.

Those in mackintosh clad
Are, may be, not so sad,

The elements they are defying;
But those who are drest
In their holiday best,
Find weather of this sort most trying.
On the sea, if you go
In a boat for a row,
When below there is no place of shelter;
It is hard, I am told,
An umbrella to hold
In your teeth, when it comes on a pelter.

Then it can't be denied
It were wise to abide
At home by the fireside cosy,
With your pipe and your books,
You will find that life looks
So much more like *couleur de rosy*.

A SONG OF INACTION.

[(After one of Dr. A. Conan Doyle's "Songs of Action.")]

THERE was a sanguinary war out West—
(Wake 'em up, shake 'em up, try 'em on
the transports)

There was a sanguinary war out West,
And the cocktail-bars were doing their
best;

Ho, the jolly fighting braves
Playing poker by the waves,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

The leaguer it lolled by Tampa Bay—
(Prog 'em up, jog 'em up, put 'em on the
war-path)

The leaguer it lolled by Tampa Bay
Nipping by night and napping by day;
Ho, the gunners so slack
They can barely lynch a black,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

The regulars danced to the military
band—
(Screw her round, slue her round, every
stitch a-straining)

The regulars danced to the military band,
Steel on the heel and kid on the hand;
Ho, the men of warlike arts
Working havoc with the hearts,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

The Tailoring Boss sat tight at home—
(Rake 'em up, fake 'em up, worry on the
war-paint)

The Tailoring Boss sat tight at home—
And SAMPSON he sat tight on the foam;
Ho, the gallant volunteers
With their tunics in arrears,
All beside the Cuban Sea!

General MILES he has come on tour—
(March 'em out, starch 'em out, put 'em
through their facings)

General MILES he has come on tour,
And General MILES he is slow and sure;
Ho, the marshal man of blood,
See him chew the careful cud
All beside the Cuban Sea!

There are sad salt tears on the best girls'
cheeks—

(Row 'em out, tow 'em out, stuff 'em in
the steerage)

There are sad salt tears on the best girls'
cheeks,

For the heroes have sailed after eight
short weeks;

Ho, the shouting throats are thick
For the warriors will be sick,
Sick upon the Cuban Sea!

They have gallantly weathered the glassy
main—

(Row 'em in, tow 'em in, beach 'em through
the breakers)

They have gallantly weathered the glassy
main,

And they're safe on *terra cotta* again;
And before the year is through
We may hear of something new
Somewhere by the Cuban Sea!

THE FINEST FLEET (STREET) ASSOCIATION
IN THE WORLD AT WORK THIS WEEK.—The
Press Gang at the Hotel Cecil, with watch-
word "*Press dat et cito dat.*"

THE JOURNAL WHICH EVIDENTLY KEEPS
THE KEY OF THE RIVER.—The *Lock to Lock*
Times.



THE NEXT NAVAL MANŒUVRE.

JACK TAR (to Welsh Miner on strike). "LOOK HERE,—ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE US THAT COAL, OR MUST I FETCH IT MYSELF?"



A NEW WAY WITH BANKERS.

Wife. "BY THE WAY, OLIVE, I HAD A LETTER FROM MY BANKER WHILE YOU WERE AWAY. HE SAID I HAD OVERDRAWN MY ACCOUNT."

Husband. "YES, DEAR; AND WHAT DID YOU DO?"

Wife. "I TOLD HIM NOT TO BE SO RUDE AGAIN; AND I SENT HIM A CHEQUE FOR THE AMOUNT!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

DR. CONAN DOYLE has well named his verse, *Songs of Action* (SMITH, ELDER). It pulsates with life and movement, whether the scene be laid on sea or land, on ship or on horse-back. To a pretty turn for lilted verse, the author of *Rodney Stone* adds the instincts of a tale-writer. Nearly all the pieces have a story to tell. They are, in fact, notes for novels. In "The Storming Party," for example, my Baronite discerns material for a three-volume novel of the antique, now extinct, order, the last issue having been buried under London Bridge for the delectation of the New Zealander when he comes to view the ruins of St. Paul's. Of mere episodes, never has a horse-race been described with greater vigour or with bolder colours than in "The Farnshire Cup."

Evelyn Innes (FISHER UNWIN) is, in the Baron's humble opinion, the best work that Mr. GEORGE MOORE has as yet given us. Having set himself the task of describing life as it is in fact, not in fiction, he shirks no difficulty, but tells a plain tale so very plainly, that, but for his style, his closely-observant analysis of character, and his peculiar, if not quite original, method of associating music with morality,—reminding the Baron of another novel where the "che faro" of *Orpheus* supplies the key-note of action,—the old materials of the tale itself would scarcely be worth the stringing together. What is it but a series of variations on the old theme that served DICKENS for the incident of *Little Em'ly* and *Steerforth*, that was woven into the life of *David Copperfield*? It is the story of a girl, inheriting from her dead mother a marvellous voice, religiously brought up by her father who is a weak-minded musical enthusiast, a kind of *Tom Pinch*, so absorbed in his art, and so occupied in the professional duties of organist and teacher, as to have taken little more than a selfish interest in his daughter's education. The girl's "artistic temperament," of which a wealthy, cynical, middle-aged sensualist takes cruel advantage, is her ruin, morally, as it is her triumph, professionally. Her voice is her fortune, and this it is her middle-

aged lover's pleasure to cultivate. Then follows her decadence, and just at the point when another false step downwards would make it still more difficult for her to retrace her steps upon the upward path, she comes across *Monsignor Mostyn* (an admirably imagined portrait), who leads her back to the straight and narrow way, and—leaves her there. This is the end, so far, but her career is to be "continued in" Mr. MOORE's "next." Decidedly, though a remarkable book, it is not one that can be indiscriminately recommended. Having taken up his parable, he works it out consistently and conscientiously, giving himself as much trouble over the smallest details as a pre-Raphaelite was wont to bestow on the careful delineation of most minute accessories. The book must increase Mr. MOORE's literary reputation as a novelist; and it will cause the judicious admirers of his skill to hope that it is only one of the rungs of the ladder by which he will mount to higher things. "We live in a damned wicked world," says that "worthy man," *Sir Peter Teazle*, "and the fewer we praise the better." Read aright, the story points a very clear moral, *et ça donne à penser*.

Of Mr. *Punch's Animal Land* (BRADBURY, AGNEW, & Co.), drawn and written by E. T. REED, the popular "Prehistoric Peep Show" man, it does not become the Baron to speak in too laudatory a strain, lest he be accused of deviating from his own rigid plan of strict impartiality; yet, admiring the excellent example set by a certain worthy every-afternoon contemporary, when unable to suppress its just admiration for the work of its own clever black-and-white man, the Baron may venture to say that *never*, in the whole course of his long and insufficiently-chequered career, has he seen a collection of cleverer, funnier, and, in a general way, more intensely amusing caricatures of Contemporaneous Celebrities than is to be found in the handy-sized, well-got-up book whose attractive title heads this Baronial paragraph. Every Collector of Comical Animals throughout the world should provide himself with a sample of this eccentric creation, the possession of which will thus enrich his Zoological Library. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE NEW DIPSOMANIA.

[According to the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, a sojourn of twenty minutes in a tub into which a hundred litres of Malvoisie have been poured is a most invigorating process, and the operation can be repeated a hundred times over with the same bathful. Moreover, the wine is not lost even then. It can be drunk. "After the one hundred baths the Malvoisie is distilled, and the result is a delicious brandy."]

I.

OLD SIMON the Soaker now keeps a rare store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie

In tub-fuls of hundreds of litres or more,

For a vinous old soul is he—e,

A porous old so—ul is he;

In these novel ablutions he never doth fail,
He wallows and welters in wine by the pail,

Yet he never *whineth*, he'll senilely say,

While he dips in his sober six hogsheads a day;

For ho! ho! ho! he'll chuckle and crow,

A hundred times o'er in this bath I'll go!

While ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show

Where *some* of the Malmsey at length doth go!

II.

DAME MARGERY sits in her own still-room,
And an elderly Hebe's she!

From thence oft at curfew is wafted a fume

Which is *not* unlike *eau de vi—e*,

Which is very like *e—au de vie!*

But there's a small boiler behind the backstair,

And the maids say they often smell alcohol there,

While MARGERY hints she's lately been told

Of a new-fangled way to make youthful the old;

And ho! ho! ho! old SIMON doth know

Where the rest of his Malvoisie doth go!

Yes, ho! ho! ho! the old soaker doth know

Where the rest of his Malvoisie doth go!

MATRIMONIAL INTELLIGENCE.—Real "Union of Hearts!" A marriage is arranged and will shortly take place between Miss SOUTH EASTERN LYNE and Mr. L. CHATHAM ANDOVER RAYLWAY. After the ceremony the happy pair will travel to Dover, Canterbury, Folkestone, and other delightful resorts,—for their marriage "lines" are indeed cast in pleasant places,—and will then proceed, *via* Folkestone, to Boulogne, returning to London *via* Dover *via* Calais. Heartiest congratulations from all friends.



"LA MODE PARISIENNE."

"DISMISSED MY COACHMAN? YES. HE DROVE OVER TWO PERAMFULATORS, THREE BIKES, AND A POLICEMAN."

"YOU DON'T SAY SO! WHERE IS HE NOW?"

"GONE TO PARIS TO BE A CABMAN."

THE VERY NEWEST "ANTIGONE."

"[At the performances of the *Antigone* of SOPHOCLES at Bradfield College, last week, the parts of *Antigone* and *Ismene*, in defiance of classical tradition, were played by ladies.]—*Daily Paper*."

Creon (addressing the Chorus, who group themselves picturesquely about the orchestra). Oh, Bradfield students! I have much to say to you, and little time to say it. One thing, however, I must tell you. Our triennial play must be given on ancient lines. Tradition must be respected. Too often of late years has the Greek theatre been profaned by ladies, when all must know that in classical times no female foot ever trod the stage. This shall not happen with us. Woman is rash and reckless, particularly the modern woman. She rushes in where the angels fear to tread. But our *Antigone* shall be played by one of the Sixth Form!

[He seats himself. The Chorus sing of the rash daring of the modern woman, of her cigarettes and her divided skirts. Lo! she has even forced her way into the theatre, and trod the sacred stage of DIONYSUS—an unholy deed! At the close of their song, enter First Messenger, wringing his hands.

First Messenger. Oh, CREON! I have come to you to announce a terrible thing. In spite of your recent proclamation two ladies have signified their intention of playing the parts of *Antigone* and *Ismene*!

Creon (in fury). Now, by the Gods, bring them to me and we'll see!

[He frowns terrifically. The Chorus sing of feminine obstinacy and its punishment. They give instances. At the end of the song they point menacingly towards Miss ANTIGONE and Miss ISMENE, who have been brought in by an armed guard.

Creon (severely). Have you not heard my proclamation that no lady shall tread our classic stage?

Miss A. (coolly). Don't try to frighten me. I will play *Antigone*. I decline to be dictated to. I have just tried on the Peplus; and I look perfectly bewitching. I shall play her fifty times better than any gawky, scrubby school-boy.

Creon (alarmed). But tradition forbids that *Antigone* should be played by a lady. What will SOPHOCLES say?

Miss A. I don't care about tradition, or SOPHOCLES either. I have done up my hair in the Greek mode, and it looks charming.

Miss I. And I look quite classical in my mourning robe. All the other ladies will envy me. We are determined to act in the Greek play, so there! "*Ce que la femme veut*—You know the rest, unless it is quite "Greek to you."

[*Exeunt triumphantly.*

Creon. Aiai. Ototoi. (*A Greek method of expressing grief.*) All my plans come to nothing. My commands are set at naught. What is the good of being King of Thebes if nobody does what you tell them? Oimoi, Oimoi, I am the most unhappy of men. What will SOPHOCLES say? Lead me out, my attendants. Take me away. In ancient days I could have walled up Miss ANTIGONE in a living grave for this, but we live in strange times, and it is not safe to wall up a Pioneer. [*Exit.*

[The Chorus sings of feminine vanity and the sorrows that it brings, ending up with an invocation to DIONYSUS not to punish them for this outrage upon the traditions of his stage.

A LIPIGRAM.

LOITERER lingering
Long near the "cast,"
Lost to a lonely life,
Landed at last.

Linked to a loveless lass,
Loud the lament;
Longing for liberty,—
Lips laxly lent.

Lawyers and levity,
(Laughter in Court;)
Loss of lump £ s. d.,
Liberty bought.

After Covent Garden.

High-toned Critic. As I was saying, WAGNER united dramatic and musical Art, and—

Low-toned Auditor (interrupting). Of course, they were married with the Nibelungen Ring?

[High-toned Critic scowls and dries up.



Where you can't object to a little over-crowding—

THE PRESS BAZAAR.



ACADEMICAL Dialogue, 229
 "— According to St. Kruger 97
 Acoustic Terror (An), 81
 Admirable Creighton, 88
 Advertisements according to the Act, 257
 Advertisements for the Unwary, 283
 Advice Gratis, 11
 Affectionate Furniture, 149
 After Yule-tide, 23
 Aggression, 284
 Alexander and other Conquerors, 238
 Alfred's Alfred, 194
 Alice in Hospital-Land, 106
 Amalgamated Niblicks (The), 42
 Anglo-French Conversation-Book, 120
 Appeal to Aims (An), 215
 Appeal to Caesar (An), 48
 Appreciations, 198
 April Fools, 156
 Ars brevis, 85
 Artist's Vade Mecum, 70
 Ascot Amusements, 282
 At the Service of the Service, 231
 At Yildiz Kiosk, 288
 Anguste en Angleterre, 297
 BAZES (The), 13
 Bachelor Uncle's Diary (A), 9, 16, 36
 Badgering a Bart., 59
 Bank Holiday Proverbs, 157
 Bar of the House (The), 270
 Beaux Arts, 214
 Before the Public Amusement Committee,
 257
 Big Game, 185
 Bitter Cry of the Minor Poet (The), 18
 Boddice, 60, 165
 Boss (The), 174
 Bravo, Brighton! 209
 Briefless in re Zola, 73
 Bull and the Bear (The), 1
 CHAIR of Newspapers (The), 93
 Changing from Day to Day, 166
 Charming Cinderella, 6
 Cheers for the "Queen's," 213
 Choking Chicago, 70
 Chorus of Fashionable Ladies, 285
 Civil and Military, 171
 Coal-Scuttle Epoch (The), 21
 Come into the Covent Garden, Maud, 232
 "Come to our Pavilion," 262
 Coming of the Commons (The), 54
 Commercial University (A), 113
 Compensation, 69
 Compleat Duffer (The), 191
 Component Parts, 281
 Concerning the L. C. C., 137
 Consul's Ride (The), 198
 Copy-stealing no Robbery, 121
 Corner Cornered (The), 289
 Coronation Day, 291
 County Qualification (The), 282
 Cross Purposes, 277
 Crib for the Use of Schools (A), 49
 Cricket for Angela, 244
 Crusher (A), 82
 Cue for Kew (The), 221
 "Cure for Indolence" (A), 267
 DAILY (News) Want (A), 16
 Damped Cricketer on Play in May (A), 273
 Darby Jones discourses on Ascot, 285
 Darby Jones looks back on Ascot and forward to the Northumberland Plate, 298
 Darby Jones on Equine Adverts., 121

Darby Jones on Spring Topics, 64
 Darby Jones on the Alexandra Park Spring Meeting, 167
 Darby Jones on the Chester Cup, 213
 Darby Jones on the City and Suburban, 183
 Darby Jones on the Derby, 243
 Darby Jones on the Fallacy of being too clever, 75
 Darby Jones on the Grand Military, 106
 Darby Jones on the Grand National, 135
 Darby Jones on the Guineas, 204
 Darby Jones reflects on Epsom and Manchester, 261
 Darby Jones rejoices over Newcastle, 303
 Day of Pleasure (A), 273
 De Bono Antiquo Julio Cesare, 69
 Delinquent Dons, 51
 "Deteriora Sequor," 215
 Diary of a Nine-days' Wonder (The), 142
 Diplomatic Privilege, 53
 Doctor, 289
 Domestic Ballad (The), 234
 Dramatic Cue (A), 255
 Dress at the Opera, 240
 "Dum defuat Amnis," 209
 EASTER EGGS, 161
 Easter Holidays, 145
 Easter Tripping, 165
 Eastward Ho! 228
 Ecclesiastical, 262
 Eleven little Reasons why, 41
 Empty Muzzle (The), 179
 Engaging a Servant, 125
 Essence of Parliament, 70, 83, 95, 107, 119, 130, 143, 155, 167, 179, 203, 215, 227, 239, 240, 263, 287, 299, 304
 Evangelium (The), 47
 Evolution, 138
 "Excuse for the Glass" (An), 157
 Experientia Dorset, 301
 Few Years hence (A), 171
 Fighting Gefion (The), 66
 Fin de Siècle Sutor (The), 276
 Fit for the Fleet, 47
 Flittings, 147, 159, 185, 202, 214, 233, 275, 286
 Forecasts of Drama, 289
 From Our Special Commissioner in Crim-Tartary, 192
 Frostless January (A), 64
 Future of Lowther Arcadia (The), 237
 GALLANT Deed (A), 177
 Gazette (The), 240
 "Gentlemen v. Players," 293
 Girl's Gossip, 193
 Going to the Dogs, 144
 Going with the Times, 43
 Great Loss (A), 197
 HAMLET at a Matinée, 43
 Happy Holiday (A), 186
 Happy Return (A), 27
 Hearts and Holmes at the Globe, 48
 Hero of Matter of Fact (A), 144
 Herr Trojan, Prosit, 15
 Hints for Biking Beginners, 219
 Hints for Henley, 304
 Hobbes-ervations on the St. James's Comedy, 279
 Hobsoniana, 288
 Hotel Sign suggested by a recent Controversy, 256
 House and the Chamber (The), 60

How to keep a Diary, 3
 How to Live Long, 71
 IMPERIAL Question (An), 210
 In Futuro, 205
 In Memoriam—Gladstone, 246
 Interesting American Intelligence, 196
 Interview of the near Future (An), 201
 In the Old-fashioned Garden of May, 226
 In the Studio of the Impressionist, 82
 Is it good enough? 109
 JAPAN Dinner (The), 241
 James on the "Chronicle," 113
 John Bull at Home, 101
 Journalism up-to-date, 262
 Judgment of Paris (The), 258
 "J'y suis, j'y reste," 16
 KECOSOGRAPHY, 77
 Kew-rious Calculation (A), 250
 King Alfred Millenary (The), 270
 King Cricket, 192
 LABOURER Anni? 33
 Ladies at Lord's, 291
 "Ladies of the Press" at the Empire, 94
 Lady Saccharine (The), 221
 Landscape and Literature, 275
 Lasting "Benefit" (A), 138
 Last Three Weeks! 93
 Latest thing in Crime (The), 101
 Lay of New London (A), 114
 L. C. C. Voter's Vade Mecum (The), 23
 Lenten Entertainments, 99
 Letters to the Celebrated, 17, 40, 123
 "Lewis Carroll," 89
 Libel, 117
 Liberté, Egalité, Fraternity, 97
 Lines by a Rejected and Dejected Cyclist, 171
 Literary Touts, 186, 160, 136
 "Little Nell," 59
 Lower Boys' Conference, 4
 Ludwig in London, 10, 15, 28, 45, 65, 78, 90
 Lyceum Lyric, 240
 MADDER Matinée Hats, 291
 Mahmoud explains why he lost the Battle of Athara, 216
 Mars Melioris Belli Inventor, 265
 Memories of my Valentines, 71
 Mere Moonshine, 112
 Merry May, 195
 Modern School of Advertisement, 108
 Modern Woman's Vade Mecum (The), 82
 Monte Carlo, 25
 "More Moonshine," 49
 More News of a Fashionable Planet, 202
 Mr. Punch on the Press Bazaar, 294
 "Much Ado" at the St. James's, 88
 "Mummy told me so!" 77
 Musical and Historical, 49
 Music Cure (The), 277
 My Cigarette, 237
 New Dipsomania (The), 309
 New Gallery (The), 220
 New Ode to "Duty" (A), 68
 Non-Content's Bills, 209
 Not quite the Journalist, 6
 OAKSMAN'S Diary (An), 99
 Of Corsets—a Fact, 1
 Old Masters at the Grafton Gallery, 25
 Omission and Suggestion (An), 70
 Opera Season. Wagner's Circus appears in Covent Garden, 228
 Operatic Notes, 241, 255, 276, 301

Ophelaine and Hamlet, 268
 O Tempora! O Mores! 24
 Other "Whys," 249
 Our Booking-Office, 8, 13, 27, 47, 52, 72, 77, 88, 105, 117, 182, 141, 148, 157, 172, 189, 197, 217, 223, 241, 256, 274, 288, 289, 309
 Our Boys, 113, 129
 Our Boys, What to do with them, 24
 Our Club, 180
 Our Fireworks, 198
 Our Girls, What to give them, 25
 Our Hunt "Point to Point," 169
 "Our Learned Friend" in a Portrait Predicament, 173
 Our Literary Paragraphs, 73, 100
 Our Post-Bag, 265
 Our Second Childhood, 162
 Our Steward, 184
 "Outings," 289
 Over the Ditches, 61
 Paris herself again! 100
 "Parsona Grata" (A), 64
 Patriot's Vade Mecum (The), 191
 Patriot U. S. A. (The), 214
 Penmen in Penury, 34
 "Persicos odi, Puer, Apparatus," 29
 "Peter, didst ever see the like?" 60
 Pick of the Pictures (The), 206
 Piper (The), 138
 Plaint of Dying Humour (The), 87
 Platonic Valentine (A), 70
 Post Past and Present (The), 12
 Polyglott Meredith (A), 111
 Pongo's Protest, 189
 Port Arthur, 244
 "Post Equitem Sedet Atra Cura," 201
 "Previous" Engagement (A), 210
 Proceedings in re "The Medicine Man," 225
 Promising Investment (A), 177
 Prophets making Profits, 193
 Protest (A), 173
 RACE in Advance (The), 183
 Reason Why (The), 111
 Record Rain of Gold (A), 96
 "Reforming the Judges," 178
 Regulations for War Correspondents, 89
 Retort Courteous (The), 125
 Reviews of Reviewers (The), 102
 Rhodes, 195
 "Ring" and the Book (The), 230, 292
 Rubaiyat of R-s-b-ry (The), 76
 Rule of Three (The), 52
 SALVE CALVE, 293
 Scholar-Farmer (The), 252
 Scorch (The), 196
 Seasonable Complaint (A), 126
 "Secret of Sex" (The), 30
 Serious Matter (A), 213
 Shade of Columbus speaks (The), 252
 Skakspeare in West Africa, 60
 Skakspeare on Sarah B. and her Imitators, 226
 Simple Child of the Ghetto (A), 84
 Sims Reeves, 293
 Situations Vacant, 238
 Situations wanted, 249
 Situation (The), 286
 Skendulous! 255
 Sloping from Silom, 192
 Small and Select, 197
 Song of Inaction (A), 306
 Song of Spring-cleaning (A), 228

Songs for the Nation, 46, 60, 141, 169
 Sorrows of a Solver (The), 150
 "Spectral Train" (The), 162
 Sportive Songs, 12, 18, 101, 132, 187, 219, 281, 253
 Stern Political Economist (The), 49
 Studies in not too Plain Geometry, 24
 Suburban Delights, 54
 Suggestion (A), 277
 Suggestions for any Charitable Celebrity in want of Employment, 133
 Summer (?), 269
 Survival of the Cheapest (The), 180
 "TAKING the Altredian Cake," 192
 Tallen-Wan, 69
 Tall Scoring, 181
 Teetotal Campaigners, 94
 Terror by Night (The), 5
 Tertium Quid, 89
 Test Examination-Paper for the English-Speaking Race, 264
 Thanks to the Budget, 201
 Their End was Peace, 57
 Thirty Years hence, 37
 "Three Men in a Boat," 297
 To a Fair Linguist, 228
 To an Exalted Personage, 11
 To a Sandwich-Man, 38
 Toby, M.P.'s Toilet Necessaries, 53
 To Intending Judges, 72
 To Julia under Lock and Key, 284
 To Old Nilus, 181
 Toque's Progress (The), 63
 To the Glancess at Olympia, 5
 True History of Othello and Desdemona (The), 235
 True Nobility, 258
 Turn at the Tournament (A), 245
 Tut, Tut! 232
 Two Ways of doing it, 33
 Typical Case (A), 109
 UNDER proper Control, 46
 United Unionists, 804
 VALENTINE'S Day—Then and Now, 72
 Very Newest "Antigone" (The), 310
 Very New School (The), 84
 Viva Voce Exam., 183
 Voice from the Press (A), 168
 WALL of the Weather (A), 306
 Wanted, 226
 Warrior's Lament (The), 198
 War (The), 222
 Way with the Militia (The), 145
 What the Dickens! 81
 What the L. C. C. is expected to do, 118
 What to do with the C. P., 153
 What Tommy wants, 191
 Whither? 129
 Whitsun Holiday (A), 258
 Why go to Kion—? 29
 "Why Vegetarian?" 274
 Will any one suggest a Remedy? 282
 "Will they come?" 89
 Woman with a Dead Card (The), 149
 Word to the Wise (A), 197
 YARD Measure (A), 142
 York Dilemma (The), 15

LARGE ENGRAVINGS.

ANOTHER "Sick Man" 7
 Boer-Hound (The), 259
 "Bull-baiting," 127
 Duello (The), 199
 "Embarras de Richesse!" 55
 "Financial Relations," 91
 Game of Speculation (A), 19
 "Giving him a Lift," 115
 "God save the King!" 235
 "Hold on, John!" 151
 Honour à la Russe, 211
 Keeping him going, 48
 May 19, 1898
 New Canute (The), 295
 New Cat (The), 67
 New "Stroke" (The), 189
 Next Naval Manœuvre (The), 307
 On the "Quay Vive," 81
 Plain English, 103
 Prize Brand (The), 223
 Saved! 79
 Sentinels, 175
 "Standing by," 163
 Three's Company, Two's None, 271
 Welcome Intruder (A), 283
 "Well, done, all!" 187

SMALL ENGRAVINGS.

ABSENT Guests and the Fog, 41
 Accordion-Boy's one Tune (An), 65
 Actor's Made-up Face (An), 232
 Admiral Punch and Sailor Prince, 217
 Alexander's Gloves and Clean Hands, 165
 Alf and a Brother Statue, 173
 Amateur Jockey thrown, 166
 American Eagle backing British Lion, 74
 American in Cunard Express, 160
 Ancient Skating-Rink (An), 186
 Angler Anticipating a good Kill, 217

Apple in two Large Halves (An), 53
 'Arry and 'Arriett in the Mirror, 209
 'Arry and the Farmer's Wheat, 3
 'Arry and the Publichouses, 171
 'Arry riding over Greyhounds, 85
 'Arry standing like a Fool, 155
 Asking Grandpa for a Shilling, 229
 Asking Huntsman to catch a Horse, 35
 At a Music-Hall Bar, 186
 At the Fancy Dress Ball, 23
 Aunt Agatha on the Mistletoe, 15
 Aunt Emily's Yearly Photograph, 113
 Battered Female at Chemist's, 281
 Beaten Racehorse (A), 249
 Beresford rescuing Richmond Hill, 262
 Beresford Stained-Glass Window, 49
 Bishop and Facetious Clergyman, 294
 Board-School and Boarding-School, 267
 Boot-Sole Gallery (The), 57
 Boy Candidate for Navy, 85
 Britannia's Cheque for Navy, 122
 British Tourists in French Church, 198
 Brown and Jones at a Fancy Ball, 99
 Brown digging for Ferret, 95
 Brown, Jones, and the Enemy, 27
 Cabbie's Derby Horse (A), 244
 Cabbie's shocking bad Horse, 129
 Cabman's Time-Fare (A), 137
 Caddie and the Golf-Clubs, 293
 Carrier's Old Horse (The), 172
 Cat and Muzzled Dog, 21
 Chamberlain's Bogy, 242
 Children dressing for a Party, 29
 Chinese Dragon and German Eagle, 278
 Chinese Dragon Locomotives, 184
 Clerically-Conducted Publichouse, 109
 Clown and L.C.C. Donkey, 110
 Coachman becomes Paris Cabman, 310
 Coachman's Whip (A), 297
 Cockney shooting a Fox, 24
 Convict in Comfortable Gaoi, 153
 Costermongers' Quarrel (A), 142
 Cricket Pneumatic Leg-Guard, 285
 Crossus and the Duke's Huntsman, 76
 Crossing Plank over Brook, 299
 Crying Child and Doll, 264
 Curate and the Old Boots, 203
 Cyclist and Amsterdam Tram, 219
 Day after Lady Brown's Dance, 177
 Desponding Invalid and Doctor, 66
 Disappointed Artists at Academy, 280
 Doctor and First of April, 149
 Doctor and Love-Sick Patient, 189
 Doctor orders Lady not to Cycle, 45
 Dolly old enough for Vaccination, 114
 Dreyfus "Scapegoat" (The), 45
 Egyptian Punch (An), 193
 Electors dancing Sailor's Hornpipe, 10
 Ella playing on the Black Notes, 101
 Embracing Wind (An), 289
 Errand Boys, 195
 Fair American and Dauber's Picture, 229
 Fair Yankee and the Camels, 264
 Fairy Crystal Palace Bill, 213
 Farmer's way of Spelling "Wire," 48
 Farming Schools, 268
 Father Nile "dammed," 98
 Father Thames and the Railway, 86
 Female Pauper and her Boy, 5
 Field-Marshal Punch's Indian Forces, 62
 Fiend who shoots Sea-gulls, 88
 Fishing Owner and his Keeper, 97
 F.M. Punch and Lord Lansdowne, 280
 Foreground in Artist's Picture, 298
 Gent at a Dog-Fancier's, 132
 George and his Sweetheart's Dowry, 126
 Gerald Balfour's Palm Oil, 194
 German-Chinese Emperor (The), 14
 German Emperor and John Bull, 182
 Getting restive Horse into Shafts, 256
 Going to the House in Chinese State, 190
 Golfer and Irate Colonel, 191
 Golf in Normandy, 285
 Grandchild and Bulldog's Tail, 77
 Grandpapa and Marjory's Hair, 30
 Groom and a Crematorium, 241
 Groom on Sportsman's Horse, 145
 Guest and a Poor Dinner, 245
 Hairdresser and Sleepy Pitman, 117
 Harmless Lunatic out Shooting, 303
 Hippopotamus in Mourning, 213
 "Hook of Holland," 300
 Horse-dealer and Customer in Trap, 273
 Horse-dealer's Stuttering (A), 196
 How she got a Sable Collar, 125
 How Tom Bouncer kissed Madge, 269
 Hunter's Tail like a Shaving-brush, 133
 Hunting Lady loses Horse and Skirt, 37
 Hunting Man and Flying Hat, 23
 Hunting Man and Wife at Fence, 71
 Hunting Man leading Horse Home, 112
 Hunting Man's Accident (A), 124
 Hunting Meet in a Downpour, 16
 Huntsman and Master in Rain, 49
 Hyde Park on "Labour Day," 215
 Illusions at a Country Fair, 221
 Illustrations to "Vicar of Wakefield," 131
 Imperial "Crummies" (The), 2
 Injured Cyclist's "Scorching," 144
 Irish Emigrant on Steam-ship, 183
 Irish Landlord and Tourist's Boots, 102
 Irishman and the Horse-race, 286
 "Is the Rocky Path safe?" 57
 Japanese Valentine (A), 69
 Jockey who is always last, 181
 John Bull and Jonathan fraternising, 134
 Justice at the Closed Doors, 26
 King Coal on the Sea, 208
 Kitchen Chimney on Fire (The), 185
 Kitty and the Dentist's Gas, 291
 Ladies and a Dead Doctor, 63
 Ladies' Luxurious Waiting-rooms, 121
 Lady and Bus Conductor, 270
 Lady and her Consoling Friend, 160
 Lady Cyclist and Hollander, 258
 Lady Cyclist discussing a Vicar, 180
 Lady describing Picture, 148
 Lady wanting a Wagner Cycle, 141
 Lady's Wedding (A), 251
 Land Agent and Grumbling Farmer, 232
 Landlady and Warm Champagne, 138
 Little Boy's Question about Bees, 243
 Little Girl and Bobby's "Bananas," 283
 Little Girl wants Mammy to Play, 50



Little Tommy's "Scholarship," 132
 Little Tompkins and the Macaroni, 59
 Lord Roberts as Cabman, 118
 Lowther Arcade Tour Meeting, 287
 Lucullus Golf Club (The), 28
 MacFuddle's House without Water, 111
 MacNab and Railway Agent, 75
 Major's Front and Side (The), 78
 Master Tom's Punishment, 304
 Master and her Boy pounded, 9
 McWilliam of McMailly Phistly, 177
 Meet of the Otter Hounds, 292
 Mild-Spoken Golfer (A), 105
 Millionaire in Artist's Studio, 255
 Minister Rosebery's Return, 287
 Minister's Wife and Dirty Boy, 279
 Miss Britannia waits for a Patner, 254
 Mistaking a Hare for a Fox, 61
 Modern Shylock Money-Lender, 146
 Motto for Steamers, 237
 Mr. Green going to marry Ethel's sister, 153
 Mr. Jenks does not Flirt, 86
 Mr. Punch and Foreign Clerks, 276
 Mr. Punch's "Animal Land," 24, 34, 46, 58, 64, 83, 94, 107, 118, 154, 178, 202, 238, 250
 Mr. Punch the Showman, 302
 New African Railway Station, 37
 New Gallery Pictures, 220
 New Horse from London Streets, 40
 New Willow-Pattern Plate, 180
 Nigger Boundary Act (The), 290
 Normandy Milkmaid, 159
 Old Farmer and Motor-Cars, 51
 Old Gent and Fishing Boy, 375
 Old Hunting Man at a Fence, 169
 Old Sow shamming sick, 132
 Old Villagers discussing Motor-Car, 165
 Papa and his Slouch Hat, 265
 Papa reading "Last Days of Pompeii," 42
 Persecuted M.P. (The), 83
 Perspiring Countryman in a Train, 267
 Photographer suggests "Saucy" Pose, 174
 Phrenological Couples, 207
 Pickwick Cosmopolitan Portraits, 73
 Plant Hospital (A), 201
 Portraits by Wire, 261
 Pothunter shooting a Sitting Bird, 60
 President McKinley and Jingo Bird, 170
 Putting on an Overcoat, 11
 Race Horse with Castor off, 93
 Rational Stained-Glass, 9
 Rector and Stone-breaker, 210
 Result of Action at Law, 284
 Returned from Klondyke, 192
 Return of Parliamentary Favourites, 70
 Reviving Croquet and Costume, 179
 Royal Academy Pictures, 205, 206
 Runaway Horse and Riding Skirt, 100
 Rustic admiring Artist's Work, 306
 Salisbury Laurence and his Dog, 266
 School-Boy of the Near Future, 273
 Schoolmaster and Boys' Class, 239
 Scotchman and his Dram (A), 232
 Scotchman and the "English" Flood, 21
 Short-sighted Fisher and Keeper, 301
 Short-sighted Hunting Man's dilemma, 52
 Sir George and the Dragon of Usury, 180
 Sir W. Harcourt Frenchified, 97
 Smith and his Gardener, 157
 Soosan Jane on Horseback, 283
 Specimen of Strong Language, 161
 Sportsman who has hit a Haystack, 82
 Stormy Petrel (The), 232
 Striker and his Leader, 50
 Suggestions for Ladies' Coiffures, 213
 Tableaux Vivants at a House Party, 28
 Tailor and Customer's Shoulders, 17
 Taking Dolls to Church, 277
 Taking his Mixture in Ale, 160
 Teaching Baby to Speak, 4
 Temperance Advocate's Blue Ribbon, 135
 Temple Bar Griffin Illuminated, 93
 Tenor who does not sound H, 67
 Tommy's Funny Drawing, 288
 Tompkins wishes he was a Soldier, 119
 Traveller ordering another Fire, 226
 Trophy of Foxes' Heads, 153
 Two Countrymen in a Cart, 106
 Two Ladies on Grey Hair, 18
 Uganda Belle and Porcupine, 106
 Vegetable Dress, 72
 Violinist and Wasp, 39
 Waiter and Host's French Story, 147
 Waiter's Salmon Cutlet (A), 197
 Waiter's definition of a Pine-apple, 47
 Wanting to Marry an Actress, 6
 Wanting to see Irving as "Sherlock Holmes," 162
 Wearing a Russian Blouse, 81
 Westminster Clock-Works, 274
 Wet Hunting Man's Mackintosh, 89
 Whip-Thong under Horse's Tail, 12
 Why Mr. Softly Stutters, 105
 Wife's Overdrawn Banking Account, 309
 Yankee and Spanish Fowls, 214
 Yeomanry Private's Dropped Sword, 281
 Yeomanry Sword Exercise, 286
 Young Lady's Wealth of Hair (A), 54
 Young Swell fond of Music, 33

